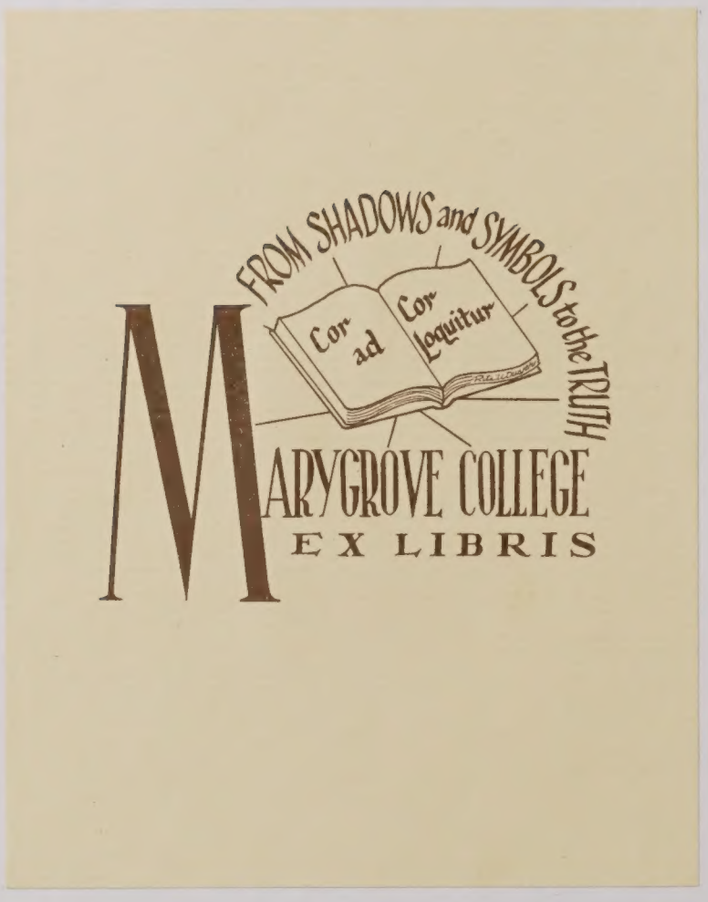
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MADE IN ENGLAND

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FOREWORD

SINCE 1914, when *The Studio* published 'The Art of the Book', a review of production of the earlier years of the century, there has been a great and continually increasing interest in the subject all over the world, and numerous developments have taken place.

Typography has become a prominent feature in these developments, and old types have been revived and attempts made to create new types. Where old types have been revived, the tendency has been to choose legible, rather than ornate models, in the search for something that will provide a practical working basis for to-day. The return to typography in its clearest and simplest form is a feature common to all countries—part of the general return to fundamental principles which is typical of the age.

Illustrations, speaking generally, have been made subservient to typography, or, rather, have come to be more closely related to it. Much use has been made of the woodcut, which harmonizes closely with type in its effect. The decorative value on the page of the illustration has assumed more importance than its actual delineation of an incident or a character.

Bindings have come to be simpler, both in design and in material. The intricate floral patterns in gold and in colour, tooled on leather, are now much less in evidence, and papers and cloths patterned in a rather abstract and modern style are extensively used.

Book-jackets are a novel feature, but they have already attained importance. Usually gay in colour, they suggest the book by a symbolic design or pattern, and many remarkable designs have been produced.

On the whole, the force of tradition has weakened, but at the same time the arts of book-production have become more vigorous, and show a healthy reference to the requirements and conditions of the day. Most countries still testify to the powerful influence of English craftsmen such as William Morris and Cobden-Sanderson, who dominated the earlier period, but they are now advancing on new lines, and casting off the archaic and mediæval associations of the Morris epoch. The modern book begins to have some of the formal and clear-cut beauty and the exact expression of purpose proper to an age of rationalism and machine production.

Since 1914 we can record in England a steady advance in the work both of the big commercial publishers and of the 'presses', which sometimes are actually small and experimental presses and sometimes small but enlightened concerns whose actual printing is done elsewhere.

Germany, too, has gone forward and developed a style of her own, and here there is a record of emancipation from the gothic lettering and decoration. The old black-letter is still used, but side by side with it has grown up a vigorous modern

school, strengthened in addition by that power of craftsmanship which is a German heritage. In bindings the improvement is most marked.

France has made especial progress in illustration, woodcuts, lithographs, and colour reproduction, and has evolved, on principles borrowed from the modern movement in art, an illustrated book of unequalled charm which vies with the traditional French illustrated book of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

America has gone forward in typography, and there the private press and the individual designer have come to exercise a great deal of influence.

The smaller and the more recent nations of Europe all show progressive tendencies. Austria, which has a rich tradition, has advanced along modern lines. Hungary, with a population much smaller than in 1913, shows an increase in the number of its books. Czechoslovakia and Jugo-Slavia both make strenuous and well-directed efforts to express their awakened national consciousness in distinctive books. Sweden and Holland, within their own characteristic limits, have also done valuable work.

On the whole, book-production, since the date of our last study, has changed considerably for the better. The Editor desires to express his sincere thanks to all those publishers, printers, and designers who have kindly allowed us to reproduce the many beautiful specimens contained in this book.

THE EDITOR

GREAT BRITAIN

IN the early summer of 1914 appeared a special number of *The Studio*, illustrating 'The Art of the Book'. It is worth while to look back at that forerunner of this present number, just to compare the character of the book-production done in the principal Western countries at that date with what is being done to-day, and to note what changes of manner or of method may have taken place in the course of fourteen momentous years. In that way we may judge the better how our printing stands to-day.

In our English printing the differences are in some respects considerable; in others, the same tendencies which may be noted in 1914 are also notably present in 1928. In an article which I contributed to the special number of 1914, I discussed the types then being used by British printers for their books. With one exception they were all typefounders' types for setting by hand. The one exception was the 'Imprint' type, lately designed by Mr. Gerard Meynell and Mr. J. H. Mason for the Monotype machine; and I felt it necessary to be a little apologetic for making mention of a machine-set type, however excellent, in an article about fine printing. In the present number, most of the English examples have been machine-set. The examples quoted in my article and the reproductions which followed it showed what influences prevailed among printers at that date. That of William Morris was still predominant; and most of the examples shown are pages from books printed at

the Kelmscott Press, or from the private or quasi-private presses which flourished in the years following his death. The types used are mostly either actual copies or derivatives of the early Italian types whose pre-eminence Morris did so much to establish. Remarking that neither the art of printing nor any other art can continue to thrive if it merely revives or reproduces past forms, I ventured to hope that the revival of lettering which we owe to the practice and teaching of Mr. Edward Johnston and his numerous disciples might react on printing and inspire a new school of type design.

Soon afterwards, on the eve of the war, with many other English printers I visited the great Exhibition of the printing industry at Leipzig. There for the first time I became acquainted at close quarters with the wonderful revival in German printing which was at once the occasion of the Exhibition and its most remarkable note. What struck me most of all in the work of the German section was the manifest influence of the English school of calligraphy, to which I looked for the revival of our own printing. The stars shouted in their courses: Lo, here we are! Mr. Johnston's teaching, carried by his pupils into Germany, and fostered and developed in the admirable schools of book-production which flourish there, seemed to be conspicuous in every part of the German pavilion and especially in the lettering, decoration, and types used by German printers for the jackets, covers, and pages of their books. The sense of gratification which came from seeing what Mr. Johnston had done for German printing by means of his book on lettering and through the work of his pupils was tempered by disappointment that we English printers had failed to assimilate it in the same way for the revitalizing of our own. Reviewing our work fourteen years later, it is sad to find that, while there is progress in so many directions, it seems to lack just that inspiration which only the study and practice of calligraphy can give it.

Not, indeed, that Mr. Johnston has been a prophet without honour in his own country. Classes in formal writing and lettering on the lines which we owe chiefly to him are held in all those art schools and technical schools where the graphic arts are seriously taught. But in our English typefoundries, where his influence should have been supreme, his name seems to be almost unknown. His work has only penetrated there, when it has got in at all, indirectly and circuitously from across the Rhine or the Atlantic, or even from beyond the Alps. Let it not be argued, as Mr. Johnston himself in his modesty might be inclined to suggest, that calligraphy, the work of the reed pen on paper or on vellum, has little to say to the steel cutting which gives the typefounder his strikes and the printer his metal types. The musician's range is not limited to the white and black keys on which he first learned to play. Sound penmanship is not only the best, but the only initiation into good type design; for nothing else will ever give that familiarity with letter forms and that command over them which can adapt them without disfigurement or distortion to whatever uses they may need to serve.

I can only recall two founts of book-letter which have been cut in England under the inspiration of Mr. Johnston's calligraphy, as compared with scores which have

appeared in Germany directly or indirectly under the same influence. One is the 'Decoy' type, designed a little before the war by Raymund Binns for Mr. Joseph Thorp. Binns was killed in the war, and so did not live to see his type cut. The other is the 'Treyford' type, lately designed by Mr. Johnston's eminent pupil, Mr. Graily Hewitt, who still carries on, at the Central School of Arts and Crafts, the classes in calligraphy which Mr. Johnston first established a quarter of a century ago. A specimen of the 'Treyford' type, cut by the Lanston Monotype Corporation for the Oxford University Press, is shown on page 86. I must not anticipate Mr. Hewitt's own account of the principles and aims which have guided him in designing the type: that will appear in his book, *The Scribe and the Printing Press*, which is now being printed in the new type for the First Edition Club. It is enough here to congratulate Mr. Hewitt on the merit and beauty of the letter, and to express the hope that it will inaugurate a new and brilliant revival of English type design.

Although the years since 1914 have been nearly barren of type designs which are modern and new, they have been prolific in types either copied from those of past periods or else closely modelled on them. The series of revivals began, of course, as far back as the 'forties of last century, when Whittingham, of the Chiswick Press, was encouraged by Pickering to revive the long-disused type of Caslon. The vogue of Caslon's type has increased so much since Pickering's day that it has regained its place as a standard type for all purposes instead of being used to give a savour of archaism to a reprint or a period 'Diary'. In this present year, whether in its original form or in the imitations, it is being used more than any other single fount by those printers who seek to give niceness to their work. Nevertheless, those who love it best will admit that by its wiry thinness and light weight it fails of being the ideal type for which we are still seeking. The revival of the type long attributed to Claude Garamond, but lately restored by the research of Paul Beaujon to its rightful parent, Jean Jannon, of Sedan, began with the 'Garamond' cut by the American Type Founders Company, and was followed up by two other versions bearing the same name but varying in detail both from the original and from one another, which were cut for the Monotype composing machine respectively in England and in America. The 'Garamonds' give crispness as well as mellowness to the books which are printed with them. With them we must name the 'Granjon' type, designed by Mr. George Jones for use with the Linotype machine, on the model of a sixteenth-century fount which Paul Beaujon has traced to the hand of the real Claude Garamond, himself unjustly fathered with the types that bear his name. 'Granjon' is a sound and beautiful letter, still preserving its humanistic note and well adapted for modern printing in most of its uses. To Mr. Stanley Morison credit is due for the revival for use with the Monotype of a great number of historic type-faces, notably the 'Poliphilus' type, copied from that used by Aldus of Venice for printing the *Hypnerotomachia* of Polifilo in 1499. For an italic letter he has wedded it to a cursive type which Antonio Blado, printer to the Apostolic See, 1515–1563, is believed to have modelled on the hand of the writing-master, Ludovico Arrighi. Both the 'Poliphilus' and the 'Blado' may be seen in pages here reproduced. Of

late years also the types of Fournier le Jeune, of Paris, whose *Manuel typographique* appeared in 1762, of John Baskerville, of Birmingham (1706–1775), and of Giovanni-Battista Bodoni, of Parma (1740–1813), have been copied and brought into use by English printers.

Printers' types are, after all, but as the bricks or stones with which the edifice of the book is built up. They give colour to the surface of the page; but the quality of the printing depends more on the use the printer is able to make of his materials, and especially of his types, than on the character of the materials themselves. Once more comparing this present year with the year 1914, it is pleasant to note that the interest in book-production, well established even then, has since spread both in intention and extension. Not only are many more people now interested in the manifold sides of book-production, whether as amateurs or as practical workers, than there were then: their range and outlook, too, have widened. The number of private presses, strictly so-called, is, if anything, rather less now than before the war: Mr. Hornby's Ashendene Press is the only one in this country which carries on the grand tradition. But what matters much more is the good fruit which the renewed study of everything that goes to the printing of fine books has borne in the industry itself. The publishers, at whose cost books are made and by whom they are to be sold, exercise, naturally and rightly, a prevailing influence on the quality of the books which are printed to their order; and amongst some of the younger publishers especially there is an adventurous spirit moving them towards a sane and wholesome experimentation in the choice and use of types, type-pages and paper, as well as in the decoration and illustration of their books. Book-buyers also have shown themselves keen to respond to the efforts and endeavours of the publishers and their printers. The brilliant success of the Nonesuch Press, whose issues, without, I think, a single exception, have been greedily oversubscribed before publication, shows that books of real literary interest, which, nevertheless, would sell but slowly and in small numbers if produced in the drab ways which still survive from the past century, may win a ready sale if produced in a way that charms the book-lover as well as satisfies the student. A study of the Nonesuch books as a whole, as well as of others shown in this number of *The Studio*, shows how their taste and savour spring from the variety of their ingredients as well as from the skill of the chef who serves up these dainty dishes. Their printers have searched the world for their types, engravings, papers, and decorations. So far as modern English printing, as a whole, can be said to bear any marked note or features of its own, these may be found, perhaps, chiefly in the power and skill shown by some of those who direct it in selecting, adapting, and combining the work of other men. It is the mind and eye of the architect, rather than the hand and tools of the craftsman, that just now seem to prevail in English book-production.

That, of course, is not the highest ideal towards which we should strive. Book-production should not go begging for what scraps of finery the several arts and crafts may be able to furnish on occasion: type-designing, type-founding, lettering, paper-making, draughtsmanship for illustration and decoration, letterpress

printing, lithography, photography, engraving on wood and metal, casing and bookbinding. Rather, book-production should be a master-craft, to which all these should be ancillary, and by which they should be fostered, guided and conditioned. The master-craft of book-production should be practised and directed by master-craftsmen who have been trained to use their hands, their pencils, and their reed pens; to set up type and to print from it; to know and care about the ingredients of their printing-inks and papers; to decorate their pages and their book-covers; to bind their books, and letter and tool the bindings. In England we have men and women who individually can do one or other of these things, and do it well; but we have not the craftsmen who embrace them all. For want of such a co-ordinating master-craft, even the ancillary crafts are pursued with too little regard for, and support from, book-production. Those who study the examples from English books which are shown in these pages cannot fail to notice the good and interesting work contributed by the wood-engravers. Yet Mr. Douglas Bliss, one of their number, in his lately published *History of Wood-Engraving*, acknowledges with regret that much contemporary work, with its solid blacks and fine white lines, accords too little with the printed page. So, too, the men and women who learn formal writing and lettering at the art schools are too seldom taught or encouraged to bring their beautiful art into the service of the printed book. How good is the service it may render may be seen in the capital letters drawn by Joscelyne Gaskin for the Cresset Press edition of Bacon's *Essayes*, a page of which is reproduced here (page 64). In the art schools of the country there are hundreds of talented students, drawn by instinct and taste to pursue art, vaguely and indefinitely, whose youthful enthusiasm is checked and, perhaps, fades away long before their skill comes to maturity, just because it is directed to no concrete end. Book-production is wide enough and great enough to embrace almost every kind of artistic endeavour. At various centres, indeed, some of the various crafts which minister to the book are excellently taught. But instead of isolated classes we need schools of book-production, where they shall all be taught, not as independent arts and crafts, but in honourable subordination to that master-craft of book-making which should embrace all the needs and amenities of the book.

B. H. NEWDIGATE

THE UNITED STATES

THIS present year of grace 1928 is a very satisfactory moment to report on book-production in America. There are a number of reasons for satisfaction and pride, and a heartening assurance of larger and more distinguished achievements in the coming years. This optimism is based, not alone upon the many special volumes of exceptional distinction being produced, but even more certainly upon the constantly improving average quality of all books and the increasing appreciation and understanding among laymen. We are not producing Kelmscott *Chaucers*, Doves'

Bibles, or Riverside *Montaignes*, but there are sufficient instances of wŏrk in the major tradition of the Ideal Book to prove that standards are being maintained and raised. The changing pace is due to the spirit of the period, which tends more and more to interpret ideals in terms of use plus delight. While the origin of that tendency is in a universal upthrust of high endeavour, it is being concretely expressed in books both readable and beautiful, 'in the interest of those among book-collectors who also use books for reading'. An even more important indication is that some of the humblest volumes of ephemeral fiction show at least a trace of the same spirit.

As a matter of perspective, it is interesting to look back over the thirty-seven years since this typographic renaissance came into being, and examine some of the steps by which book-production in America has reached its present high estate. Certain it is that the 'revival of great printing' in the 'nineties has become by now a rather general 'practice of fine printing'. After the first flurry of accepting William Morris literally, and attempting to express all manner of ideas in mediæval modes, a few men laid the foundation of sound practice by discovering the true import of his dictum—that beauty might obtain in a book not as an increment, but as an inherent element of its purpose to preserve and interpret literary content. As a result, designers are working in a more comprehensive understanding of the book as a whole, in which details are blended into a balanced unity. In its highest form, that unity derives from the thought which brought the text into being, so that the book becomes 'an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace'. Mere cleverness in selection and arrangement of type and paper, and originality which is no more than attempting to be 'different', while still rather too much in evidence, are gradually being replaced by consistent personal interpretation of sound tradition and sympathetic presentation of literary content. At the zenith, Mr. Updike says, most casually, that 'each piece of printing has a still, small voice of its own, if we can but hear it'. There are few men with hearing so acute, but some are listening and more are learning that there is something to listen for.

To the printers, designers, and publishers who are making the history of book-production in America must be added the constantly increasing number of collectors and laymen who serve mightily by their patronage and appreciation. For the custom of our time is to work in the market-place rather than in the seclusion of private presses; to combine art and commerce, in spite of the purists' contention that such a union is impossible. 'It can't be done'—but here it is!

Most of the important American book-makers have come into prominence within the past ten or twelve years, and the same period includes the most marked improvement in general practice. But the two pioneers of the movement in America, Updike and Rogers, began almost simultaneously in the early years of the renaissance. Updike was a few years prior, and has recently celebrated, in April of this year, the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Merrymount Press. That occasion was honored by the American Institute of Graphic Arts with an exhibit of Merrymount books in New York City, the first time that so comprehensive a showing has been

made. With that visual evidence and the statements of Mr. Updike's viewpoint and methods to be found in his writings, it is easy to understand why and how he is a major influence in American book-production.

Mr. Updike has been called 'a very great craftsman, practising his craft in a noble and independent manner, with intelligence and rare discrimination'. He is all of that—and somewhat more. The intelligence is that of a scholar, the discrimination that of an artist, and the independence a strict adherence to what he knows to be correct principles. He has demonstrated, as clearly as any one man and more often than most, that a book for whatever purpose, and regardless of its production cost, may be appropriate to its intent and suitable for its market, as well as pleasant to look at and to handle. In the words of another great book designer: 'No one, now, has such a long list of unpretentious *successes* as Updike can lay claim to.'

Bruce Rogers has contributed no less to modern practice, but in a widely different way. His work at the Riverside Press is familiar history, and the examples of superlative book design produced then and later are models for much of to-day's work. Perhaps his greatest service to modern books was to introduce, or emphasize, freedom of individual expression within the strictly defined limits of derivative, even imitative, typography. In doing that he created, or at least greatly developed, allusive typography. In fact, his happy faculty of working in the style or tradition of any certain period produces an effect illusive rather than allusive—an illusion that the printer and his craft are contemporary with the author and in sympathy with his readers. A large part of Mr. Rogers's success lies in the pains taken to see that every book is executed in accordance with his vision of the completed whole. Instead of working merely in the two dimensions of type and paper, he adds the third dimension of composite unity, in which each detail is balanced and co-ordinated. And, while he is not a willing craftsman, distaste for mechanical drudgery is not allowed to interfere with personal supervision, even performance, if necessary, of every operation.

While there are no important private presses active in this country at present, there are three that follow the tradition very closely. Strangely enough, they are all in San Francisco. John Henry Nash, some years since, withdrew from commercial printing and is devoting all his time and energy to producing fine books and to associated research. Most of his productions are privately printed editions, many for the Book Club of California. The other two presses in this group, the Grabhorn Brothers and the Brothers Johnson, are doing excellent work, somewhat too quietly and modestly. The Johnsons are comparatively newcomers, but Edwin Grabhorn has been doing distinguished work for some years. In the books of all these men the spirit of personal craftsmanship is notably apparent.

Among individual workers in the field somewhere between design and production, but inclusive of both, are William A. Kittredge and Douglas C. McMurtrie. Mr. Kittredge, with the unlimited resources of the great Donnelley plant in Chicago at his command, is adding a note of distinction to many commercial books, as well as producing special volumes. Mr. McMurtrie is more or less all over the map,

designing books and types, and writing a great deal on typographic subjects. His *The Golden Book*, a comprehensive history of fine books and book-making, was published last year.

Two printers in New York City are combining æsthetic ideals and practical performance most excellently. William Edwin Rudge has established something like a centre of fine book-making at his plant in Mount Vernon, New York, where Bruce Rogers has made headquarters for several years, and where other designers are welcomed to the resources of a fine organization. Then there is Elmer Adler, whose numerous and varied activities are all concerned with fine books and their making. As head of the Pynson Printers he is designing and printing books of beauty and importance; as one of the founders of Random House he is engaged in importing and distributing some of the best special editions from England and also with publishing on a rather elaborate scale.

The University Presses are not attempting unusual effects, but are observing sound practice and contributing to the betterment of book design. This is particularly evident at Harvard, where Bruce Rogers is Printing Adviser, and at Yale under the direction of Carl Purington Rollins.

Publishers, for obvious reasons, have been somewhat more conservative in their enthusiasms, but the leaven is working, and their widespread influence is extending the conception of good book-making among the public generally. Mr. Crosby Gaige, and Rimington & Hooper, both of New York, are working in the English custom of engaging the best designers and printers, a custom which may be expected to expand indefinitely. Mr. Gaige, well known as a collector and bibliophile, has an exceptional list of first editions, mostly by contemporary writers, beautifully produced. One of the most encouraging indications of the present tendency is that, even at comparatively high prices, special editions are usually oversubscribed before publication.

Among the strictly commercial publishers, Alfred A. Knopf has for some years past manifested unusual interest in book design, and consistently. Even the least important titles of his general list are nicely done, and his special editions rank with the best.

Perhaps the most important, and certainly a highly interesting, stimulus to American book-production is the annual exhibit of 'Fifty Books of the Year' by the American Institute of Graphic Arts. From its inception in 1923, each year has brought greater enthusiasm and higher accomplishment. There was some slight difficulty in assembling fifty books for the first showing, but now entries run well into the hundreds, and inclusion in the list is a coveted honour. The standard of selection is that the volume shall be 'a successful solution of the problem set by the text and the conditions of publishing'. On that basis trade editions (there were thirty this year) compete on equal terms with limited issues, and the result is a well rounded survey of the entire art of the book for that year. The best feature of the exhibit is that every year shows a markedly higher average of performance, and its value is greatly enhanced by successive showings in about forty cities throughout the country.

On the technical side, careful composition and impeccable presswork are assumed —and usually accomplished. Available materials abound in great variety. In addition to the many new type faces provided by the composing machines, some of which are really fine, the past year or two has seen the importation of a few delightful (and some questionable) foreign types. Papers, especially in commercial grades, appear at short intervals with new textures and finishes. Some of them are obviously appropriate only for advertising matter, but there is still a wide choice available for books. Bindings change very little from year to year, except for an increasing use of brilliantly colourful pattern-papers for covers.

On the whole, though this brief résumé covers only the most notable evidence, there is reason for much pride in current work, and even greater expectation for the future. For in the fabric is a line of continuity deriving from the ultimate principle of high endeavour and worthy accomplishment. Mr. Updike has expressed that principle very well. Speaking of 'designing suitable printing', he says: 'As a matter of fact, the best rules for planning work are general rules, and rules for the mind rather than for the hand—no less real because applying to what may be called, in a sense, a spiritual matter.' That, as one may well believe, is the fundamental of modern book-production in America.

WILL RANSOM

FRANCE AND BELGIUM

THE tendencies of book-production in France to-day are clearly defined, as opposed to the time, not so very long ago, when the art of the book was subjected to many different influences, and was, moreover, chiefly concerned with illustration. Typography was considered only of secondary importance, and it was not realized that in conforming to the spirit of the text it could become an element of beauty in itself. During recent years, especially the last two, great strides have been made, and typography has come into its own. It imposes on illustration a certain harmony with the text, and more and more books appear which are typographical only. These are becoming rapidly as popular as the illustrated volumes which used to monopolize attention. The result is of great advantage, since it has turned our attention to the beautiful severe style of the eighteenth-century work. We owe this revival to the distinguished publisher, Édouard Pelletan, who said, 'the important part of the book is the text', and 'a book consists of black upon white'. Such Exhibitions as the Livre Français des origines à la fin du second Empire in 1925, and the Livre Italian in 1926, and others, have largely contributed to the evolution of the book. We have, therefore, two main currents: typography, including restrained decoration which does not interfere with the text, and illustration, which is becoming more and more influenced by typography.

TYPOGRAPHICAL BOOKS. Great credit is due to Crès and to Ad. van Bever for having inaugurated, after Pelletan's death in 1912, the new interest in typography

with his series, *Les Maîtres du Livre*, each containing a portrait, ornaments, and well-thought-out typography. Crès revived the tradition which died with Jouaust, and among his successful publications were *Le Musée du Livre*, *Variétés Littéraires*, *Poètes Maudits*, etc. Other publishers followed suit: Lardanchet of Lyons, La Cité des Livres, with their elegant series, *Classiques du XVIIe Siècle*, Bossard with 'Les meilleurs œuvres dans leur meilleur texte', Helleu & Sergent with their 'Philosophes et Moralistes', Bernouard, who with magnificent assurance embarked on the production of the complete works (running to thirty and fifty volumes) of Jules Renard, Courteline, Barbey d'Aurévilly, Zola, etc. In addition to series such as these, however, single volumes were published with an appeal to the connoisseur rather than to the general reader. Léon Pichon, printer, engraver and writer, whose comprehensive work on French books was published by The Studio in 1925, produced in 1914 a marvel of typography in *Une Saison en Enfer*, by Arthur Rimbaud. Recently, he continued this tradition with other works. M. Henry Babou has published Balzac's *Albert Savarus*, with decorative initials in two colours, and *L'Imitation*, also in two colours, with gothic capitals; Budry, a *Physiologie de Goût*, by Brillat-Savarin, and Arnold Bennett's *L'Art du Vivre*. Marcel Senac started publishing with two small volumes by Paul Valéry, *Durtal* and *Huysmans*, which admirably blended their typography with the spirit of the text. Claude Aveline, in his ten volumes of prose authors, old and modern, Duhamel cheek by jowl with Diderot, and France with Valéry, does not exclude portraits, chapter headings, tail-pieces, etc., but gives chief place to typography. La Belle Page also are noteworthy for publications decorated with woodcuts. Louis Jou, who designed his own type and is an accomplished engraver, published Ronsard's *Les Sonnets pour Hélène*, arranging the verses so that the right-hand side of the lines ranged like the left, an original but not very practicable achievement. Mention should also be made of the fine works of La Connaissance, devoted to the poets of the Pléïade: Ronsard, du Bellay, etc., printed by Nypels of Maastricht. Fine as they are, they are only half French. On the other hand, the series of small books published under the name of *Bijoux Typographiques* is the work of our own printers. And M. Gondrexon at The Hague has published French works, Pierre Girard's *Histoire de Bélisaire* and Jacques de Lacretelle's *Colère*, *suivi d'un Journal*, while a Dutchman, A. A. M. Stols, has given us books by Valéry, and a well chosen series of ten small works, *Les Livrets du Bibliophile*, an entertaining contribution to our favourite and most innocent pastime.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS. The vogue for typography which followed the reaction from too much insipid illustration did not abolish it altogether. Illustrated books are legion. They may be classed in the categories of the various processes, woodcuts, intaglio, lithographs, and colour. Wood-engraving is rather under a cloud. It has been abused, and, as so often happens, success has delivered it into the hands of those who exploit it in a commercial spirit, and the connoisseur has consequently lost interest. The woodcut, however, is too obviously the natural decoration of the book for it to be neglected, even by connoisseurs, and for them Pichon has

produced such beautiful books as *Mon Amie Nane*, with two-colour woodcuts by Carlègle, etc. Helleu & Sergent commissioned Hermann-Paul to make woodcuts for *Les Affaires sont les Affaires*, by Octave Mirbeau; Latour, J. L. Perrichon and Carlègle to design ornaments for their artistic series, *Philosophes et Moralistes;* Fernand Siméon, who has just died, to illustrate *Mon Oncle Benjamin*, by Claude Tillier, and Maurice de Lambert to do a series of woodcuts for Verlaine's *Sagesse*. Paul Vera designed the chapter heads and tail-pieces for Paul Leclerc's *La Rose des Vents* (Librairie de France). Le Trianon has issued the *Confessions* of J.-J. Rousseau, with woodcuts by P. Baudier and E. Dufour, also the *Musée Romantique*, with etchings and engravings by Gorvel and Gandon. Mornay has employed Jou for illustrating *Le Carton aux Estampes*, by T' Serstevens, and Crès Lebédeff for Claude Anet's *Ariane*, and Falké for *Le Maître des Navires*, by Chadourne. Coq-Pinault has published *Le Père Perdrix*, by Ch. Louis-Philippe, with woodcuts by Deslignières, and a novel by Merimée, *Matteo Falcone*, with engravings by Gaston Nick. Calmann-Lévy uses woodcuts only for the illustrations of *L'Oeuvre complète d'A. France*. Hermann-Paul, for Delpeuch, has followed with Louis Bertrand's *Flaubert à Paris*. Lapina has used coloured woodcuts by Jou, together with dry-points, for Anatole France's *L'Île des Pingouins*, and Chamontin the delicious designs of A. E. Marty for *Le Diadème de Flore*, by Gérard d'Houville. Le Livre Contemporain has commissioned a number of woodcuts from Renefer for Pierre Loti's *Le Livre de mon Ami;* Emile Paul woodcuts in colours by Pierre Falké for Chadourne's *Terre de Chanaan* and J. de Lacretelle's *La Vie Inquiète de Jean Hermelin*. Mornay has employed Falké for Chadourne's *Le Pot au Noir* and for Anatole France's *Crainquebille*. L'Artisan du Livre has also employed this artist, a Frenchman, but born in Australia, for *Le Bar de la Fourche*, by Gilbert des Voisins, and Jonquières for a wonderful edition of *Robinson Crusoé*. Mornay has issued Kouprine's *Les Lestrigons* and *La Fosse aux Filles*, with woodcuts in the manner of 'images populaires', by Jean Lebédeff; Louis Pergaud's *De Goupil à Margot*, Rouquette's *L'Île d'Enfer*, by Henry Barthélemy; Loti's *Pêcheurs d'Islande;* Alph. de Chateaubriant's *La Brière*, and Loti's *Mon Frère Yves*, by Mathurin Méheut; Mirbeau's *Le Calvaire*, and Montherlant's *Les Bestiaires*, by Hermann-Paul. For Kieffer, Georges Bruyer has illustrated La Bruyère's *Les Caractères*, and Vettiner *Les Georgiques Chrétiennes*, by Fr. Jammes, and the *Pastorales* of Theocritus.

In view of all these examples, it is clear that the woodcut continues to maintain its position, though in a lesser degree than formerly.

The processes of intaglio, etching, line-engraving, and dry-point are often used, especially by the most modern illustrators, such as Laboureur, Marie Laurençin, Hermine David, Daragnès, Gromaire, *e tutti quanti*. Such illustrations are, as a rule, separate plates, sometimes chapter heads and tail-pieces. When engravings are combined with type, as in Francis Carco's *Les Nuits de Paris*, illustrated with Dignimont's etchings, they are used as a framework for the beginnings of chapters, and the result, as in the case of the work of 'Au Sans Pareil', is not inharmonious. Le Livre Contemporain and Carteret have each published an edition of Anatole

France's *Les Dieux ont Soif*, illustrated with great charm and aptitude by Jeanniot and Camoreyt respectively. For J. de Lacretelle's *Les Lettres Espagnoles*, published by Le Livre, Marie Laurençin has designed the chapter heads, and Achille Ouvre has designed the chapter heads and tail-pieces for the magnificent *Poésies de Mallarmé*, published by Les Marges. The illustrations for Voltaire's *L'Ingénue* were entrusted by Blaizot to the resourceful draughtsman and etcher, Bernard Naudin. Blaizot also produced the *Prometheus* of Aeschylus, with etchings by Kupka. From Kieffer we have Duhamel's *Les Plaisirs et les Jeux*, for which M. Jacques Simon made his first illustrations. The same publisher commissioned the etcher Vigoureux to supply plates for Anatole France's *Pierre Nozière* and for *Les Contes Cruels*, by Villiers de l'Isle Adam. One of our finest illustrators, Charles Martin, has decorated H. de Régnier's *L'Illusion de Tito Bassi* for La Roseraie with coloured engravings. This method is also employed by Javal & Bourdeaux for Oscar Wilde's *La Ballade de la Geôle de Reading*, illustrated by Cornelius, engraved by Thevenin, and for Paul Valéry's *L'Âme et la Danse*, decorated by Édouard Léon, and many other volumes in limited editions. Maurice de Becque has followed Jouve with illustrations for Kipling's *Livre de la Jungle* for Kra. For Mornay, Edelmann has illustrated Kessel's *Nuits de Princes*, and Gaston Nick *Jours de Famine et de Détresse*, by Neel-Dorf. For Blanchetière, Lobel-Riche has illustrated Colette's *Chéri*. A Russian, Alexandre Alexeieff, has provided etchings for Paul Morand's *Le Buddha Vivant* (Grasset). The Intermédiaire du Bibliophile have published Murger's *La Vie de Bohème*, with etchings by Brissaud printed in sepia, *Aphrodite*, by Pierre Louys, with etchings by Chimot, Merimée's *Carmen*, with engravings by Courbouleix. Another *Carmen* was published at the same time by La Roseraie, with engravings in black and in colours by Charles Martin. Chateaubriant's *René* has been beautifully produced by Dorbon Ainé, illustrated with drypoints in colour by Male-Renault; Devambez employs Chahine, Drian, and Foujita, for *La Mort de Venise*, by Barrès, *M. de Bougrelon*, by Jean Lorrain, and *La Troisième Jeunesse de Mme. Prune*, by Loti. A. E. Marty has decorated, for Havermans, a La Fontaine Fable, *Daphnis et Alcimadure*, for which Paul Valéry wrote the preface. Cosyns was responsible for thirty-three engravings for Stendhal's *Armance*. Sylvain Sauvage made engravings for himself, for P. Fort and for Kieffer. The Attic poet, Raymond de la Tailhede, entrusted to Coubine the work of decoration for his poem, *Orphée;* Gaston Nick has done some excellent illustrations to *Colomba* for Bernouard; Paul Bouroux has illustrated *Colette Baudoche*, by Barrès, with numerous etchings.

The illustrators of the extreme 'left' are addicted to soft-ground etching. Laboureur, for instance, has worked for Delpeuch (Maurice Beaubourg's *Une Saison au Bois de Boulogne*), for 'Au Sans Pareil' (*L'Envers du Music-Hall*), for Le Livre (*Les Silences du Colonel Bramble*), for Budry (Arnold Bennett's *L'Art de Vivre*), for Camille Bloch (Rémy de Gourmont's *L'Automne d'une Femme*), for Darantière (*Sonnets du Docteur*), etc. Hermine David has illustrated *Cressida*, by André Suarès, for Emile Paul, and for him also *Elpénor* and *Bella* by Giraudoux, and *Ariel*, by

Maurois. She has also worked for 'Au Sans Pareil' (*Fabien*, by Mauriac), for Jonquières (*Simon le Pathétique*, by Jean Giraudoux), and Hughes Rebell's *Les Nuits Chaudes du Cap Français*. Marie Laurençin has illustrated for 'Aux Quatre Chemins', and for Le Livre (*Les Lettres Espagnoles*). Daragnés is responsible for the engravings of P. Valéry's *Le Jeune Parque*, Mac-Orlan's *Marguerite de la Nuit*, and *Anne chez Simon* (Emile Paul), and *Suzanne et le Pacifique* (Bibliophiles Lyonnais). Yves Alix illustrated Fernand Fleuret's *Sœur Félicité* ('Au Sans Pareil'), Montherlant's *Olympiques* (Crès), and P. Loevel's *Tableau du Palais* (Nouvelle Revue Française). Marc Chagall is at times eccentric, as in Marcel Arland's *Maternité* ('Au Sans Pareil'), at times tragic, as in Gogol's *Les Âmes Mortes* (Vollard). Gromaire has illustrated Baudelaire's *Petits Poèmes en Prose* (Quatre Chemins); Dunoyer de Segonzac, most famous of our illustrators, decorated two works by Rolland Dorgèles, *Les Croix de Bois* and *Le Cabaret de la Belle Femme*, and also *Huit Illustrations de Guerre* (Petiet), and *Bubu de Montparnasse*, by Ch. L. Philippe (Les Trente). Charles Laborde illustrated Valéry Larbaud's novel, *Fermina Marquez*, and Paul Morand's *Tendres Stocks* (Emile Paul); Galanis *Le Grand Meaulne*, by Alain Fournier (Nouvelle Revue Française). Others are Hecht, Jean and Valentine Hugo, Lurçat, Jeanne Rozoy. All these books, generally speaking, have been well conceived typographically, and have successfully combined letterpress and illustration.

LITHOGRAPHY. Lithography is a favourite process with modern illustrators, the pencil affording greater scope than the graver. Raoul Dufy has done some emphatic and lively drawings for Guillaume Apollinaire's *Le Poète Assassiné*, and delicate black-and-white designs to illustrate the violent and highly coloured prose of Gustave Coquiot's *La Terre frottée d'ail* ('Au Sans Pareil' and Delpeuch). L. A. Moreau has illustrated Francis Carco's *L'Amour Vénal* (Nouvelle Revue Française), Maurice Ravel's *Les Chansons Madécasses* (Editions Musicale Durand), and Jean Puy's *Le Pot de Fleurs de la Mère Ubu* (Vollard). Utrillo is responsible for five lithographs illustrating his biography by Francis Carco (Séheur). Others who use this process are the prolific Vertès (for L'Art et le Livre, La Roseraie, Grasset, and Cité des Livres), the adventurous theorist, Robert Delaunay (for Les Quatre Chemins), Alice Halika and Ben Sussan (for Jonquières), Jean Marchand (for Eos), Dignimont (for Briand-Robert), Touchagues (for Séheur), Charles Guérin (for Helleu & Sergent), Paulette Humbert (for Les Arts et le Livre). Long as it is, this list is incomplete. Lithography is becoming more and more the fashion, and I should add the names of Hélène Perdriat, Boussingault, Annenkoff, Léon Drivier, Fernand Siméon, Eddy Legrand, P. Noury, etc. The following three are especially worthy of mention: Maurice de Vlaminck, Berthold Mahn, and Raphaël Drouard, the first for Radiguet's *Le Diable au Corps* and Duhamel's *Les Hommes Abandonnés*, the second for *La Confession de Minuit*, *Deux Hommes*, *La Pierre d'Horeb* (in preparation), and *Le Crépuscule des Dieux*, by Elemir Bourges (all these for Jonquières). Drouard illustrated Valéry's *L'Âme et la Danse* for Le Livre Contemporain, and A. de Vigny's *Eloa* for Crès.

COMBINED PROCESSES. It is not uncommon to find different processes combined. Eos has used Jean Marchand's lithographs and Sonia Lewitska's woodcuts together for Paul Valéry's *Le Serpent*. Jonquières has combined Siméon's woodcuts with lithographs in colour for Saint-Beuve's *Volupté*. Paul Vera has illustrated La Fontaine's *Psyché* for La Cité des Livres with woodcuts and pochoir lithographs. Briffaut includes both woodcuts and etchings in his edition of Huysmann's *La-Bas*. *Les Campagnes Hallucinées*, by Emile Verhaeren (Helleu), has both woodcuts and lithographs by Brangwyn.

COLOUR. The vogue for colour is considerable. In addition to the engraved work already described should be mentioned *La Pierre d'Horeb*, illustrated with three-colour woodcuts by the master engraver P. E. Colin for a new publisher, Manuel Bruker. Jacques Beltrand illustrated *Carnet de Voyage* (*Italie*), by Maurice Denis, whose subtleties he has wonderfully preserved, and Paul Valéry's *Maîtres et Amis*, decorated with portraits in two colours. J. F. Schmied has enriched *La Cantique des Cantiques* with imaginative designs, *Ballades Françaises* (P. Fort), *L'Offrande Lyrique* (Tagore), *Deux Contes* (Oscar Wilde), *La Princesse Boudour*, and *L'Histoire charmante de l'adolescente Sucre d'Amour* (Dr. Mardrus). Both these artists abundantly deserve all their success.

These sumptuous volumes, to which may be added *Rabolliot* (Maurice Génevois), illustrated by Mathurin Méheut, with coloured woodcuts engraved by Camille Beltrand, for the Cercle Parisien du Livre, are, however, exceptional. More usual is the type of book illustrated by the pochoir process. Nearly all publishers bow to this new idol: Albin Michel with *Le Puits de Jacob*, Babou with *Le Mariage de Figaro*, Le Livre with *L'Oiseau Bleu*, beautifully illustrated by Georges Lepape; Briffaut with *Boubouroche*, La Fontaine's *Contes*, and *Une Aventure de Casanova à Venise;* Servant with Géraldy's *Prélude* and Fromentin's *Dominique*, illustrated by Laprade; Jonquières with *Trois petites Filles dans la Rue*, illustrated by Pascin, and Colette's four *Claudines* by Laborde, and *Sous la Lumière Froide*, with illustrations by the author, Mac-Orlan. Kieffer may be said to specialize in coloured illustrations, for instance, *Le Scarabée d'Or* and other works, including an entertaining series of *Contes* by Balzac, Voltaire and Boccaccio, illustrated by our best humorous artists. Mornay employs this process on many occasions: *Le Grand Silence Blanc*, recently published, is perhaps the most remarkable. Emile Paul employed the services of Gus Bofa for *Martyre de l'Obèse*, by Henry Béraud, and Kra for *Don Quichotte*. Fleury produced Gaston Chérau's *Vent du Destin* and Loti's *La Maison des Aïeules*. Other books illustrated by pochoir are *Salvator Rosa* (La Pléiade), *Le Chemin de Paradis* (Cité des Livres), *Mademoiselle Dax* and *Les Petites Alliées* (Intermédiaire du Bibliophile). The list could be continued indefinitely, but it cannot be concluded without reference to a work on the point of being published, *Un Eté dans le Sahara*, illustrated by Mainssieux with etchings, line blocks, and water-colours (Crès).

BELGIUM. The production of fine books in Belgium is far less abundant than in France, and it dates only from 1906, when the Musée du Livre was founded at

Brussels, and a book-loving public has hardly had time to form. There are no publishers who specialize in volumes de luxe: this is left to two societies, La Société des Bibliophiles et Iconophiles de Belgique and Les Cinquantes. The latter have published Maeterlinck's *Pelléas et Mélisande*, illustrated by Fernand Khnopff, Verhaeren's *La Guirlande des Dunes*, with woodcuts by Albert Delstanche, Maeterlinck's *La Princesse Maleine*, illustrated by Emile H. Tielmann, Eckhoud's *La Nouvelle Carthage*, with etchings by Kurt Peiser and Eugène Demolder's *La Route d'Emeraude*, decorated by Albert Delstanche, who is also responsible for the illustrations of *La Légende d'Ypperdamme*, by Eug. Demolder, considered one of the masterpieces of Belgian book-production. All these artists, and others to be mentioned later, have been the subject of a study by M. Henri Liebrecht, General Secretary of the Musée du Livre, in the prefaces of his two works on *La Gravure Originale Belge*, published by Les Cinquantes. The former Society has produced Albert Giraud's *Le Laurier* and Camille Lemonnier's *Un Mâle*, with lithographs by Constant Dratz and Romeo Dumoulin respectively; also van Lerberghe's *La Chanson d'Eve*. The Société des Bibliophiles Liégois specializes in reprints of rare books. Publishers of modern tendencies are the Lumière group, who have made some interesting experiments in typography, such as *Fraicheur de Paris*, by P.-G. van Hecke. The Editions du Nord have published a number of French authors illustrated by French artists, in addition to *Les Bords de la Route*, by E. Verhaeren, and Ch. de Coster's *La Légende d'Ulenspiegel*, which are more in the Belgian tradition. Other publishers of note are Jean Mawet, of Liège, Georges Thone, also of Liège, Office de Publicité, specializing in children's books, Desmet, Kryn, and van Oest. Many Belgian artists and printers are employed by French publishers, and this may be said to balance the employment of French artists by Belgian houses, a favourable state of affairs which it is to be hoped will continue.

CLÉMENT-JANIN

GERMANY

FOR over forty years the book trade in Germany as a whole has been organized in the Deutsche Buchgewerbeverein, and even the more artistically minded publishers such as have sprung up since the year 1900 also belong to this body. The growth of the art of the book, however, under these circumstances has been important; its development has corresponded with that of the artist in book-production or, as he is called, the book artist; it exhibits all the excellence, both in achievement and quality, that, from the point of view of artistic principles, has been met with in the whole realm of book-production. As far back as the year 1912, book artists, whose activities were becoming more and more common as a profession, united to form an association of their own. This association, the Verein deutscher Buchkünstler, has, with of course an interruption during the war years, organized an imposing series of exhibitions. It has now come about that the book artist stands at the very centre

of book-production in Germany. It has not, however, been an easy task for him to gain this position; it has, in fact, been necessary for him to win it, step by step, by his own efforts; the road to the establishment of the art of the book was for him a road of restless self-improvement and of self-immersion in the aims and individualities of his productions. On the basis of his assured good taste, his doughty imagination and his artistic ability in the province of books, the book artist has become the superintendent, the organizer of the book; he creates the book out of the piece of literary matter put before him; he determines exactly the plan of the book and devotes an artist's care to its growth in all the different stages of its development. The book artist is the exponent, the representative, of the oneness of a book, and of its effect as an artistic whole. He is the director of an artistically inspired band of workers, from whom all the factors which go to the manufacture of the book beautiful draw their inspiration. The new art of the book has progressed proportionately as the book artist has identified himself with the commercial and technical side of the book, proportionately as he has made himself familiar with all the branches of book-production and has acquired for himself the important knowledge of the functions of these various departments, and has developed the power to think in terms of the machine. He binds to himself all the various individuals who play some part in the production of the book—the calligrapher, the type-founder, the compositor, the printer, the binder—and imbues them all with his own spirit. It is, in fact, characteristic of the present day that the influence of the book artist pervades every single one of these various departments of the book trade; the result being that, under his stimulating influence, every co-operator becomes more and more aware of the artistic function of his own particular task. During the course of this new development book-production as a whole has been raised to new heights of artistic achievement, and new artistic forces have come into play in all directions, in type-founding and type-cutting, in composing and in the technical reproductive processes, each department acquiring greater artistic qualifications for the task allotted to it. In not a few cases they have become book artists themselves, or have been deserving of the appellation. Thus, in a word, we may say that in the book artist all the various arts which go to make the book are united, and that he is the head of a whole body of co-operators.

The year 1927, with its great Exhibition at Leipzig, the Internationale Buchkunstausstellung, was an especially important one for our knowledge of German book art. The Exhibition enabled us, in an unprecedented degree, to familiarize ourselves with the work of the leading spirits such as Walter Tiemann, E. R. Weiss, Hugo Steiner-Prag, J. H. Ehmcke, Rudolf Koch, Georg Mathéy, Ernst Schneidler and others. Here, too, we could judge the achievements of the German publishing trade at their very best, and make ourselves familiar with the quality of the éditions de luxe, especially from the collection of Dr. Karl Klingspor. In addition to this Exhibition, the section devoted to the art of the book in the Pressa at Cologne affords a new and instructive picture. The exhibits are arranged according to the different departments of book-production, i.e., sections are devoted to type,

composition, printing, binding and so on, and thus provide an excellent review of the actual processes which go to the manufacture of a book. From the point of view of the critic, however, it must be confessed that this system of arrangement is not ideal. No observer dare for a moment allow himself to lose sight of the idea of the book as an artistic whole, for it is only on this idea that his æsthetic criticisms can be based; in other words, the 'ideal book'—in the sense that Cobden-Sanderson gives to the expression—has to be drawn into the Exhibition to provide the criterion for all artistic judgements. Be that, however, as it may, the great advances that are being made in German book-production are made abundantly evident by the Cologne Exhibition.

Before anything is said of the most recent efforts in German book art, it must be pointed out that all that modern Germany has achieved in the art of the book has been achieved in the face of meagreness and scantiness of means, even of actual poverty. In book-production these unpropitious, and as yet in no way modified political and economic conditions, are an intolerable burden, and in its renaissance there can be no suspicion of easily won success.

Since German book art, in the year 1906, turned its attention from merely adventitious ornament to the question of the actual typography of the book, knowledge of type founts and type-founding has received a tremendous impetus. Beautiful new types have been built up on the work of the old writing masters and calligraphists whose regard for calligraphy is to be seen in so many fine examples on vellum and on mottoes and addresses. Ancient founts have been revived, though without any trace of mere archaism, and new founts have been designed with unmistakably modern characteristics; these have the effect of counterbalancing each other, and in this way the founts are very varied in design, though not too varied for the spirit of the German people, which aims at emphasizing the individual. Unfavourable to mechanization, it has, however, also produced typical characters, types for bookwork, which have their place in all regular founts. Out of the spirit of originality there still remains to-day the as yet undiminished creator's joy in a type. That, by the side of the 'Antiqua' (Roman type), the 'Fraktur' (Gothic) should still be favoured, is in no way an indication of a burdensome survival, but bespeaks only the diversity of the necessary modes of expression. Allied to this variation of type founts is the undiminished interest taken in the question of a uniform type, generally comprehensible in Europe.

It has been exceedingly advantageous that during the last ten years standard types of book-production after the English model have become firmly established. As a result the style has become unified and regularized and has at the same time steadily adapted itself to the point of view of achieving particular effects, to which printing and fine book-production, as well as the productions of artistically directed firms, are already committed. To the composition it has been attempted to impart a noble harmony and a robust rhythm, and the title has also been made typographically more effective. Independent of all individual details of form, the moral education of publisher, compositor, and printer has so far advanced that each of these various

partners has to-day a considerable idea of the inner working of the business of artistic book-production and takes his part in it zealously and wholeheartedly.

As for illustration, we have, for a long period, had to put up with considerable excesses. We know well enough now, however, that a good artist is by no means necessarily a good book artist. The old formless type of book with its heterogeneous illustrations, which belong rather to the realm of scrap albums than to that of book illustration, is happily gone for ever. Nowadays, some regard is had for the relation between letterpress and illustration, no matter by what process the latter is reproduced. Although, from this latter point of view, the woodcut is especially favoured, one is not at all too anxious to put all one's faith in it; one of its present-day characteristics is that it aims at surface rather than line. The main point, however, is that book illustration of the present is more concerned with typographical requirements than that of the past. The distinction implied in the question whether the most noble achievement of book-production must be purely typographical, or may contain illustrations, is one of but slight interest; and so, upon this point, the individual may take what stand he will. It is enough that it is characteristic of the present day that feeling for typographical unity is beginning completely to outweigh any similar feeling for the value of illustration, and, having regard for the problem as a whole, it is certainly found most advantageous if a good illustrator can be found who is also a good book artist, though, naturally, the union of these two desirable qualities in one person is a phenomenon not frequently forthcoming. The greatest importance to-day attaches to the book artist who keeps steadily before his eyes the idea of the completed book as an artistic whole. Good taste has now soared so high that it could no longer be attracted, even by the most charming illustrations, if the book as a whole turned out a failure.

So far as the art of binding is concerned, very great progress has been made with the publisher's binding, which is the most common type. This has also turned out to the advantage of the cheaper book, such as the cheap series volume, for which it has been found possible, even with the simplest binding material, to fashion something suitable. The publisher's library binding, designed for the bookcase, with its finely decorated back and its noble colour, has differentiated itself as much as possible from the merely decorative binding, which, in view of its effect in the shop window, possesses a striking character, and in which the commercial artist has a bigger say than the book artist. The binding for the connoisseur, the bibliophile, and for éditions de luxe stands on an admittedly higher plane. The most common styles of decoration for hand-worked binding are, first, a discreet floral ornamentation and, second, a more abstract geometric cubist design, which seeks to satisfy the laws of decoration with leather of various colours.

In all these branches of book-production, in types, in composition and in binding, book art is found to be in strong agreement with constructivist ideas. Under the influence of these ideas, the type page takes on a more definite form: in the decorative parts the symmetry has been very much improved; new combinations of great importance have been introduced, the fashion in this direction being set by

the use of most effective antiqua forms in conjunction with most primitive decorative devices, such as circles, squares, and right-angles; while in extreme cases only lapidar or grotesque founts are employed. With passionate enthusiasm new founts have been cut for the new movement, which aim at being, in an expressly mechanizing sense, so to say, reading and text machines! Any stronger or more significant effect on the inner structure of the book cannot be observed at the present. As we have seen, however, constructivism does play a very great part in decorative bindings as well as in the bindings for connoisseurs; this abstract style is, on the whole, well adapted to the art of binding, although more strikingly ornamental forms may also be used with pleasant effect.

If it is true to say that it is a characteristic of German book art that it is always experimenting, then the immediate present, especially in respect of constructivism, may be judged in the light of an experiment. Its aim is to avoid rigidity, but to leave itself open to improvements in all directions: even Gutenberg's art changes as time goes on. In its attempt to be the expression of our own time, it holds itself in a condition of living development; every epoch has its own ideal of beauty, and it would, therefore, be wrong to deprive the present age of the right to incorporate its own ideal of beauty in the book.

JULIUS ZEITLER

HOLLAND

FOR a thorough understanding of the significance of the present-day art of the book in Holland, it is necessary to give a rough sketch of what happened in the last few preceding years. Simultaneously with the new movement in literature there originated in Holland, and more especially in Amsterdam, a new trend in the art of painting. There is little doubt but that these new ideas had a great and lasting influence and acted as a stimulus to those who felt that a new *applied art* was wanted, based on sounder foundations. That, no doubt, explains why the Arts and Crafts movement in England was both understood and approved over here. These efforts to build up a style characteristic of the period were especially successful in the domain of graphic art. In 1892, for example, Dijsselhof, Lion Cachet, and Nieuwenhuis each cut a diploma in wood for a booksellers' exhibition, and these remarkably fresh cuts were followed by book decorations and bookbindings designed by the same artists, of which we would specially mention those done by Dijsselhof for Jan Veth's translation of *The Claims of Decorative Art* (1893), by Walter Crane, published by Scheltema & Holkema's. Other outstanding names are De Bazel, Lauweriks, Berlage and Derkinderen. Mention must also be made of a beautiful edition of the *Gijsbrecht van Aemstel*, with decorative illustrations and ornaments in colour-litho by Derkinderen, one of the best and most complete manifestations of the early days of the new movement. The efforts of Veldheer and Nieuwenkamp and the results they obtained with their illustrations of *Oude Hollandsche Steden aan*

de Zuiderzee (1897) and *Oude Hollandsche Dorpen aan de Zuiderzee* (1900) also call for attention, as does the work of R. N. Roland Holst in providing the typographical make-up of a sheaf of poems by Henriette van der Schalk (1895). Th. van Hoytema, a very sensitive artist, made exquisite lithographic illustrations for children's picture-books. Mention must also be made of L. W. R. Wenckebach's illustrations of his *Muizenwereld*, Edzard Koning's very subtle lithographs for an edition, by Mouton & Co., of Van Eeden's *De Kleine Johannes*, and finally Bauer's beautiful etchings and lithographs as book illustrations.

But as the reader is no doubt aware, all these very deserving efforts, made by able artists and supported by enterprising publishers and a few printers, could never be fully successful as long as an important part of the book, the type, and in a lesser degree the make-up, was not attended to in the way it deserved. But this was not entirely their fault—they had only at their disposal old types and some new foreign types. But gradually it was realized that artistic ornaments, even though they showed a fine and original taste, were not enough to make the book perfect. Among the first to find this out were the printers-publishers of the *Drukkers Jaarboek* (Printers' Annual). With this and other editions they laid more stress on the typographical side of the work than had been done so far, and in doing so they tried to make the best of the available material.

But they were soon to find a valuable ally in the Amsterdam Typefoundry, late N. Tetterode, who had already done useful work in introducing some of the best foreign types into Holland. In 1912 they appeared on the market with a new type, 'Hollandsche Mediaeval', specially designed for them by their collaborator (the writer). This surely was a courageous thing to do in view of the limited outlet Holland could offer. But right from the beginning it was apparent that publishers, printers, and booklovers alike loudly acclaimed the initiative, as they all realized that this new type, designed by a Dutchman and made in Holland, would serve as the foundation for a native Dutch art of the book.

Meantime a number of poets, Van Eyck, Gresshoff and Bloem—later the booklover J. F. van Royen joined them—had given Messrs. Enschedé some books to print, with old types, just as this firm had done for some German publishers. These editions went under the name of De Zilverdistel.

In 1915 the first edition (*Over Boekkunst en De Zilverdistel*, by Van Eyck and Van Royen) was printed on Van Royen's private press. For this edition the 'Zilvertype' was used for the first time, specially designed by the writer for this press. Two years later Van Royen published *Suster Bertken*, printed with the Disteltype, designed by Pissarro. Although the writer of these lines collaborated in the editions in designing a type and initials, he cannot help saying that the books by Van Royen are among the finest made during recent years, at home or abroad. In 1923 Van Royen gave his press the name of 'Kunera-pers' and published three more editions.

In 1916 the Society 'Joan Blaeu' was founded by booklovers and professionals. They published some books of widely varying appearance, which were meant to serve as a guide for others. In 1920 they held an exhibition of the old and

new book art in Holland, in which the general public showed a great deal of interest.

After the example of the foregoing others followed. J. van Krimpen started his Palladium editions, printed since 1920 with the Caslon. In the same year the first edition from Ch. Nypels of Maastricht appeared, followed by many other books of widely varying make-up. Nypels employed the wood-cutters H. Jonas, B. Essers and others, both for his own editions and for those made jointly with 'La Connaissance' of Paris. A. A. M. Stols, of Maastricht, followed in 1922 with the first of his 'Trajectum ad Mosam' editions. Jan Franken Pzn. made a number of woodcuts for him, and also Van Krimpen had a share in some of his many editions.

Foremost among the publishers, who certainly largely contributed to put book-production on a higher level, were Messrs. Brusse, of Rotterdam, who had been working along fixed lines during the last few years. Van Dishoeck, of Bussum; Hyman, Stenfert Kroese & van der Zande, of Arnhem; S. L. van Looy, of Amsterdam; C. A. Mees, of Santpoort; Nijgh & van Ditmar, of Rotterdam; Ploegsma, of Zeist; Em. Querido, of Amsterdam; H. D. Tjeenk Willink & Zoon, of Haarlem; and 'De Waelburgh', of Blaricum, among others, published books which clearly showed that those who had been responsible for them had both the good taste and the skill to make a happy use of type, make-up, print, paper and binding. Some of these books were illustrated and decorated by several artists such as Heukelom, Jongert, Fr. Lensvelt, Fokko Mees, Rueter, and L. O. Wenckebach; they were bound in publishers' bindings of a very smart design by such able artists as Lion Cachet, Roland Holst, Jongert, Rueter, Van der Vecht, and others.

These artists had shown a remarkable versatility in adapting their art to the requirements of the book, and this happy collaboration between publishers, artists, and printers caused the reading and art loving public to take an increasing interest in the outward appearance of the book. The 'Amsterdam' Typefoundry was not slow to realize that this was their opportunity to produce yet another new type, 'Erasmus-Mediaeval', again designed (1923) by their artist (the writer), of even more graceful line than its forerunners. These new types, as well as the corresponding bold face called 'Grotius' brought out in 1925–6, enabled the printers to achieve new possibilities. It was soon extensively used in many of the most luxuriously published books.

In 1925 Messrs. Joh. Enschedé & Zonen, of Haarlem, placed on the market a new graceful open type, called 'Lutetia', designed by Van Krimpen. It was successfully used for a number of bibliophile editions, among others the 'Palladium' editions.

Just the opposite of the above-described trend is that followed by the architect Wijdeveld, whose main object is the decorative part of the book. For him the text is but an excuse to use a type grouped in blocks and squares. Lion Cachet, Roland Holst and Toorop have made beautiful wrappers for the periodical *Wendingen*, made up in this way.

Finally I will mention my own private press, the 'Heuvelpress', in Hilversum (the second in Holland), of which the first edition appeared the other day in the 'Meidoorn' type of my own design.

S. H. DE ROOS

ITALY

THE foreigner who has not had special opportunities of following the obscure preparation of the last few decades, and who would now undertake an inquiry into contemporaneous book-production in Italy, would be greatly surprised to find a small group of works of highly artistic quality in no respect inferior to the best works produced in other countries, and to observe that there is a general tendency towards the technical improvement even of common and popular books.

For the rest, both students and amateurs, who habitually follow all world-movements, greeted with cordial but astonished wonder the sudden return of Italy into the field of artistic book-production which, for almost a century, she had abandoned.

In reality, the books which some friends and I have for some years been presenting in individual and collective exhibitions, as, for instance, those of Antwerp, Paris, and New York, are the fruit of an evolution which has been going on during the last twenty years. It was by means of the importation of machinery, first of German, then of English, and finally of American manufacture, that the Italian printing office has become remodernized; it was through the German, English, and American style, more or less directly inspired from the great models of the old Italian masters, that modern Italian printers rediscovered their ancestors. So true is it that all great intellectual movements in general, and artistic movements in particular, are brought about through the closest interchanges of influence between highly civilized nations.

Having rediscovered our own forefathers, and recognizing, from the example of foreign colleagues, what a magnificent lesson can be deduced from their works, it is no wonder that modern Italian printers have readily understood and quickly assimilated their main characteristics. They understood that it was not by means of illustration nor decoration that the highway lay for the renovation of the book, or for the creation of a modern book, but that this could only be found in the study of the printed page, as the essential and fundamental element of any and every book, which might in case of need be completed by the secondary elements of ornament, decoration, and illustration.

The first phase of modern typographic research in Italy was, therefore, clearly indicated by the study of the architectonic structure of the page, i.e., of the form which it might have, of the dimensions, of the degree and distribution of light and shade, in relation to the qualities of the text to be composed and of the effects which it was desired to achieve.

But as the first element in the construction of a page is the type, so the second phase, the study and making of new type, answering as far as possible to the requirements of the style of the period, was proceeded with.

The two typical characteristics of the new art book in Italy are, therefore, the search for a new Italian type, and the architectonic construction of the page, by means of type which, even though of foreign manufacture, should as far as possible answer to the original Italian classic style.

It is not hereby intended to allege that ornaments and illustrations have not been studied, that special kinds of paper have not been created which have been highly appreciated, even abroad, that process reproduction has not appreciably advanced: the maximum effort, however, put forth by Italian printers has been above all directed to the purely typographic renewal, and that in this direction the results most worthy of consideration, both by students and amateurs in every country who seek acquaintance with and enjoyment of whatever is best, have been attained.

There is the 'Incunabula' type, which is now known and largely used in round, clear and light body, without any violence of light and shade between lines and tails, scarcely emerging from the line of print, suitable for composing beautiful, airy, and vibrant pages.

The most recent, 'Paganini', is designed according to an absolutely orthogonal scheme, so as to determine the quietest rhythm of light and shade, and so as to offer a facility of reading greatly exceeding the average. I believe that its equilibrium between elegance in form and practicability in use will secure for it a good reception on the part of typographic printers.

'Ruano' is, as 'Sinibaldi' was previously, of a more *recherché* character, i.e., not intended for wide and common use, but only for those applications requiring study and attentive searching for effects. This likewise was very recent, and its great possibilities of elegance have as yet been only slightly utilized.

These three types, which, as has been shown, represent three diverse stages in typographic practice, are the work of Raffaello Bertieri and of the Società Nebiolo.

While designed in Italy, but cast, one in America and the other in England, these two types are very different from each other. The 'Sinibaldi', which has been adopted in America, is more of a calligraphic than a design-like character, almost affected in its very swinging moulding. The 'Pastonichi', a very new type which the publisher Mondadori prepared for some of his sets of Italian classic texts, is really well suited to constitute long series of pages of prose and verse, in small masses which are clear, light, and transparent.

One typographic group consists of compositions carried out with these new types by the best Italian typographic printers on behalf of various publishing houses, such as Raffaello Bertieri—above all, the real promoter of art in bookmaking—A. Mondadori, of Verona, Guido Modiano, of Milan, and Giulio Giannini, of Florence.

On the other hand, there are the Bodoniani types, and those of Jenson, of Venice, and other types directly based on antique models, cast either in Italy or abroad. Among publishing houses of old repute using these types are U. Hoepli and G. Ricordi, Bestetti & Tumminelli and Alinari, as well as recent and very recent ones such as the Libreria dello Stato, Alpes, Belforte, and Rinascimento de Libro.

A very notable and unique position is occupied by certain journals, such as the *Risorgimento Grafico*, *Archivio Tipografico*, and the *Rivista di Numismatica*, which are among the best printed journals in Italy and elsewhere. The State itself has created a special committee, the 'Giunta d'arte', in order to bring about improvements in all official printed matter, so influential as very favourably to

affect commercial tendencies both at home and abroad to the extent of making the publication of propaganda catalogues necessary, such as the latest general catalogue of Italian book-selling of over 65,000 works, issued by the Società delle Messaggerie Italiane.

AUGUSTO CALABI

RUSSIA

THE general aspect of Russian book-production of to-day differs very perceptibly from that of pre-war times, and even from the first period of the Soviet Government, when former tendencies continued to have influence to a certain degree.

The new social and economic situation of the country, as well as the withdrawal of a great section of the higher classes, caused the almost total disappearance of the sumptuous publications illustrated in modern style, which began to flourish in Russia in the first decade of our century and attained considerable perfection. The leading artists of that period, viz., the 'Mir Iskustva' group to whom the Russian beautiful book was indebted for its modern revival, have now lost their importance, particularly as many of them are at present working abroad. Even locally an alteration has taken place, for the centre of production has been transferred from the former Neva capital to Moscow, the new metropolis of the Soviet Union.

Most of the books recently published in Russia come from the State Publishing House (Gosizdat) and some similar institutions, the number of private publishers being limited. Much attention is paid to the exterior of the book, but the lack of good paper, inks, and new Russian types, which is felt very sharply, takes away from the appearance of the contents. Besides the well-known and long-established presses, some new ones have recently come to the fore, as, for example, the Nishpoligraph Press at Nijni-Novgorod, where N. V. Tlyin is working with great success. The book-wrapper, both illustrated and ornamental, has a special character in this country, where the majority of books are placed on the market without bindings, and has attained individual importance. A whole army of gifted designers is engaged in this branch of production.

Although the illustrated book has been by no means generally cultivated, the newest phase of Russian book-production gives a great deal of attention to it. Much use has been made of the woodcut as a medium, and a style proper to the racial character of the Russians has emerged. Its acknowledged master is undoubtedly Vladimir Favorsky, with whom is a group of gifted colleagues and pupils, such as P. Pavlinoff, N. Piskaroff, I. Shpinell, A. Gontcharoff, N. Padalitzyn, and some others, while, on the other hand, Moscow possesses also in Alexis Kravtchenko an excellent and most productive wood-engraver and illustrator of imaginative power. At Leningrad some young wood-engravers, as N. Brümmer and S. Motchaloff have done good work, and among provincial cities, Kazan, the capital of the Tartary Soviet Republic, especially deserves mention for its meritorious book-production.

With wood-engraving, the Russian book-plate has developed in quantity and quality, and the above-named artists, together with many others, have invested it with original features. Alas! the same cannot be said about Russian bookbinding, which as an art has never had a flourishing activity in this country. After the revolution it ceased to exist, even as a handicraft, and only at a very recent date has there been any improvement. Some publishing houses have again begun to present their publications in bindings designed by artists.

P. ETTINGER

AUSTRIA

THE name of William Morris gives the clue to the development of a new book art in Austria. A tradition going back for centuries had happily made it impossible for Austria, in book-production and illustration, to fall below the level which characterized the other cultured states of Europe. Highly developed and, in many cases, highly original achievements in the art and technique of reproduction tended to produce a state of affairs wholly propitious for the reception and the subsequent development of the seeds sown by Morris: seeds which fell on Austrian soil just at the time when the general influence of English craftsmanship, transmitted by means of the Oesterreichische Museum für Kunst und Industrie in Vienna, came to have its most powerful influence.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century, under these influences, the older style of book-production, of which the masterly woodcuts formed a distinguishing feature, and which was already, under Baron Myrbach, being directed along new paths and being brought into line with modern photographic processes, was placed on a completely new footing. In this new development, especially in the field of book illustration, an example was set by two Austrian publishing ventures: the first being *Allegorien und Embleme*, published by Gerlach and Schenk, on which whole generations of young illustrators have modelled themselves; and the second, *Bilderbogen für Schule und Haus*, by which the Gesellschaft für vervielfältigende Kunst in Vienna spread the new style of illustration over the very widest area. Much was also done to promote the successful revival of the original woodcut (in the hands of Ferdinand Andri, Adolf Böhm, Rudolf Bacher, Rudolf Jettmar, Friedrich König, Maximilian Lenz, Koloman Moser, Emil Orlik, and Alfred Roller) by the Vienna Sezession, which was founded at that time. This body, however, also succeeded, by means of its exhibition catalogues, in which letterpress and illustration were harmoniously combined, in arousing the interest of a somewhat refractory and scornful public in the appearance of a book as an artistic problem. In these catalogues, the Vienna Sezession, under the leadership of Gustav Klimt and Otto Wagner, and subsequently the Hagenbund, offered a series of interesting and artistically rich productions. The work necessitated by these catalogues and the formation of the periodical, *Ver Sacrum*, produced the school, through which

Koloman Moser, the first typographically educated artist in Austria, found his way to the State Printing Office.

The *Festschrift der Oesterreichischen Staatsdruckerei*, which appeared in 1904 on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of this State Office, is notable as an historic document, not only on account of its temporal significance, but also on account of its actual appearance. It is the first really modern example of Austrian book-production. Koloman Moser was both the creative and the superintending artist in this achievement; the fount used, the 'Plinius antiqua', was newly cut for the occasion under the direction of Rudolf von Larisch after a noble ancient model; the beautiful black-and-white woodcuts, with their firmness of line and fine surface effect, were the work of Carl Czeschka; details of initials, choice of paper, etc., were all carried out with the same care as was devoted to the work as a whole. In the Austrian State Printing Office, where the present writer had the good fortune to be able to administer the artistic heritage of Koloman Moser, the fine spirit which marked that first volume has, through the discernment of the directors, been maintained right up to the present day. There were, however, at the same time, other factors to be considered. During a half-century's work as Adviser to the typefounding department, Rudolf von Larisch had a great reforming influence and sent out countless numbers of pupils, of whom mention here can only be made of his faithful assistant, Hertha Ramsauer. Further, the Wiener Werkstätte made in the art of bookbinding, as they had made in all other branches of applied art, epoch-making progress in moulding taste; Koloman Moser, Josef Hoffmann, and later the unforgettable and all too early deceased Dagobert Peche, followed in more recent times by Zimpel, Likary, and many others, have, under the banner of the two 'W''s, carried on their stimulating and suggestive works. Again, although Heinrich Lefler, himself one of the most fertile creators of imaginative drawings, had, during his short period as a teacher at the Wiener Kunstakademie, only a small circle of pupils who devoted themselves to book-production—they included Viktor Hammer, Rudolf Junk, Eduard Stella, and Franz Wacik—large numbers of such students studied at the Wiener Kunstgewerbeschule under Baron von Myrbach, Koloman Moser, Alfred Roller, Josef Hoffmann, Berthold Löffler, and Victor Schufinsky. Furthermore, capable illustrators were produced in the Graphische Lehr- und Versuchsanstalt under Erwin Puchinger, Franz Renner, Ludwig Michalek, Alfred Cossmann, and Leo Frank, as also in the Kunstschule für Frauen und Mädchen under Otto Friedrich. And, last of all, the spirit of emulation among the many non-German races which, until a short time ago, went to make up the old kingdom of Austria is not to be under-estimated. At the present time, in the Austrian book trade, there is to be noticed a strong predominance in illustrative work, which is due largely to the remarkably high level of the reproductive technique in Austria. The more literary output, however, is also responsible for some very beautiful achievements. The State Printing Office has been bringing out since 1914 a series of books for the amateur in which Ferdinand Andri, Karl Friedrich Bell, Wilhelm Dachauer, Josef Hoffmann, Rudolf Junk, Ferdinand Michel,

Koloman Moser, and Oskar Laske have contributed to the production of fine artistic specimens. The firm of Avalun, which subsequently emigrated to Hellerau, the publishing firms of A. Schroll & Co., Amalthea-Verlag, F. G. Speidel, A. Wolf, the Oesterreichische Bundesverlag and many others, have all contributed to the supply of examples for the connoisseur. Another factor, not be overlooked in this connection, is what the municipality of Vienna offers in the way of problems in the text-books which are placed gratuitously at the disposal of pupils.

In the province of typography proper, special mention must be made of the type founts cut according to the designs of Rudolf Geyer, Viktor Hammer, Rudolf Junk, Julius Klinger, Rudolf von Larisch, Victor Mader, and Marie Schmid; to these may also be added the name of Peter Behrens, if we may count him, in his capacity as Professor at the Vienna Kunstakademie, amongst the Austrians, and the names of the now departed Karl Czeschka and Hugo Steiner-Prag. Typographical composition in Austria, even where it is not under the supervision of genuine book artists, is in good hands. In this respect, desire for education and means—in particular, good schools and great libraries—together with the innate good taste of a nation blessed with musical gifts, are here just as fruitful in results as they are in the case of the artistic make-up and the illustration of a book.

The variety of talent in Austria is exemplified by the exceedingly rich scale of the pictorial work, in which various temperaments stand contrasted, as in the case, we may say, of Alfred Cossmann and Ludwig Heinrich Jungnickel, Ferdinand Andri and Ferdinand Schmutzer, Erwin Lang and Oskar Larsen, Richard Teschner and Rudolf Jettmar, Karl Sterrer and Paris von Gütersloh—to mention but a few of these opposing temperaments. If one recollects also that, besides these, Karl Czeschka, Oskar Kokoschka, Alfred Kubin, Emil Orlik, Ferdinand Steger, and Hugo Steiner-Prag are Austrians by birth, the abundance of native talent becomes still more apparent. Of equal diversity is the multi-coloured collection of decorative cloths for binding; for this, Austria, with its Wiener Werkstätte and Kunstgewerbeschule, possesses reservoirs of never-failing talent.

All the artistic instincts of Austria have been called forth in the congenial task of the decoration of bookbindings. Side by side with the already mentioned Wiener Werkstätte the firms of Karl Scheibe, Franz Lysakovski, Rollinger, Hermann Scheibe, and many others, both great and small, have worked with enthusiastic devotion to carry out the designs for gold and leather work in imaginative or traditional styles, which Austrian artists have prepared as the modern counterpart of the treasures of the past, preserved in the world-renowned libraries of Austria.

RUDOLF JUNK

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

IN Czechoslovakia these twenty-five years a generation of creative artists have been devoting themselves to the art of the book, have renewed all the graphic techniques and have evolved a Czechoslovak book art.

At the Exhibition in Leipzig, in 1927, the Czech book had attained the same rank as the best European books. The regenerative tendencies are seen in the work of the graphic artist, Vojtěch Preissig, and the typographers, Karel Dyrink and Method Kalăb, who have combined the influence of William Morris and a fresher and freer romanic tradition in a style which is original and yet European. These tendencies asserted themselves, not only in the limited editions destined for a small body of bibliophiles, but also in the larger editions. They show a sense of colour, an unwearied search for new methods, good draughtsmanship and good graphic work, and an increased sense of effectiveness and quality of material. In typography nothing can be skimped. The design of the title-page and covers is not enough. The book must be considered as an organic whole. Attempts to create a special lettering were made. Vojtěch Preissig gave an impetus to the adaptation of American type, and was followed by the most gifted leader of modern Czech book-production, V. H. Brunner, in the better design of title-pages. In the type of S. Tusar and in the efforts of Vojtěch Preissig the basis of a national Czech book art was attained, the essence of which is type.

Miss Zdenka Braunerová first conceived the idea of connecting the decoration and workmanship of the book as a whole, in the archaic style of old prints. After her there appeared several individual artists who were able to give to their work an original and personal stamp. For a long time all the work was done by them. The most important of them is V. H. Brunner, the great artist who accomplished splendid works in all the branches of art and craft, but who devoted his many sided talent mainly to the production of the book. He became the leading master of book decoration and he bears in his baroque but quite modern character much of the Czech tradition. F. Kysela derives his book decoration from the English style, mixing its coolness with the gaudiness of native motives. Jaroslav Benda aims at the total simplification of the subject, even to hard stylization and ascetic abstraction. F. Kobliha created a modern flower-ornament in black and white.

Besides these graphic leaders other creative artists also often worked for the book like the painter, Adolf Kašpar, who created the atmosphere of the Biedermaier by his illustrations, the sculptor, F. Bílek, who decorated his studies on art with woodcuts. There is Josef Váchal whose bibliophile rarities are written and set up by himself and who also decorates them with woodcuts, full of mediæval mysticism.

The younger generation who came after them found all the means of the craft already prepared and had only to follow their predecessors, who had been their teachers or their models. They are hard at work and their efficiency is constantly growing. There still appears here and there some striking work by older artists who had not specialized in book decoration, for instance that of the great graphic artists, M. Švábinský or T. F. Šimon, V. Stretti, or the great sculptor, J. Štursa, the creative critic, J. R. Marek, the biting caricaturist, Z. Kratochvíl. The painter, K. Vik, has just created the first cyclic book on Prague, decorated with coloured chiaroscuro woodcuts. Prominent among the younger generation is Jan Konupek, who enriches the text with the unusual invention of his illustrations, apparently inspired

by the picturesque landscapes and scenery of fantastic and heroic film production. Cyril Bouda and Petr Dillinger express modern ideas in concise classical form, while Karel Svolinsky masterfully renews in them the art of the old Italian outline woodcuts. New elements are brought into the decoration of the cover by Josef Čapek, who treats it as a little poster for the showcase. Vlastislav Hoffmann, the architect-painter of theatrical scenery, very harmoniously combines cubistic drawing with typographical arrangement of the page. Jan Zrzavý blends mystical moods with simplified expressionistic drawings and delicate ornamentation. Josef Šíma discovered in the colourful Paris atmosphere a gossamer synthesis of nervous sensations for the interpretation of the text. The identification of the intellectual contents with the optical effects of an extravagant typography was attained by K. Teige, the dexterous constructor of composite photographs, who is followed by Fr. Muzika in his cubistic figures.

In Moravia there is E. Milén doing good lithographic work for book decoration with verve and delicacy, and in Silesia the wood-cutter, Ferdys Důša. Also in the younger generation there are artists who have done book decoration only on occasion, yet successfully, like Josef Hodek or F. Pavela.

The difficulty of finding a characteristic type evoked not a few attempts at the creation of a calligraphic type, multiplied by reproduction. Jaroslav Benda began this experiment. His prescription was interesting but not practical. Adolf Kašpar also designed some texts, but his type had too much of the accessory elements of a painter's conception. Nearer to the character of a type for actual use was that invented by the typographer, Oldřich Menhart, in which are, perhaps, some of the traces of the half-uncials and the rudiments of old Irish manuscripts.

The Czech authors at the beginning of the movement for the decoration of the book evinced great interest and took a large share in it. K. Hlaváček was as much a poet as a designer. The poet, S. K. Neumann, decorated his books with drawings, and many authors directly influenced the form of their books by giving directions and by choosing the artists to materialize their ideas. So the poet, Jiří Karásek ze Lvovice, the critic, Miloš Marten, the novel-writer, Růžena Jesenská, and the writer-priest, Jakub Deml. In the younger generation there are to be found even writers who are also capable of illustrating their own works. Karel Čapek illustrated his causeries with sketches; K. Hofmeister made his designs an integral part of the text; E. A. Hruška, who had learned from E. Váchal, decorates his erotic works.

The representative of Czech bookbinding is Ludvík Bradáč, who has rescued it from decay and regenerated the handiwork of the craft. He gathered round him a number of collaborators among the book artists and founded a bibliophile journal, *Knihomol* (The Bookworm), the first of its kind. Those wishing to attain a reputation in the bookbinding trade have learned from him or from V. H. Brunner. Miloš Klicman, who somewhat in the taste of Zdenka Braunerová decorates his parchment bindings with hand-drawn and lacquered designs, has a place of his own.

The development and the high level of the Czech book is not the merit of great publishing firms, but of private publishers who at last grouped together in the

association 'Kmen'. An outstanding place among them is held by K. Janský, Arthur Novák, the editor of the second book review, *Vitrinka*, with which he became something like an *arbiter elegantiarum artis typographicae*, and Dr. O. Štorch-Marien, the centre of the literary interests of to-day. A good book, well equipped and decorated, though fairly cheap, is edited by the self-aiding union of readers, the Družstevní Práce, for whom the public sympathies are growing as much as the resentment of the publishing houses. Among the publishing firms recently founded for the decoration of the book, F. Borový and L. Kuncíř have done the best. The bibliophile movement, which developed in the year 1910 into the Union of Czech Bibliophiles, has also exerted influence.

In preparing pupils for the production of the book, the Art and Craft School is concerned with the artistic education and the Government Graphic School with the craft. The teachers at both schools are first-rate exponents of the art of the book.

JARMIL KRECAR

HUNGARY

HUNGARY produced a relatively great number of books before the war. In 1913, when this country had twenty million inhabitants, 2,377 works were printed. In 1926, the population being reduced to eight millions, book-production increased to 3,828 new books. While in other countries with a many times larger and much more stable population book-production was but slightly augmented; for instance, in England from 12,379 to 12,799; in France from 10,758 to 11,095; or even considerably diminished, as in the United States, from 12,230 to 9,925; Hungary holds a high record in this respect, which becomes still more striking if the difference of economic conditions is considered. Comparing the yearly budgets of the countries with their book-production, we find in 1926 the following results:

Expenditure (in Milliards Pengö)		Number of Books produced
0·5	Hungary . . .	3,828
0·6	Denmark . . .	3,270
1·4	Holland . . .	6,047
5·0	France . . .	11,095
12·5	Germany and Austria .	30,064
5·8	Italy	5,873
22·0	England . . .	12,799
3·5	Spain	2,268
18·0	U.S.A. . . .	9,925

Of course, the number alone does not mean quality, and from these figures no conclusion can be derived as to the artistic value of Hungarian books. Still, where

books play such a considerable part in national production, it is to be expected that serious efforts will be made to develop their exterior appearance.

The great revival in Hungary of art in book-production initiated by Morris, Crane, Cobden-Sanderson, Ricketts and others, came to a standstill during the war, but was taken up with new energy since. In Hungary the lack of taste in inartistic books was keenly felt by many lovers of fine old editions and the skill of foreign artists was much admired. In 1921 the Hungarian Bibliophile Society was founded under the protection of the late Count Alexander Apponyi, the universally known bibliophile. The aim of the Society was to raise the standard of the book and to improve the taste in its decoration. Following foreign examples, the Society has published a number of booklets; the greatest care was taken to give them a thoroughly harmonious exterior so as to make them serve as a model. Exhibitions of books were organized in order to form the taste of the public. The very first of these was devoted to the book of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. It showed the best samples—mostly lent by private collectors—of modern book-production. Other exhibitions followed: picture books, the woodcut, from its earliest beginnings to our days, and so on.

Now fine books became the fashion. Publishers found it profitable to give more attention to the artistic qualities of their editions. Artists were given opportunities to exert their genius in illustration and book ornament. Printers had to renew their stock of letters, and bookbinders were expected to furnish good handiwork.

One of the very first to follow the modern movement was the printer and editor, I. Kner, in Gyoma. He published a series of Hungarian and foreign classics with very accurate typography, in accordance with good old Hungarian works whose characteristics partly depended on the special construction of the Hungarian language. Kner's publications were decorated with ornaments and initials designed by L. Kozma. They largely use motives of peasant art, but remain original, and their character of relief printing is well adapted to typography.

The printing office of A. Tevean in Békéscsaba and the 'Amicus' editions in Budapest, the latter conducted by Mr. L. Reiter, brought out some fine amateur books. The 'Amicus' gave illustrations by D. Fáy, woodcuts and lithographs in the style of the illustrations of the last century. Fáy's followers, C. P. Molnár, A. Gara, as well as artists like Divéky, G. Végh, Haranghi, Jaschik and others, cultivate the pictorial style, while Kozma's circle—Gróf, Csabai-Ékes, Dankó, Albert Kner, etc.—is more attached to purely ornamental decoration. Constructivism in book decoration is represented by L. Reiter.

Bookbinding of olden times has developed in Hungary a style composed of Oriental and Western elements. Stained parchment was much employed during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and bright colours used on to the twentieth. As a reaction against over-decorated but cheap bindings—the so-called 'Pracht-einbände' of the 'eighties—the simple but solid book covering is now appreciated, and genuine cloth or even paper is preferred to sham morocco. Bookbinding is developing into a feminine profession: Martha Biró, Elisabeth

Kner, and many women bookbinders produce bindings in exquisite taste and of the best workmanship. Kozma, Gróf, Gustave Végh, and several well-known artists are also specialists in designing bookbindings.

The art schools, notably the Royal School of Applied Art and the Municipal School of Applied Art, have special classes for bookbinding, and the professors J. Galamb, Balogh, Ács, are doing their best to keep Hungarian bookbinding at the highest level.

In general it can be said that art in printing, illustrating, and bookbinding in Hungary is keeping pace with other civilized countries, as was demonstrated at last year's 'Buchkunst' show at Leipzig. Of all other objects of artistic attention the book seems to have recovered first from all kinds of theoretic experiments. It has found its way through an inevitable harking back to the unequalled traditions of the past. It strives to be perfect in material, clear and beautiful in printing, illustration, decoration and binding: all this without archaism, and not losing contact with the needs and possibilities of modern life. It has proved that it can well be modern—and beautiful at the same time.

JULIUS DE VÉGH

POLAND

INTEREST in the arts of book-production revived in Poland about 1900. One of the first to pay attention to it was L. Wyspianski, an artist, writer, and man of general culture. His work was severely typographical, because he saw that typography was the basic factor of beauty. By degrees, interest spread, but the example of Wyspianski was not followed. Oil painters began to work at book illustration with the methods of oil painting, and books were printed in colour which showed distinct efforts to make the book a work of art, though they were rather overloaded with ornament.

In the early stages of the movement Cracow was the centre. The centre has now shifted to Warsaw. The general character of the Polish book to-day is markedly nationalistic, a tendency intensified, of course, by the war. The patriotic impulse which pervades all Polish art leads designers to search for a distinctive national form, and the influence of the country's peasant art, old woodcuts, etc., manifests itself in illustrations and book decoration.

Of the earlier generation of book artists, A. Procajtowicz, F. Siedlecki, E. Ruszczyc, W. Jastzebowski, and A. Poltanski still continue to do valuable work, and among the younger generation may be mentioned Skoczylas, Zofya Stryjenska, E. Bartlomyczyk, J. Gronowski, L. Gardowski, J. Kaminsi. B. Lenart should be mentioned as producer of admirable bindings.

Amongst publishers, the efforts of J. Mortkowicz, of Warsaw, Z. Zazarski, of Warsaw, Gebethner & Wolff, and J. Vurian (publisher of the *Grafika Polska*) should be specially mentioned.

SWITZERLAND

THE space allotted to Switzerland at the Leipzig International Book Trade Exhibition in 1927 was extremely restricted, both from the point of view of area and of the Exhibitor's requirements. The present purpose is, therefore, to bring home to the reader the reasons which compelled the trades connected with up-to-date book-production to make a completely fresh start. It will be sufficient, in this connection, to recall the periods of astonishing prosperity of the art of printing in Switzerland in the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries, and the activities of famous workshops in Basle, Geneva, and Zurich. After a period of lethargy of nearly a hundred years (since the death of Salomon Gessner), we are at last entitled to speak of a revival of this time-honoured Swiss industry, as it has manifested itself during the last decade. It is now nearly a hundred years since in those great periods of fine book-production men were found who were capable of emulating their forerunners with examples worthy of such high traditions, of copper-plate engraving and especially aquatint work, as well as lithography, for which we are indebted to some extent to the indirect influence of J.-J. Rousseau, but mainly to the fashion for trips to Switzerland which arose, during his lifetime, amongst foreigners, mostly British. The products of these two graphic arts found a market worthy of them in Switzerland and abroad, and may appropriately be classified as productions with a pronounced 'sight-seeing' character, with which the names of Aberli, Freudenberger, König, Lory, Rieter, Schellenberg, and many others, will be connected for ever. Ferdinand Hodler was the pioneer of the new tendencies in Swiss graphic art as expressed in particular by purely linear design, and the decorative conception of Swiss posters. He himself was one of the first who executed, with chalk on stone, a poster with text and design combined into an artistic whole. As compared with the success achieved by this type of printed poster work, book illustration proper fell into deplorable neglect. Owing to the cautious attitude of Swiss editors, such artists as the Swiss Vallotton, Bischoff, Walser and Kreidolf, to name only a few, were compelled to try their luck abroad, in France and Germany in particular. Efforts were nevertheless made by those who aimed at bringing about a revival of our book-printing as a fine art, to produce beautifully printed, bound, and decorated books, but success did not come their way until quite recently. A further difficulty was the fact that practically all type had to be purchased abroad. It was only lately that a Basle type-foundry successfully introduced on the Swiss market an imitation of a Bodoni type, in the form of a really practical and beautiful set of characters. Our most successful printed books of the last twenty years are undoubtedly produced on the pattern of the exquisite English hand-press work of William Morris (the Kelmscott Press), and others. It is more than a mere coincidence that specimens of the latter have been found over and over again at book exhibitions in the museums of Basle, Zurich and Berne, and that one of the gems of the extensive collection of masterpieces of the graphic arts of the Zurich Kunstgewerbe Museum is the 'Chaucer Bible', among a number of

other productions of English hand-presses. The processes which led to a reorganization of book-production in Switzerland were very different from those obtaining in England. In the first named of these countries, preference was given to lithography for the illustration of books, for the reason that it was the usual process, and the artist himself could draw the subject on the stone in one complete operation, and, moreover, the process had reached such a pitch of perfection that it could hardly be improved upon. In recent times, however, owing to the vogue for special type and woodcuts, and to the enormous progress made in the technique of photo-mechanical devices (as evidenced by the offset and semitone processes), lithography has lost some ground. In accordance with a tendency, which is probably of a universal character, owing to the growing perfection of the photo-mechanical processes, and consequently the greater suitability of the latter for production on industrial lines, book-printing is entering a new phase. Those firms which took up the production of hand-press printed books have already rendered valuable service, in that they have created an extensive demand amongst the public for cheap books, and did away with the evil of superfluous ornaments. In the course of the last twelve years, five hand-press printing works have achieved highly creditable results in Switzerland, although these establishments (the Johannespresse, Les Cahiers Vaudois, Editions du Verseau, the Press of the Zurich Polytechnic, and the Münsterpresse) are only on a small scale at present. Together with the progress made in these directions increased attention has been paid to bindings, and to every means which would render them more attractive. The Zurich Industrial School, in addition to reorganizing its workshops for high-class printing work, has done better still by coming forward as pioneers in up-to-date bookbinding. We are therefore on the high road of progress as regards really well-produced commercial bindings, which evidence the sound tendencies and superior skill which form a particularly satisfactory feature of the latest developments in the Swiss book trade.

ALFRED ALTHERR

JUGO-SLAVIA

IN the countries now belonging to the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, the development of the book art has never been a continued and uninterrupted one as in other countries. The activity of Boninus de Boninis, the great printer of Dubrovnik (Ragusa), and that of Andrea de Paltascichis from Kotor (Cattaro) in the fifteenth century in Italy and France, proved quite ineffectual in their own country. The foundation of the first press dates from the end of the fifteenth century, but most of the works written in the language of the country or composed by natives were printed in Italy. The Croatian Protestants had their books printed in Urach and Tübingen (1561–1564). In the year 1667 the press of the Jesuit

College in Ljubljana was transferred to Zagreb, where in the years 1695–1705 the writer, Paul Ritter and Vite-Zović produced a series of excellent printed works. Later on until the beginning of the nineteenth century typographically perfect works were issued by the presses of Zagreb, but what followed was absolutely unimportant for the art of the book. Only at the beginning of the twentieth century have modern artistic tendencies in regard to book art developed in our country, in Belgrade, Ljubljana, and especially in Zagreb. For want of tradition good foreign models had to be taken advantage of, and only in these latter days have our artists made an attempt to introduce a national note into their works of art. An outstanding success in artistic ornamentation is the edition of the *Legend of Amis and Amil*, by Branimir Livadić, published in the year 1913, with original wood-engravings by Miroslav Kraljević and Ljuba Babić. If, after Kraljević's death, Babić had been able to carry out all his plans, with a perfect type of letters and good paper at his disposal, this work would have been equal to Diederichs's edition of Maeterlinck's *Trésor des Humbles*, prepared by Melchior Lechter, which is still nowadays one of the most beautifully adorned books in Germany. As early as 1911 Ljuba Babić, to-day one of the most prominent representatives of Croatian book art, had distinguished himself by his illustrations to the edition of the Croatian *Popular Tales* made by the society 'Matica Hrvatska'. Since then Ljuba Babić has produced a whole series of perfectly produced illustrated editions, in particular: 1916, *Kraljevic Marko*; 1918, *The Young King*, by Oscar Wilde; 1920, *Three Tales for the Young*, by Vladimir Nazor; 1922, *Selected Fairy-Tales*, by H. C. Andersen, and *Popular Tales*, by L. N. Tolstoi; moreover, numerous fine book-covers for the works of M. Krleža, M. Begović and others. There were also other illustrators before Babić, namely, M. Kl. Crnčić and Ivan Tišov, but their illustrations are merely sketches designed by painters, as well as those of Oto Iveković and Celestin Medović in the jubilee edition of Marulić's *Judith*. Also Mirko Rački has composed a large cycle of illustrations to Dante's *Divine Comedy*. But all these artists rendered only the contents of the poetical work, not its spirit and sense. In this latter respect Ljuba Babić has been the first among them to adopt a new line of thought. In his Croatian *Popular Tales* he boldly deviated from the old-fashioned illustrations, and the figures of the German fairy-tale, clad in our national costume, were changed into the real, coarse types of our popular tales. His own special style of book ornamentation Babić has developed in the lovely vignettes of Oscar Wilde's *Young King*, and as a final phase in his most successful work, the *Popular Tales*, by Tolstoi. In these two editions we can find the expression of his own personal and attractive style. Tomislav Krizman has decorated, besides many other works in the domain of applied graphic art, a long series of editions. He is an artist who goes his own way and has composed for himself a personal, somewhat stiff and ascetic style of ornament. Regardless of tradition, he works individualistically and independently, and his works often lack clearness, but he knows how to obtain strong effects. All his creations bear a decidedly personal character far from tradition and imitation. A profound respect

for tradition is, on the contrary, the prominent feature of Vladimir Kirin's already numerous creations. We can see it in the artistic equipment of a whole series of monumental works, not only in the assimilation of the ornament to the standard type, which is strict and unobjectionable as regards style, but also in the ornamental decoration of the initials and the vignettes at the beginning and the end. The preference he shows for the English style of illustration is a consequence of his rather long stay in London. Nevertheless, his illustrations to the *Tales of Long Ago*, by Ivana Brlić-Mažuranić (of which there is also an English edition), bears a specifically Slavonic character. As illustrators we must also mention the following artists: Mirko Rački and Joza Kljaković (both of them have illustrated Ivan Mažuranic's renowned epic poem, *The Death of Smail-Aga Čengic*), Vilko Gecan, Milivoj, Uzelac, Marijan Trepše, Petar Orlić and Ernest Tomašević. Olga Höcker, a pupil of Anne Simons and F. H. Ehmke, has devoted herself to artistic script. Together with Ljuba Babić, she adorned a large number of infant-school books in an exemplary manner, but her special attention is given to the solution of a very difficult and important problem: the artistic development of a special national script type in the two species of alphabets, the glagolitic, or old Slavonic, and the modern Latin. Her best work yet is the collection of poems, *In the Sun and in the Shadow*, by Dragutin M. Domjanić, published in lithographic script type. The artistic script type is also successfully cultivated by Tereza Paulić (who has made excellent sciagraphs), Jelka Rešetar and Zdenka Sertić. With regard to artistic bookbinding, Anka Martinić is to be mentioned. Her works display an exquisite taste; they are limited to the simplest ornamentation, but technically they are highly finished.

ARTUR SCHNEIDER

SCANDINAVIA

IN book-production the three Scandinavian countries possess, broadly speaking, nearly as many points of contact with each other as Germany, Switzerland, and Austria. Racial affinity, similarity of language, and geographical proximity undoubtedly exercise a great influence, even upon those branches of art which enter into the creation of beautiful books.

The solidarity of Scandinavian artists remained unbroken when they drank impressionism and symbolism from the well of the new art in Paris in the 'eighties and 'nineties, and returned to their respective countries with the same elation of discovery and progress, to find inspiration in accordance with their essentially national characteristics. Every time they made for the north, like migratory birds, the longer they remained there to reap the harvest of their countrymen's orders, which gradually came their way. Their work, however, did not merely consist of monuments of kings and historic paintings. A flourishing national literature demanded illustrations and decorative features, to which not a few of the very best

painters, specialists in the graphic arts, and architects contributed. The original tendency was not one of art book-production as it is understood in our days, but eventually, in the 'nineties, to some extent independently of the Morris movement, even the Scandinavian countries witnessed new tendencies in the production of books which heralded a new era, from a typographical as well as from an illustrative point of view. Most remarkable in this respect was the edition of Snorre Sturlasons' *Kongesagaer*, issued in 1899, which was illustrated and decorated by a number of well-known Norwegian painters, headed by Erik Werenskiold. It is a pity that these artists had far too little to do with book-production at a later date. The talent of a man possessing such a gift for decoration as Gerhard Munthe, for instance, could easily have been developed until he became a Scandinavian Rudolf Koch, whilst the rare gifts of an illustrator such as Werenskiold might have earned, by this time, the fame of a modern Dürer in the graphic art of book-production, if only Norwegian printers and publishers had had more titanic tasks such as Snorre Sturlasons' *Kongesagaer* to set them.

In Denmark an incipient renaissance of the art of book-production can be observed at an even earlier date. Curiously enough, some of the leading men of the 'eighties are still on the list of modern illustrators, a fact which is exemplified in a striking manner by Joachim Skovgarrd's biblical pictures. The Swede, Olle Hjortzberg, who is considerably younger, although he started on his career as a decorator of books at an early date, has even shown, by his drawings for Gustav the Fifth's Bible (completed in 1928), that it is possible to maintain a personal style of decoration through three decades, in spite of the fluctuations of the prevailing tendencies, without ever losing the charm of novelty. With an equal tenacity did the leading bookbinders in the three countries (headed by Anker Kyster in Denmark, H. M. Refsum in Norway, and Gustaf Hedberg in Sweden) cling to the time-honoured and substantial traditions of their trade. Although they obeyed the whims and dictates of decorative fashions in years gone by, and none of them can claim to be trained artists in the true sense of the word, they have nevertheless displayed a spirit of enterprise and a love of quality which were of rare occurrence in the book world in the 'eighties and 'nineties.

Printers, more than anyone else in the book trade, owe a direct debt of gratitude to Morris. As far as Scandinavia is concerned, the Swede, Wald-Zachrisson, may be named as one of the earliest and most ardent supporters of typography with a pronounced artistic character. Nevertheless, he himself, like most of his colleagues, did not possess any particular artistic talent, and therefore his and his contemporaries' work was chiefly of pioneer importance in discarding the decorative rubbish and ugly type bequeathed by older generations. With purist meticulousness they insisted that the Gutenberg school of typography should be honoured above all others and adapted as a criterion.

It was only during the last decade that, by a slow process of evolution, a tendency to new creative conceptions, with a positive contribution to a more self-conscious artistic spirit, began to manifest itself. The men who took the lead of this tendency

in each of the countries concerned gave it an entirely different character, due to their own entirely different ideals and sources of inspiration.

In Denmark, a fruitful artistic impulse was given by the architects, who, entirely without preconceived ideas, and on the strength of the stand taken by them against modernism in the spirit of neo-classicism produced a series of standard works which may be said to carry on the work of Bodoni. The monumental style, which had vanished entirely for a whole century, appears afresh in the pages of the books which have been published by 'the *Foreningen of* 3 *december* 1892' during the last decade, and can be traced more or less distinctly in those productions for which these volumes have served as models. The new programme found its first expression, due to Aage Rafn's superb typographical conception, in the book on *Liselund* Manor printed in folio size in 1918. Paper, reproduction, choice of type and design, everything revealed a high artistic culture which until that time had nowhere found expression so clearly and consistently in the Scandinavian book world. Whatever details of this remarkable work might be open to just criticism could not detract from its incomparable stateliness, the result of highly cultivated taste and technical skill. Very few of the productions of later years reach the same high standard.

Book-production in Sweden rapidly reached a high degree of artistic efficiency, after Akke Kumlien, a man of great learning and a distinguished painter, whose achievements were not inferior to those of the Germans Weiss and Tiemann, found the opportunity to develop his talent in the graphic arts with the assistance of the great firm of publishers, Norstedt & Sons. Works like the *Philobiblon* (issued in 1922 by the 'Föreningen för Bokhantverk'), *Villon*, the 'Great Testament', show his knowledge of typographical style as compared with time-honoured data and landmarks, yet the book-covers drawn by him are of a still far greater importance. It was Ragnar Hjort, an architect, who contributed, amongst other things, to herald the Kumlien style by his drawing for the cover of *Churches of Sweden* (issued 1912). His chief achievement was his superb treatment of the alphabet for hand-drawn text titles. If Sweden had possessed an enterprising typefoundry, no one would have been better suited than Kumlien to take up the fight with Koch and other German originators of type. His inventive powers and sure sense of style, as exemplified in the decorative vignette, place him in a class apart. The secret of his method lies in its architectonic character. The contribution of painters and printers to the graphic arts of book-production had been, on the one hand, too pictorial, and on the other, too mathematical, thus imperilling the balance and rhythm of the work. The style of his bindings shows Kumlien to favour the old technique involving the use of small decorative dies. On these lines he has designed some exclusive sets, such as that used for the *Festskrift till Gustaf Upmark* (1925). The continual improvement in Swedish bookbindings is due to Kumlien's influence. One may note especially the work of Norstedt & Söner.

The new tendencies in Norway are governed, first and foremost, by the expressionistic style of painting which influences to such an extraordinary extent the

art of that country. Colouring and pictorial effects, and fantastic shapes, are consequently the essential features of these tendencies, which, in so far as they are consistent with standard book forms, undoubtedly provided the younger generation of Norwegian artists with means for introducing a novel element into book-production. The colour harmonies and discords of the Norwegian art of book-production are characterized first and foremost by force. There is sometimes also a distinctive Parisian stamp, which is quite an ordinary feature in the artistic life of Norway. Circumstances which constitute a great danger of stagnation, not only in the rate of production itself but also in the development of quality, are the comparative costliness of colour reproduction and the difficulty of complying with the demands of technical perfection. The printing works of Emil Moestue at Oslo, however, seem to go in for a revival of colour printing. The work which, for instance, the modernist, Sverre Pettersen, who is well versed in the art of book-production, carried out for this firm is full of promise for the future. The official printed production *Byfest*, with Pettersen's wonderful illustrations and Ulrichsen's cover, stands in a class by itself amongst the government and municipal productions in the three countries.

Parallel with this latest novelty in matters of Scandinavian book-production, the Norwegians have adopted a vigorous type of decoration of gothic style, for instance, 'Fröydi's Haavardsholm'. The inexhaustible supply of national decorative subjects forming part of Norway's heirloom can bear being drawn upon by two generations in succession.

The modern tendencies of Scandinavian book-production can therefore be summed up as follows: Striving for a new style of plain composition, in the spirit of Bodoni's work, and a thorough reform of the artistic side of book printing, hand-drawn type, vignettes, bookbinding dies, etc., taking into account particularly the special requirements of the graphic side of book-production, and lastly, the introduction of the colour schemes and styles of expressionism chiefly in the production of covers and illustrations.

ANDERS BILLOW

THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE HISTORIE OF THE WITTIE AND VALOROUS KNIGHT ERRANT DON-QUIXOTE

CHAP. I. ¶WHEREIN IS REHEARSED THE UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURE HAPNED TO DON-QUIXOTE, BY ENCOUNTRING WITH CERTAINE YANGUESIAN CARRIERS.

THE WISE CID HAMETE VENENGELI RECOUNTETH THAT AS SOONE AS DON-Q. HAD TAKEN LEAVE OF THE GOATheards his hostes the night before, and of all those that were present at the buriall of the Sheepheard Grisostome, he and his Squire did presently enter into the same wood, into which they had seene the beautifull Sheepheardesse Marcela enter before. And having travelled in it about the space of two houres, without finding of her, they arrived in fine to a pleasant meadow, inriched with abundance of flourishing grasse, neere unto which runnes a delightfull & refreshing streame, which did invite, yea constraine them thereby to passe over the heat of the day, which did then beginne to enter with great fervour and vehemencie. Don-Quixote and Sancho alighted, and leaving the Asse and Rozinante to the spaciousnesse of these plaines, to feed on the plenty of grasse that was there, they ransakt their Wallet, where without any ceremony the Master & man did eate, with good accord and fellowship, what they found therein. Sancho had neglected to tie Rozinante sure, that he knew him to be so sober and little wanton, as all the Mares of the Stood of Cordova could not make him to thinke the least sinister thought. But fortune did ordaine, or rather the Divell who sleepes not at all houres, that a troupe of Galician Mares belonging to certaine Yanguesian Carriers, did feede up and downe in the same valley: which Carriers are wont with their beasts to passe over the heats in places situated neere unto grasse and water. And that wherein Don-Quixote hapned to be, was very fit for their purpose. It therefore befell, that Rozinante tooke a certaine desire to sollace himselfe with the Ladie Mares, and therefore as soone as he had smelt them, abandoning his naturall pace & custome, without taking leave of his Master, he began a little swift trot, & went to communicate his necessities to them. But they, who as it seemed, had more desire to feed, then to sollace them, entertained him with their heeles and teeth in such sort, as they broke all his girts, and left him in his naked haire, having overthrowne his Saddle. But that which surely grieved him most was, that the Carriers perceiving the violence that was offered by him to their Mares, repaired presently to their succours, with clubs and truncheons, & did so belabour him, as they fairely laid him along. Now in this season Don-Quixote and Sancho, which beheld the bombasting of Rozinante, approached breathlesse, & Don-Quixote said to Sancho: for as much as I can perceive, friend Sancho, these men are no Knights, but base rascally people of vile quality: I say it, because thou mayest helpe me to take due revenge, for the outrage which they have done before our faces to Rozinante. What a Divell, quoth Sancho, what revenge should we take, if these be more then twentie, and we but two, and peradventure but one and a halfe? I am worth a hundred, replied Don-Quixote: and without making any longer discourse, hee set hand to his sword, and flew upon the Yanguesians: and Sancho Pança, mooved by his Lords example, did the like, when with the first blow Don-Quixote piercing a buffe coate that one of them wore, wounded him grievously in the showlder. The Yanguesians seeing themselves so rudely handled by two men onely, they being so many, ran to the stakes & truncheons of their carriage, & hemming in their adversaries in the midst of them, they laid on them with admirable speede and vehemencie.

The Third Book Chap. 1. Wherein is rehearsed the unfortunate adventure hapned to Don-Quixote, by encountring with certaine Yanguesian Carriers

Text-page from *The History of Don Quixote*. Printed by C. H. St. John Hornby at the Ashendene Press. Initials and borders designed by Louise Powell.

' Nothing is straight, but all things curved, crooked, and unequal ' (*page 100*)

CHAPTER VIII

An enumeration of the useless would almost be an enumeration of everything hitherto pursued. For instance, to go back as far as possible, the study and labour expended on Egyptian inscriptions and papyri, which contain nothing but doubtful, because laudatory history, invocations to idols, and similar matters: all these labours are in vain. Take a broom and sweep the papyri away into the dust. The Assyrian terra-cotta tablets, some recording fables, and some even sadder—contracts between men whose bodies were dust twenty centuries since—take a hammer and demolish them. Set a battery to beat down the pyramids, and a mind-battery to destroy the deadening influence of tradition. The Greek statue lives to this day, and has the highest use of all, the use of true beauty. The Greek and Roman philosophers have the value of furnishing the mind with material to think from. Egyptian and Assyrian, mediæval and eighteenth-century culture,

Illustration and text-page from *The Story of My Heart*, by Richard Jefferies. With 36 designs on wood by Ethelbert White. Published by Duckworth & Co.
Printed by Hazell, Watson & Viney Ltd.

I

THE PLEASURE OF READING

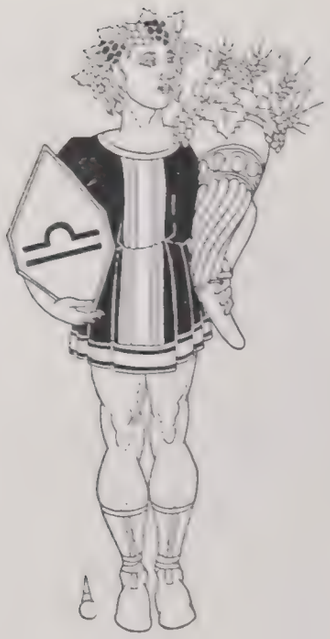
MY SUBJECT, "THE PLEASURE OF READING," was chosen partly because it is so wide that it covers almost any discursiveness, and partly I have chosen it because I think that modern conditions are putting the pleasure of reading more and more in jeopardy. Some people have such a passion for reading that they will acquire the habit and maintain it against all obstacles. There are others with the inclination and capacity to get that pleasure, but who must find it increasingly difficult under modern conditions to indulge the inclination and cultivate the capacity, and if they do not do so they lose one of the greatest resources and most precious recreations of life. I am using the phrase "The Pleasure of Reading" not in the sense of amusement, but in the sense of that deep and abiding pleasure which

Text-page from *Fallodon Papers*, by Viscount Grey of Fallodon, K.G. Woodcuts by Robert Gibbings. Published by Constable & Co. Ltd. Printed at The Chiswick Press.

I cannot even see her nose!'
And when at length the Bear had shown
That gratitude goes to the bone,
Nothing the caitiffs then could do
Would bring his cold protectress to.
They could but rub their hands. They said,
'We 'ave ze fear, ze lady dead!
She do not breathe, nor any ting;
Pore zing, pore zing, ze pore *pore* zing!'

'Tis said all clouds are silver-lined;
This one small fact then keep in mind,
Had quite, quite base been either man,
They might have fed the Bear on Ann.

Text-page from *Stuff and Nonsense*, by Walter de la Mare. Woodcuts by Bold. Published by Constable & Co. Ltd. Printed by T. & A. Constable Ltd., at The University Press, Edinburgh.



SEPTEMBER

A MERRY and cheerful Countenance, in a Purple Robe, upon his Head a Wreath of red and white Grapes, in his Left hand a handful of Oats, withall carrying a Horn of Plenty, full of all manner of ripe Fruits, in his Right hand the Sign *Libra*.

THOUGHTS ON HUNTING

After the Shoot

"THE First" has brought again that familiar sound of autumn evenings in the country, the uneasy, melancholy calling of the partridges after being dismayed and scattered by gunfire; and the familiar picture of unwontedly agitated birds roaming the fields, seeking for the missing members of the covey. The search may go on long after twilight, as the calling testifies: "Perdix—Perdix!" that rasping cry, so well likened to a rusty key turning in a lock. Search parties may be organized, some of a covey hunting the turnips, while others call in the stubbles. The covey which has suffered heavily doubtless seeks consolation by joining forces with another.

115

Illustration and text-page from *An Arcadian Calendar*, by Marcus Woodward. Published by Geoffrey Bles. Printed at The Westminster Press.

The Hôtel National

A distinguished-looking person, who so closely resembled the picture-palace idea of an ambassador that any man of the world must have recognised him as a head waiter, came across the restaurant and bowed respectfully. "*Son Altesse prendra le café dans le jardin?*" he asked.

Prince Alexander Sobelinski looked inquiringly at his two guests. Baron Ludwig von Bielerstein was the first to speak. "What about your usual table, under the Judas tree?"

"The very place," said Count Paul Rezanov.

Sobelinski ordered cigars and a fine old cognac which was too rare to be mentioned in the hotel's wine list. "The dinner," he added, "was not too bad."

The head waiter bowed low and murmured his thanks for this praise. "*Je soignerai aussi pour le café*," he assured the Prince as he ushered the three men through the garden to the table under the Judas

[157]

Text-page from *Topsy-Turvy*, by Vernon Bartlett. With drawings by D. Nachshen. Published by Constable & Co. Ltd. Printed by Richard Clay & Sons Ltd.

BRIGHTER FRENCH
Colloquial, Idiomatic, and (mildly) Technical for BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE (who already know some).

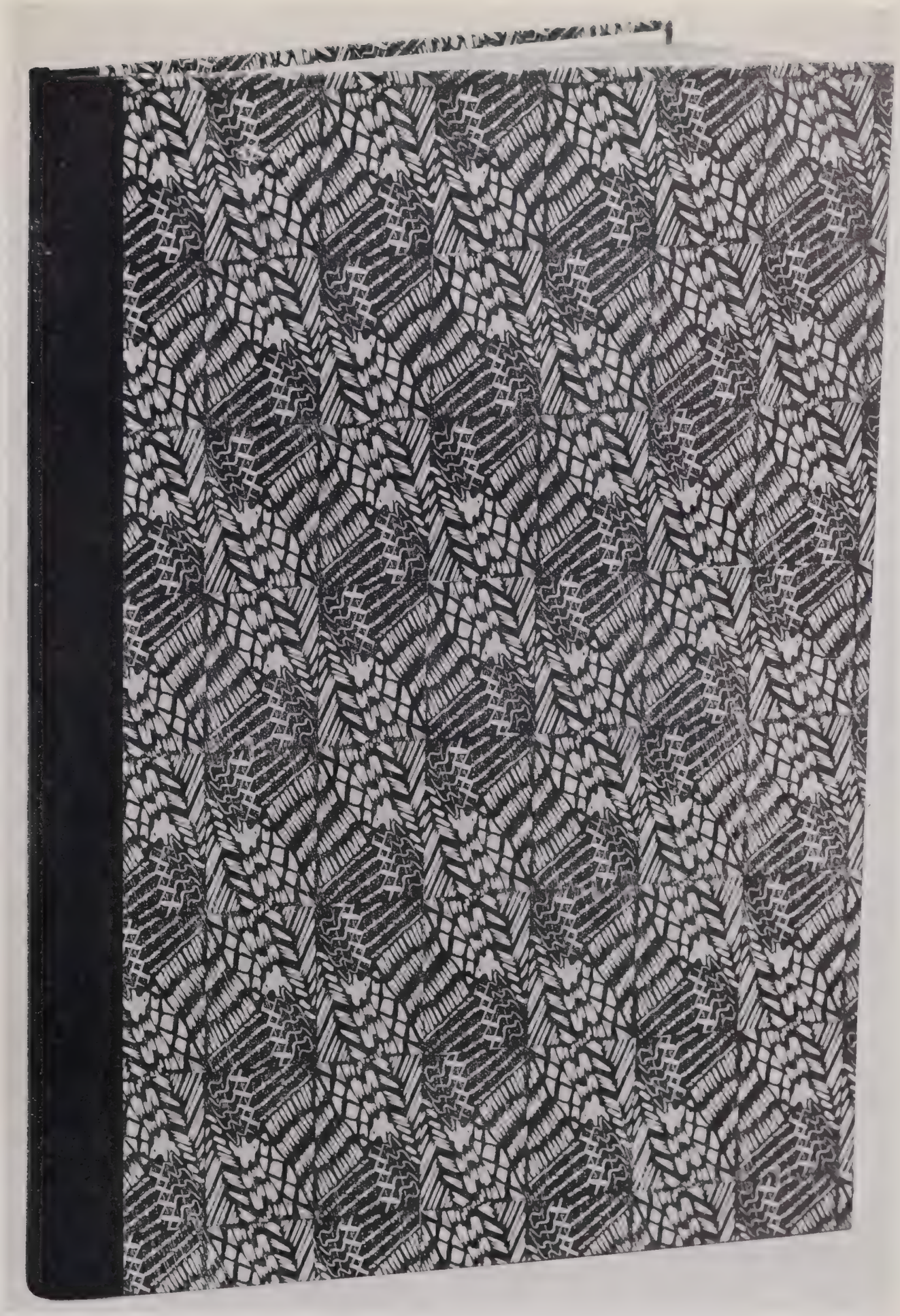
Compiled by their loving Servant
H—T—R—

Dust-wrapper for *Brighter French*. Block designed by Eric Fraser. Published by Geoffrey Bles. Printed by Richard Clay & Sons Ltd.

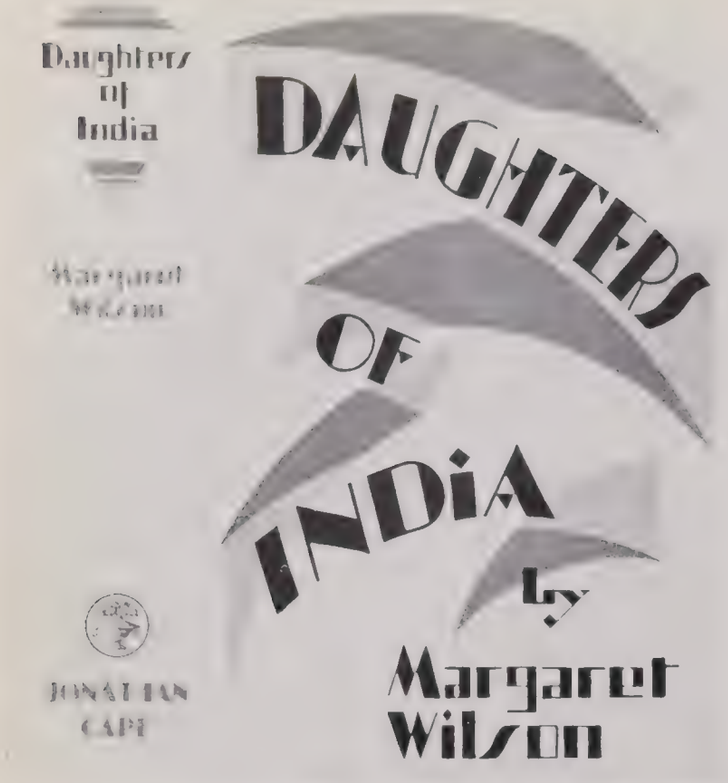
HERE BEGYN-

NETH THE THIRDE AND FOURTHE BOKE OF SIR JOHAN FROISSART OF THE CRONYCLES OF ENGLANDE, FRAUNCE, SPAYGNE, PORTYNGALE, SCOTLANDE, BRETAYNE, FLAUNDERS, AND OTHER PLACES ADJOYNYNG, TRANSLATED OUT OF FRENCHE IN TO ENGLYSSHE BY JOHAN BOURCHIER KNYGHT LORDE BERNERS, DEPUTIE GENERALL OF THE KYNGES TOWNE OF CALAIS AND MARCHESSE OF THE SAME AT THE COMMAUNDEMENT OF OUR MOST HIGHE REDOUTED SOVERAYNE LORDE KYNG HENRY THE EYGHT KYNGE OF ENGLANDE & OF FRAUNCE AND HIGHE DEFENDER OF THE CHRISTEN FAITHE. &c.

FACSIMILE OF A TITLE-PAGE FROM FROISSART'S CHRONICLES
WITH COATS OF ARMS DRAWN BY PAUL WOODROFFE
AND PRINTED AND COLOURED BY HAND AT
THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON



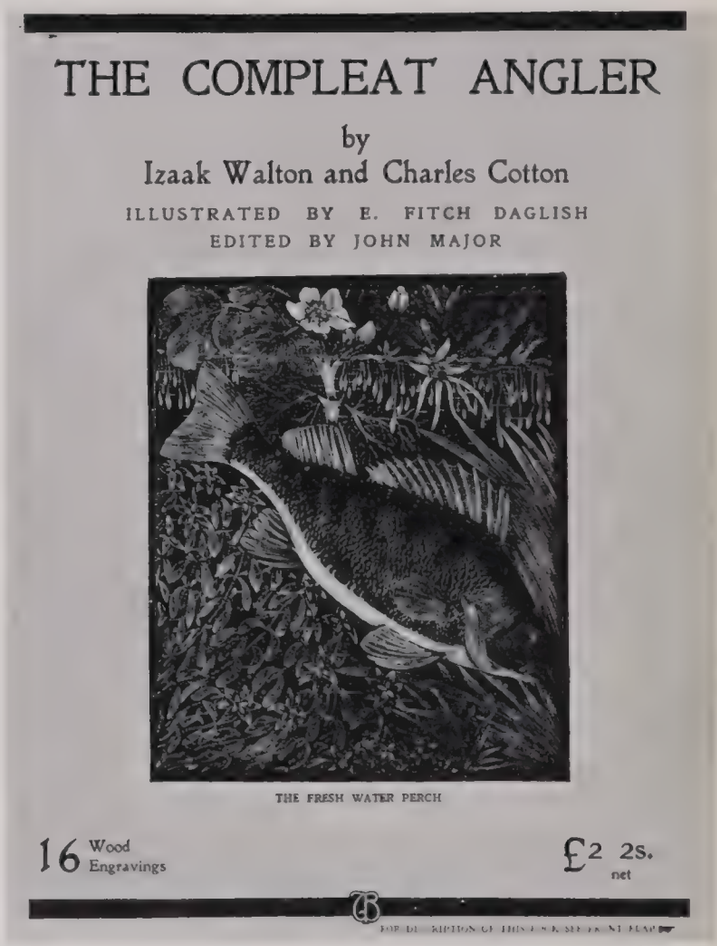
Cover for *The Woodcut, An Annual.* Edited by Herbert Furst. Published by The Fleuron Limited. Printed at The Curwen Press.



Dust-wrapper for *Daughters of India*, by Margaret Wilson, designed by Lee Elliott. Published by Jonathan Cape. Printed at The De La More Press.

Dust-wrapper for *Cullum*, by E. Arnot Robertson, designed by A. Paxton Chadwick. Published by Jonathan Cape. Printed at The De La More Press.

Dust-wrapper for *The Art of the Poster*, arranged and edited by E. McKnight Kauffer. Published by Cecil Palmer. Printed by The Westminster Press.



Dust-wrapper for *The Compleat Angler*, by Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton, illustrated by E. Fitch Daglish. Published by Thornton Butterworth. Printed by Butler & Tanner Ltd.

Illustration by John Austen for *Don Juan*, by Lord Byron. Published by John Lane, The Bodley Head Ltd. Printed by Richard Clay & Sons Ltd.

pleased with the growing friendship. My anxiety was not long; for, as I recovered some degree of cheerfulness, he returned to me, and I could not forbear to despise my former uneasiness.

"He still delayed to send for my ransom, and would, perhaps, never have determined, had not your agent found his way to him. The gold, which he would not fetch, he could not reject when it was offered. He hastened to prepare for our journey hither, like a man delivered from the pain of an intestine conflict. I took leave of my companions in the house, who dismissed me with cold indifference."

Nekayah having heard her favourite's relation, rose and embraced her, and Rasselas gave her an hundred ounces of gold, which she presented to the Arab for the fifty that were promised.

THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS
PRINCE OF ABISSINIA
BY DOCTOR JOHNSON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY G. K. CHESTERTON
WOODCUTS BY DOUGLAS PERCY BLISS

LONDON: J. M. DENT & SONS LTD.
NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO.

Title-page and text-page from *The History of Rasselas*, by Doctor Johnson. Woodcuts by Douglas Percy Bliss. Published by J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd. Printed at The Westminster Press.

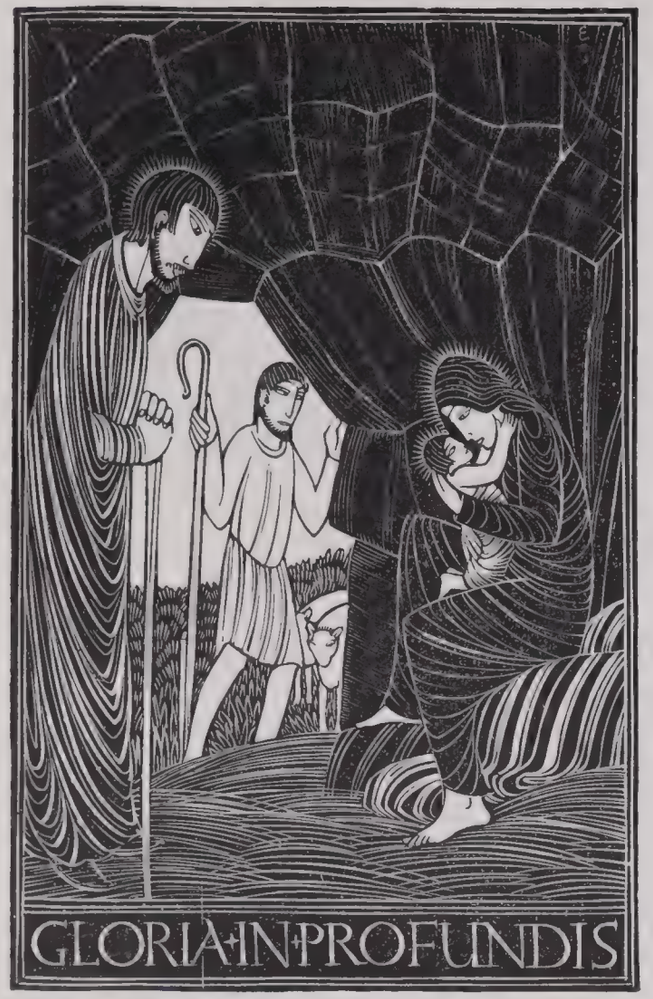


Illustration from *Gloria in Profundis*. Woodcut by Eric Gill. Published by Faber & Gwyer Ltd. Printed at The Curwen Press.

THE LINNET'S NEST

BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

DRAWINGS BY RALPH KEENE

Cover for *The Linnet's Nest*, by Henry Newbolt. Illustrated by Ralph Keene. Published by Faber & Gwyer, Ltd. Printed at The Curwen Press.

The George Inn, Glastonbury
From a woodcut by Robert Gibbings

THE BOOK OF THE INN

being two hundred pictures of the
english inn from the earliest
times to the coming of
the railway hotel

selected and edited by
THOMAS BURKE

London
Constable & Co Ltd
1927

Frontispiece and title-page from *The Book of the Inn*. Published by Constable & Co. Ltd. Printed at The Whitefriars Press Ltd.

HENRY VI, in founding King's College in 1441, designed a close connexion between it and his other foundation, Eton College, providing for a Provost and seventy scholars, all of whom were to be Etonians. At the present time half the present scholarships only are restricted to Etonians.

The most famous of its buildings is the beautiful Chapel, which is in the Perpendicular style. The foundation stone was laid by the Founder himself, but the fabric of the Chapel was, however, only completed during the last year of the reign of Henry VII. During the reign of Henry VIII the interior fittings and the stained glass windows were added. The only buildings of the same style comparable to King's Chapel are the St. George's Chapel at Windsor Castle and the Henry VII Chapel at Westminster Abbey.

Famous King's men have been Edmund Waller the poet; Sir Robert Walpole the statesman; Horace Walpole and Sir William Temple; and, in modern times, Rupert Brooke the poet.

X KING'S CHAPEL AND THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Text-page and illustration from *Twenty-four Woodcuts of Cambridge*, by John F. Greenwood. Published by John Lane, The Bodley Head Ltd. Printed at The Curwen Press.

From " Mr. Marionette." Coloured drawing by Albert Rutherston.
Chatto & Windus, Publishers. The Westminster Press, Printers.

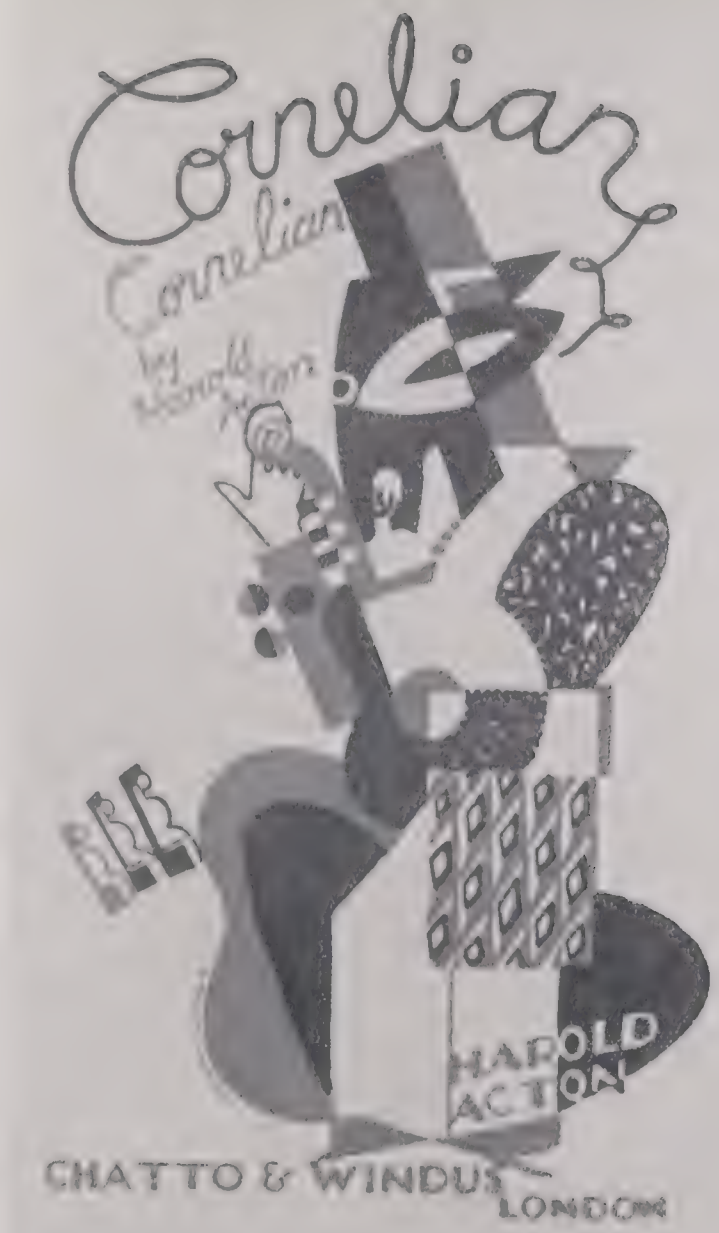
THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT

MATTHEW

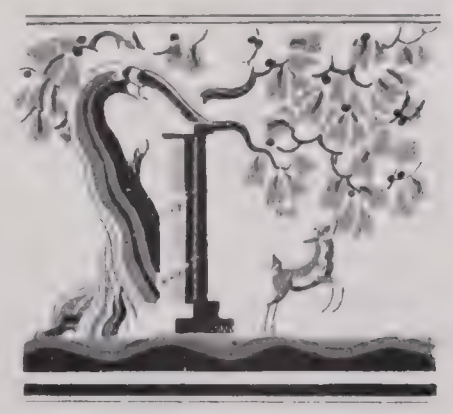
THE BOOK OF THE GENERATION OF JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF DAVID, THE SON OF ABRAHAM. ABRAHAM BEGAT ISAAC; AND ISAAC BEGAT JACOB; AND JACOB BEGAT JUDAS AND HIS BRETHREN; AND JUDAS BEGAT PHARES AND ZARA OF Thamar; and Phares begat Esrom; and Esrom begat Aram; and Aram begat Aminadab; and Aminadab begat Naasson; and Naasson begat Salmon; and Salmon begat Booz of Rachab; and Booz begat Obed of Ruth; and Obed begat Jesse; and Jesse begat David the king; and David the king begat Solomon of her *that had been the wife* of Urias; and Solomon begat Roboam; and Roboam begat Abia ; and Abia begat Asa; and Asa begat Josaphat; and Josaphat begat Joram; and Joram begat Ozias; and Ozias begat Joatham; and Joatham begat Achaz; and Achaz begat Ezekias; and Ezekias begat Manasses; and Manasses begat Amon; and Amon begat Josias; and Josias begat Jechonias and his brethren, about the time they were carried away to Babylon: and after they were brought to Babylon, Jechonias begat Salathiel; and Salathiel begat Zorobabel; and Zorobabel begat Abiud; and Abiud begat Eliakim; and Eliakim begat Azor; and Azor begat Sadoc; and Sadoc begat Achim; and Achim begat Eliud; and Eliud begat Eleazar; and Eleazar begat Matthan; and Matthan begat Jacob; and Jacob begat Joseph the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ. So all the generations from Abraham to David *are* fourteen generations; and from David until the carrying away into Babylon *are* fourteen generations; and from the carrying away into Babylon unto Christ *are* fourteen generations.

Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost. Then Joseph her husband, being a just *man*, and not willing to make her a publick example, was minded to put her away privily. But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the

Text-page from *The New Testament*. Published by The Nonesuch Press. Printed at The University Press, Oxford.



Title-page for *Cornelian*, by Harold Acton, designed by E. McKnight Kauffer. Published by Chatto & Windus. Printed at The Westminster Press.



Vare tuo, Asteria, dies nobis
est praeclarus ex alto delatus mecum,
sint ades ut nobis posteaquam Olympicum
collegere ignes, et mala sorte labores
exhaustos pulvereae medias
terrarum domuos evehit ad deos
hanc si mobilium turba Quiritium
certat tergeminis tollere honoribus
illum si proprio condidit horreo,
quidquid de Libycis verritur areis.
Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
agros Attalicis conditionibus
numquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypria
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.

E 1

Text-page from *Horati Carminum Libri IV*. Published by Peter Davies. Decorations by Véra Willoughby. Printed at The Curwen Press.

saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master. Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God. Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.

Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. And when he had so said, he shewed unto them his hands and his side. Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord. Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained.

But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came. The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe.

And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you. Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing. And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God. Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast

Title-page and illustration from *The Four Gospels*, with illustrations by Véra Willoughby. Published by Peter Davies. Printed at The University Press, Oxford.

That he might not, however, give us any more trouble, we reſolved to go and enjoy ourſelves in *France*, whither I went by myſelf, in hopes of being ſoon joined by my lover, who was obliged to ſtay ſome time longer in *England*, to ſettle his affairs. He was ſo much affected at our parting (tho' but for a few weeks) that he was almoſt diſtracted: and this affliction renewed my tenderneſs for him, becauſe it was an undoubted proof of his love. I wrote to him every poſt from *France*; and, as I had no ſecrets, deſired him to take care of all the letters that ſhould come to his houſe, directed to me, after my departure from *England*.

This was an unfortunate office for him, in the execution of which he chanced to open a letter from *Sir T—— A——*, with whom (as I have already obſerved) I had ſome correſpondence at *Bath*. I had, according to my promiſe, given this gentleman a deciſive anſwer, importing, that I was determined to remain in my preſent ſituation; but as *lord B——* was ignorant of my ſentiments in that particular, and perceived from the letter that ſomething extraordinary had paſſed between us, and that I was earneſtly ſolicited to leave him, he was ſeized with the utmoſt conſternation and concern; and having previouſly obtained the king's leave to go abroad, ſet out that very night for *France*, leaving his affairs in the greateſt confuſion.

Text-page from *The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*, illustrated by Véra Willoughby. Published by Peter Davies. Printed by T. & A. Constable Ltd.

A SPECIMEN BOOK

OF TYPES & ORNAMENTS

IN USE AT

THE CURWEN PRESS

PLAISTOW · LONDON

PUBLISHED FOR THE CURWEN PRESS BY

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101 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, LONDON

1928

Title-page from *A Specimen Book of Types and Ornaments*. Published by The Fleuron Ltd. Printed at the Curwen Press.

A TOUR MADE IN SCOTLAND IN 1803

"Scotland is the country above all others that I have seen, in which a man of imagination may carve out his own pleasures."

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

On August 22nd, 1803, a very tired horse drew through the outskirts of Glasgow a shabby Irish car, in which were seated two young men, somewhat dusty and travel-stained, and a slight, tanned, eager-faced girl, of a boyishness of appearance then most unfashionable. The quaintness of the "Hibernian vehicle" attracted more attention than quite suited the mood of the travellers, tired as they were after a day's journeying from Hamilton to Glasgow, and the children ceased their play to send a hooting after the strange equipage, so that the girl, who was looking round in a quick startled way, was glad when at length they reached the Saracen's Head. She writes: "I shall never forget how glad I was to be landed in a little quiet back-parlour, for my head was beating with the noise of carts which we had left, and the wearisomeness of the disagreeable objects near the highway;..."

It was not like these wayfarers, however, to be long fatigued or out of spirits. The following morning found them out of doors, and doing the sights of the city, although, confesses the girl, a renowned walker in her day, "I am less eager to walk in a large town than anywhere else;..." At 3 o'clock they left Glasgow, the

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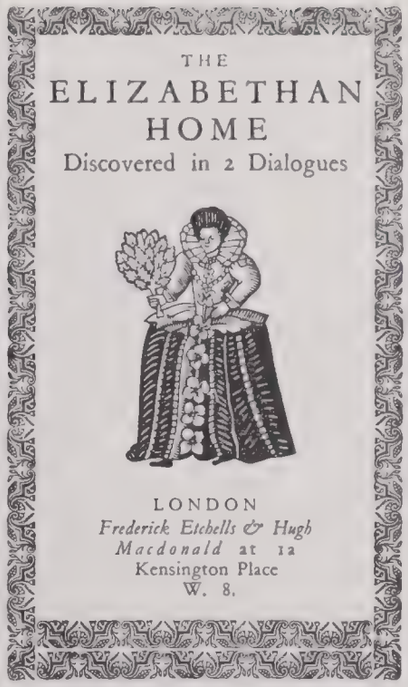
Text-page from *Dorothy and William Wordsworth*, by Catherine Macdonald Maclean, M.A. Published and printed at The University Press, Cambridge.



Title-page of *The Elizabethan Home*. Published by Frederick Etchells & Hugh Macdonald. Printed at The Westminster Press.

THE
GREEN LACQUER
PAVILION
by
HELEN BEAUCLERK
Adorned with nine Cuts
and a Portrait of the Author
by
EDMUND DULAC

W COLLINS SONS AND CO. LTD.
M C M X X V I

Frontispiece and title-page from *The Green Lacquer Pavilion*, by Helen Beauclerk, with nine woodcuts and portrait of the author by Edmund Dulac. Printed and published by W. Collins, Sons & Co. Ltd.

THE PRINCESS OF *BABYLON*

BY

M. DE VOLTAIRE

WITH DECORATIONS BY
THOMAS LOWINSKY

LONDON
THE NONESUCH PRESS
MCMXXVII

Frontispiece and title-page from *The Princess of Babylon*, by M. de Voltaire, with decorations by Thomas Lowinsky. Published by The Nonesuch Press. Printed at The Westminster Press.

THE LIVES OF THE NOBLE GRECIANS AND ROMANES,

COMPARED TOGETHER BY THAT GRAVE LEARNED PHILOSOPHER & HISTORIOGRAPHER, PLUTARKE OF CHÆRONEA:

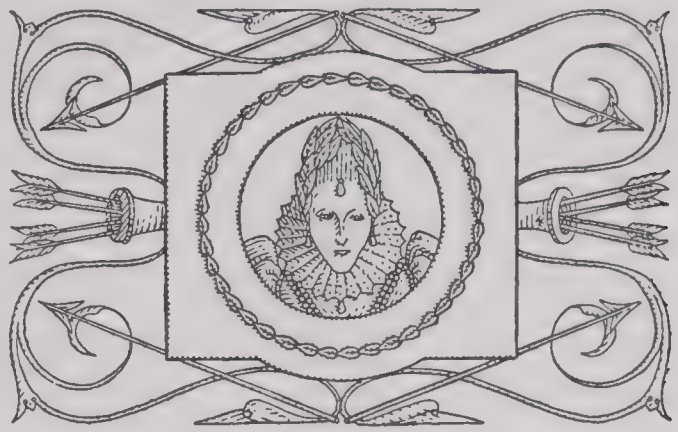
TRANSLATED OUT OF GREEKE INTO FRENCH BY JAMES AMYOT, ABBOT OF BELLOZANE, BISHOP OF AUXERRE, ONE OF THE KINGS PRIVY COUNSEL, AND GREAT AMNER OF FRAUNCE, AND OUT OF FRENCH INTO ENGLISHE, BY THOMAS NORTH.

DECORATED BY THOMAS LOWINSKY

VOLUME THE FIRST

PRINTED AT THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON AND PUBLISHED FOR
THE PRESS BY BASIL BLACKWELL OXFORD
M CM XXVIII I

TO THE MOST HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCESSE ELIZABETH,



BY THE GRACE OF GOD, OF ENGLAND,

Fraunce, and Ireland Queene, defender of the faith: &c.

UNDER hope of your highnes gratious and accustomed favor, I have presumed to present here unto your Majestie, Plutarkes lyves translated, as a booke fit to be protected by your highnes, and meete to be set forth in Englishe. For who is fitter to give countenance to so many great states, than such an highe and mightie Princesse? who is fitter to revive the dead memorie of their fame, than she that beareth the lively image of their vertues? who is fitter to authorize a worke of so great learning and wisedome, than she whome all do honor as the Muse of the world? Therefore I humbly beseech your Majestie, to suffer the simplenes of my translation, to be covered under the amplenes of your highnes protection. For, most gracious Sovereigne, though this booke be no booke for your Majesties selfe, who are meeter to be the chiefe storie, than a student therein, and

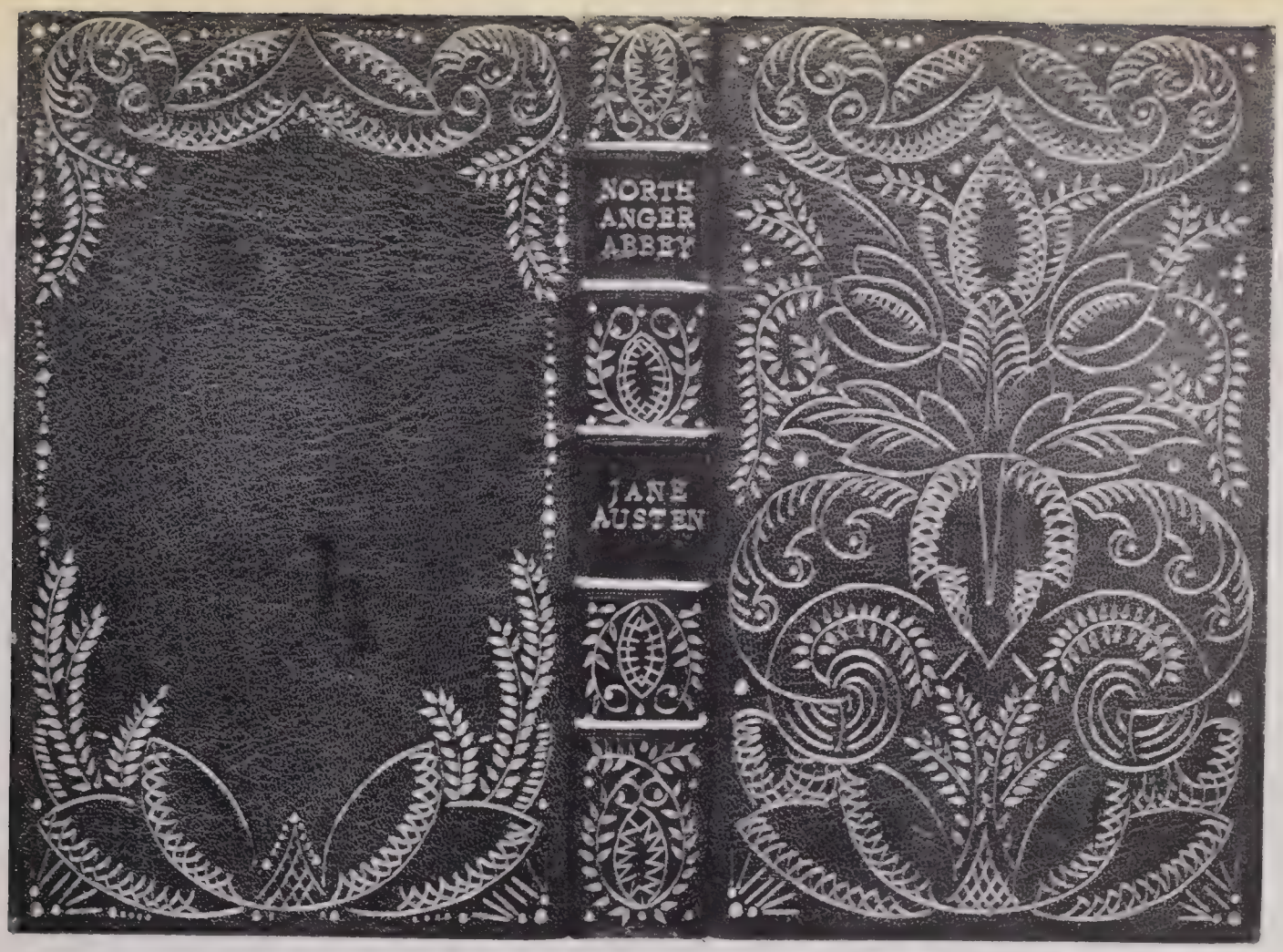
Title-page and Dedication from *Plutarch's Lives*. Published by Basil Blackwell. Printed at The Shakespeare Head Press.

OF THE TRUE GREATNESSE OF KINGDOMES AND ESTATES

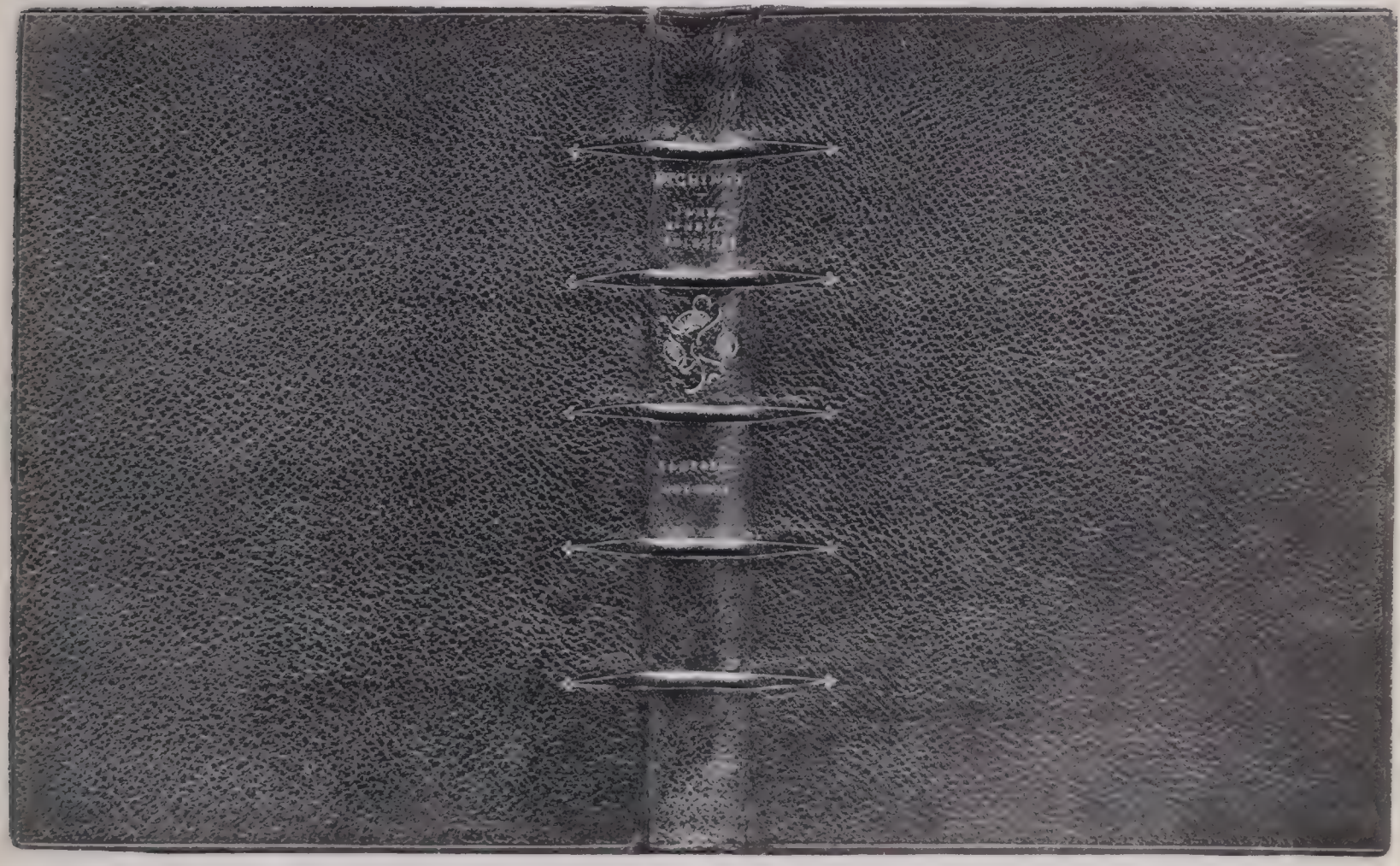
THE SPEECH OF THEMISTOCLES THE ATHENIAN, WHICH WAS HAUGHTIE AND ARROGANT, IN TAKING SO MUCH TO HIMSELFE, HAD BEEN A GRAVE AND WISE OBSERVATION & CENSURE, APPLIED AT LARGE TO OTHERS. DESIRED AT A FEAST TO TOUCH A LUTE, HE SAID; HE COULD NOT FIDDLE, BUT YET HE COULD MAKE A SMALL TOWNE, A GREAT CITTY THESE WORDS (HOLPEN A LITTLE WITH A METAPHORE) MAY EXPRESSE TWO DIFFERING ABILITIES, IN THOSE THAT DEALE IN BUSINESSE OF ESTATE. FOR IF A TRUE SURVEY BE TAKEN, OF COUNSELLOURS AND STATESMEN, THERE MAY BE FOUND (THOUGH RARELY) THOSE, WHICH CAN MAKE A SMALL STATE GREAT, AND YET CANNOT FIDDLE: AS ON THE OTHER SIDE, THERE WILL BE FOUND A GREAT MANY, THAT CAN FIDDLE VERY CUNNINGLY, BUT YET ARE SO FARRE FROM BEING ABLE, TO MAKE A SMALL STATE GREAT, AS THEIR GIFT LIETH THE OTHER WAY; TO BRING A GREAT & FLOURISHING ESTATE TO RUINE AND DECAY. AND CERTAINLY, THOSE DEGENERATE ARTS AND SHIFTS, WHEREBY

Text-page from *The Essays or Counsels Civill and Morall of Francis Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Albans.* Published by the Cresset Press. Printed at The Shakespeare Head Press.

COVER FOR
Wagner's Music Drama of the Ring
DESIGNED BY PAUL NASH
PUBLISHED BY NOEL DOUGLAS
PRINTED BY
THE WHITEFRIARS PRESS LTD.



Binding for *Northanger Abbey*, by Jane Austen. Designed and executed by Evelyn D. Goggs.



Binding for *Etchings of James McNeill Whistler*, by Campbell Dodgson. Designed and executed by Mrs. Malcolm Salaman.

VI.

Images and Symbols

BUT if Divine Love be the central truth of the universe and if human love be the most potent symbol of Divine Love, it could hardly but follow that simple people not trained to philosophic thought, living engrossed in the life and struggle of earth should welcome without misgiving such elementary symbols of love and the fruition of love as we find all over the world. It is of course the fashion to-day to make out that these elemental worships are the worships of peoples who have never risen to a civilised standard. This is a misreading of the facts. Such worships are simply the formalisation of man's instinctive apprehension of the central meaning of the universe. They exist everywhere at all times. They are not specially confined to uncivilised peoples. Christianity has not denied their truth, certainly the Catholic Church has not (and what else can reasonably be called Christian?). Christianity has absorbed such worships, transcended them, and it has done this not so much by destroying their idols as by setting up everywhere the Crucifix on the one hand and the image of Mary on the other. The Crucifix is the image not of the metaphysical fact of universal love but of the physical fact of God's love for man. It is not an image of the virility of the universe. It is an image of the virility of God Himself. 'God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten son.' Truth, the Infinite, is a *person*, not a metaphysical

Illustration and text-page from *Art and Love*, by Eric Gill. Published by Douglas Cleverdon. Printed at The Golden Cockerel Press.

MAY

IT IS NOW MAY, AND THE SWEETNESSE of the Aire refresheth euery spirit: the sunny beames bring forth faire Blossomes, and the dripping Clouds water Floraes great garden: the male Deere puts out the Veluet head, and the pagged Doe is neere her fawning: The Sparhawke now is drawne out of the mew, and the Fowler makes ready his whistle for the Quaile: the Larke sets the morning watch, and the euening, the Nightingale: the Barges like Bowers keep the streams of the sweet Riuers, and the Mackrell with the Shad are taken prisoners in the Sea: the tall young Oke is cut downe for the Maypole: the Sithe and the Sickle are the Mowers furniture, and the fayre weather makes the Labourer merry: the Physitian now prescribes the cold Whey, and the Apothecary gathers the dew for a medicine: Butter & Sage make the wholsome breakfast, but fresh cheese and creame are meat for a dainty mouth: and the Strawbery and the Pescod want no price in the market: the chicken and the Ducke are fatned for the market, and many a Goslin neuer liues to be a Goose. It is the moneth wherein Nature hath her full of mirth, and the Senses are filled with delights. I conclude, It is from the Heauens a Grace, & to the Earth a Gladnesse. Farewell.

1933 1939 1944 1950	1932 1938 1949 1955	1937 1943 1948 1954	1931 1936 1942 1953	1930 1941 1947 1952	1929 1935 1940 1946	1928 1934 1945 1951
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Th.	W.	Tu.	M.	Sn.	Sat.	Fri.

SEPTEMBER				
1	8	15	22	29
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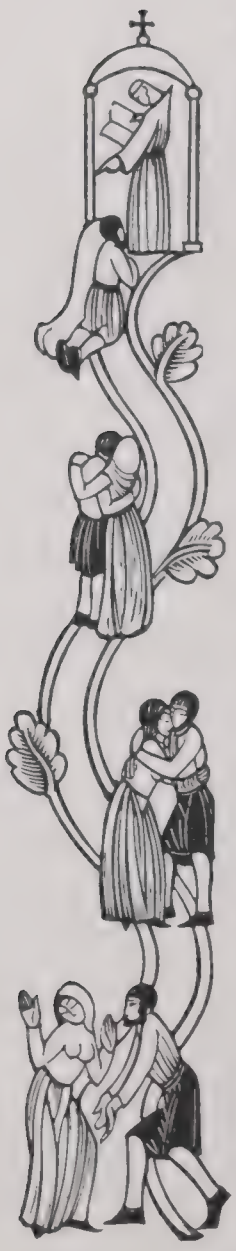
7	14	21	28	

Pages from *The Twelve Moneths,* by Nicholas Breton. Wood-engravings by Eric Ravilious. Printed at The Golden Cockerel Press.



SOone after this, though it no nede were,
Whan she swiche othes as hire liste deuyse
Hadde of hym take, hire thoughte tho no fere,
Ne cause ek non to bidde hym thennes rise.
Yit lasse thyng than othes may suffise
In many a cas; for euery wyght, I gesse,
That loueth wel, meneth but gentilesse!

But in effect she wold wite anon
Of what man, and ek wher, and also why
He Ialous was, syn ther was cause non;
And ek the sygne that he took it by,
This bad she hym to telle hire bisily,
Or elles, certeyn, she bar hym on honde
That this was don for malice, hire to fonde.

Withouten more, shortly for to seyne,
He moste obeye vnto his lady heste;
And for the lasse harme he moste feyne.
He seyde hire, whan she was at swich a feste,
She myghte on hym han loked at the leste;
Noot I nat what, al deere ynough a rysshe,
As he that nedes moste a cause fisshe!

Criseyde answerde: Swete, al were it so,
What harm was that, syn I non yuel meene?
For, by that god that wroughte vs bothe two,
In alle thyng is myn entente cleene.
Swich argumentes ne ben nat worth a beene!
Wol ye the childissh Ialous contrefete?
Now were it worthi that ye were ybete!

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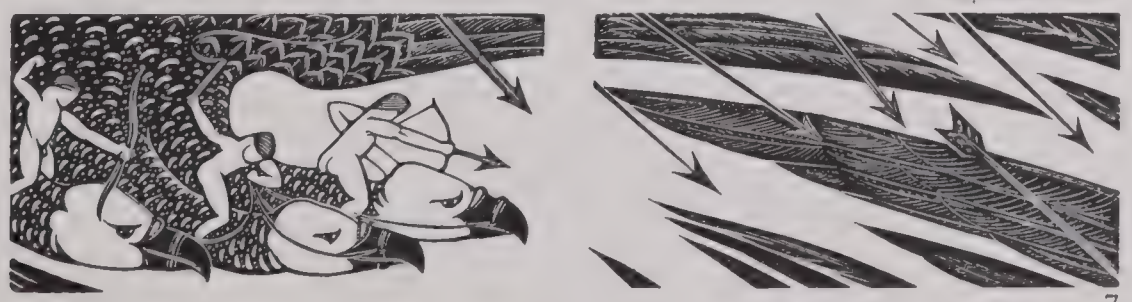
Text-page from *Troilus and Criseyde*, by Geoffrey Chaucer. Engravings on wood by Eric Gill. Printed at The Golden Cockerel Press.

κατορθώσω, ἔφη, τὸν πόλεμον, ὃν ἐκφέρω νῦν πρὸς τοὺς τὸν ἥλιον κατοικοῦντας, ἁπάντων εὐδαιμονέστατα παρ' ἐμοὶ καταβιώσεσθε. καὶ ἡμεῖς ἠρόμεθα τίνες τε εἶεν οἱ πολέμιοι καὶ τὴν αἰτίαν τῆς διαφορᾶς· Ὁ δὲ Φαέθων, φησίν, ὁ τῶν ἐν τῷ ἡλίῳ κατοικούντων βασιλεύς—οἰκεῖται γὰρ δὴ κἀκεῖνος ὥσπερ καὶ ἡ Σελήνη—πολὺν ἤδη πρὸς ἡμᾶς πολεμεῖ χρόνον. ἤρξατο δὲ ἐξ αἰτίας τοιαύτης· τῶν ἐν τῇ ἀρχῇ τῇ ἐμῇ ποτε τοὺς ἀπορωτάτους συναγαγὼν ἐβουλήθην ἀποικίαν ἐς τὸν Ἑωσφόρον στεῖλαι, ὄντα ἔρημον καὶ ὑπὸ μηδενὸς κατοικούμενον· ὁ τοίνυν Φαέθων φθονήσας ἐκώλυε τὴν ἀποικίαν κατὰ μέσον τὸν πόρον ἀπαντήσας ἐπὶ τῶν Ἱππομυρμήκων. τότε μὲν οὖν νικηθέντες—οὐ γὰρ ἦμεν ἀντίπαλοι τῇ παρασκευῇ—ἀνεχωρήσαμεν· νῦν δὲ βούλομαι αὖθις ἐξενεγκεῖν τὸν πόλεμον καὶ ἀποστεῖλαι τὴν ἀποικίαν. ἢν οὖν ἐθέλητε, κοινωνήσατέ μοι τοῦ στόλου, γῦπας δὲ ὑμῖν ἐγὼ παρέξω τῶν βασιλικῶν ἕνα ἑκάστῳ καὶ τὴν ἄλλην ὅπλισιν· αὔριον δὲ ποιησόμεθα τὴν ἔξοδον. Οὕτως, ἔφην ἐγώ, γιγνέσθω, ἐπειδή σοι δοκεῖ. τότε μὲν οὖν παρ' αὐτῷ ἑστιαθέντες ἐμείναμεν, ἕωθεν δὲ διαναστάντες ἐταττόμεθα· καὶ γὰρ οἱ σκοποὶ ἐσήμαινον πλησίον εἶναι τοὺς πολεμίους. τὸ μὲν οὖν πλῆθος τῆς στρατιᾶς δέκα μυριάδες ἐγένοντο ἄνευ τῶν σκευοφόρων καὶ τῶν μηχανοποιῶν καὶ τῶν πεζῶν καὶ τῶν ξένων συμμάχων· τούτων δὲ ὀκτακισμύριοι μὲν ἦσαν οἱ Ἱπποπόγυποι, δισμύριοι δὲ οἱ ἐπὶ τῶν λαχανοπτέρων. ὄρνεον δὲ καὶ τοῦτό ἐστι μέγιστον, ἀντὶ τῶν πτερῶν λαχάνοις πάντῃ λάσιον, τὰ δὲ ὠκύπτερα ἔχει θριδακίνης φύλλοις μάλιστα προσεοικότα. ἐπὶ

to tell us likewiſe of his owne adventures, how that hee alſo was a man, by name *Endymion*, and rapt up long ſince from the earth, as he was aſleep, & brought hither, where he was made King of the Countrie, and ſaid it was that region: which to us below ſeemed to bee the Moone, but hee bad us be of good cheare, and feare no danger, for we ſhould want nothing wee ſtood in need of: and if the warre he was now in hand withall againſt the Sunne, ſucceeded fortunately, we ſhould live with him in the highest degree of happineſſe: then we asked of him what enemies he had, and the cauſe of the quarrell: and he anſwered, *Phaethon* the King of the inhabitants of the Sunne (for that is alſo peopled as well as the Moone) hath made warre againſt us a long time, upon this occaſion. I once aſſembled all the poore people and needie perſons within my dominions, purpoſing to ſend a Colonie to inhabit the Morning Starre, becauſe the countrie was deſart, and had no bodie dwelling in it: This *Phaethon* envying, croſt mee in my deſigne, and ſent his *Hippomyrmicks*, to meete with us in the mid-way, by whom wee were ſurpriſed at that time, being not prepared for an encounter, and were forced to retire: now therefore my purpoſe is once againe to denounce warre, and publiſh a plantation of people there: if therefore you will participate with us in our expedition, I will furniſh you every one with a prime Vulture, and all armour anſwerable for ſervice: for to morrow wee muſt ſet forwards: with all our hearts, ſaid I, if it pleaſe you: then were we feaſted & abode with him, & in the morning aroſe to ſet our ſelves in order of battell: for our ſcouts had given us knowledge that the enemie was at hand: our forces in number amounted to an hundred thouſand, beſides ſuch as bare burthens and enginiers, and the foote forces, and the ſtrange aids: of theſe foureſcore thouſand were *Hippogypians*, and twentie thouſand, that road upon *Lachanopters*, which is a mightie great foule, and inſtead of fethers, covered thick over with wort leaves: but their wing feathers, were much like the leaves of lettices: after them were placed the *Cencrobolians* and the *Scorodomachians*: there came alſo to aid us from the beare ſtarre, thirtie thouſand *Pſyllotoxotanes*, and fifty thouſand *Anemodromians*: theſe



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Text-page from *The True History of Lucian*. Printed and illustrated by Robert Gibbings at The Golden Cockerel Press.

GEIRIAU Y PREGETH-WR MAB DAFYDD
FRENIN YR HWN OEDD YN IERUSALEM

GWAGEDD o WAGEDD

medd y Pregeth-wr, gwagedd o wagedd, gwagedd yw'r cwbl. Pa fudd sydd i ddŷn oi hôll lafur, a gymmero efe dann yr haul? Un genhedlaeth a aiff ymmaith, a chenhedlaeth arall a ddaw: ond y ddaiar a saif byth. Yr haul hefyd a gyfŷd, a'r haul a fachluda, ac a dynn iw le, lle y mae yn codi. Efe a aiff i'r dehau, ac a amgylcha i'r gogledd: y mae'r gwynt yn myned oddi amgylch, ac yn dychwelyd yn ei gwmpas. Yr hôll afônydd a rêdant i'r môr, ac etto nid yw'r môr yn llawn: i ba le bynnac y rhêdo'r afonydd oddi yno y dychwêlant eil-waith. Pôb peth sydd yn llawn blinder, ni ddichon nêb ei dreuthu: ni chaiff y llygad ddigon o edrych, na'r glust o wrando. Y pêth a fu a fydd, a'r peth a wnaed a wnêir, ac nid oes dim newydd dann yr haul. A oes dim y gellir dywedyd, edrych ar hwn, dymma beth newydd: canys efe fu yn yr hên amser o'n blaen ni. Nid oes goffa am y pethau gynt, ac ni bydd coffa am y pethau a ddaw yn ôl, gan y rhai a ddaw ar eu hôl hwynt. ✠ Myfi y Pregeth-wr oeddwn frenin Israêl yn Ierusalem: Ac a roddais fy mrŷd ar geisio, ac ar chwilio am ddoethineb, am bôb peth a wnaed tann y nefoedd: dymma drafael flin a roddes Duw ar feibion dynnion i ymguro ynddi. Mi a welais yr holl weithredoedd y rhai sydd tann haul, ac wele y rhai hynny ôll ydynt wagedd a gorthrymder yspryd.

b 1

Illustration and text-page from *Llyfr y Pregeth-Wr* (The Book of Ecclesiastes, in Welsh). Printed by Mr. R. A. Maynard at The Gregynog Press. Woodcuts by David Jones.

The Disappointment

IN tears to her mother poor Harriet came,
Let us listen to hear what she says :
'O see, dear mamma, it is pouring with rain
We cannot go out in the chaise.

'All the week I have longed for this holiday so
And fancied the minutes were hours ;
And now that I'm dressed and all ready to go,
Do look at those terrible showers ! '

'I'm sorry, my dear,' her kind mother replied,
'The rain disappoints us to-day ;
But sorrow still more that you fret for a ride,
In such an extravagant way.

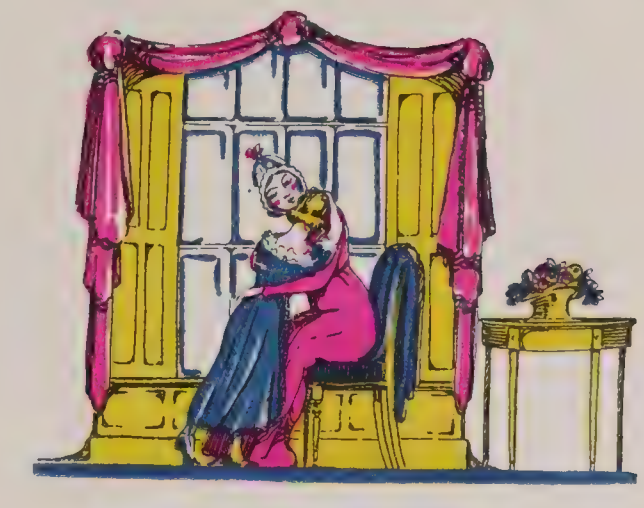
'These slight disappointments are sent to prepare
For what may hereafter befall ;
For seasons of *real* disappointment and care,
Which commonly happen to all.

'For just like to-day with its holiday lost,
Is life and its comforts at best :
Our pleasures are blighted, our purposes crossed,
To teach us it is not our rest.

'And when those distresses and crosses appear,
With which you may shortly be tried
You'll wonder that ever you wasted a tear
On merely the loss of a ride.

'But though the world's pleasures are fleeting and vain,
Religion is lasting and true ;
Real pleasures and peace in her paths you may gain,
Nor will disappointment ensue.'

JANE.



From "Meddlesome Matty" illustrated by Wyndham Payne. Published by John Lane The Bodley Head Ltd. Printed by The Cloister Press Ltd. Heaton Mersey.

XXV

' O little did my mother ken,
The day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in
Or the death I was to die! '

JOHNNIE OF COCKERSLEE

I

JOHNNIE rose up in a May morning,
Call'd for water to wash his hands;
' Gar loose to me the gude gray dogs,
That are bound wi' iron bands.'

II

When Johnnie's mother gat word o' that,
Her hands for dule she wrang;
' O Johnnie, for my venison,
To the greenwood dinna gang!

III

' Eneugh ye hae o' gude wheat bread,
And eneugh o' the blude-red wine;
And therefore for nae venison, Johnnie,
I pray ye, stir frae hame.

IV

' There are Seven For'sters at Hislinton side,
At Hislinton where they dwell,
And for ae drap o' thy heart's blude
They wad ride the fords o' hell.'

Text-pages from *Border Ballads*. Selected and decorated with woodcuts by Douglas Percy Bliss. Published by The Oxford University Press. Printed at The Westminster Press.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA: ITS CONCEPTION

TO continue the story of the conception of *The Beggar's Opera*, Gay seems to have been struck with Swift's suggestion of a 'Newgate Pastoral.' Pope gives an account of the writing of it in these words: 'Gay was inclined to try at such a thing, for some time, but afterwards thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. This was what gave rise to *The Beggar's Opera*. He began on it and when first he mentioned it to Swift, the Doctor did not much like the project. As he carried it on, he showed what he wrote to both of us and we now and then gave a correction or a word or two of advice: but it was wholly his own writing. When it was done, neither of us thought it would succeed. We showed it to Congreve who, after reading it over, said "It would either take greatly, or be damned confoundedly." We were all at the first night of it in great uncertainty of the event; till we were very much encouraged by overhearing the Duke of Argyle, who sat in the next box to us, say: "it will do,—it must do!—I see it in the eyes of them." This was a good while before the

Text-page from *The Beggar's Opera*, by Frank Kidson.
Printed at The University Press, Cambridge.

THE
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Done into English Verse
by
HUGH MACNAGHTEN
Vice-Provost of
Eton College

CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY PRESS

Five shillings
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Dust-wrapper for *The Poems of Catullus*, by Hugh Macnaghten.
Printed at The University Press, Cambridge.

G for Garden

I'll have the primrose grow in grass,
Held up in hands of soft, green moss.
If in twelve months no green moss grows
On that dark stone, then out it goes.
Above my window-top there'll be
A creeper that grows wild and free;
Until so many leaves have grown,
They'll make a curtain half-way down.
In that round corner place shall grow
A holly tree, for Winter's snow;
There shall the Robin Redbreast sing,
Till snow – that feathers everything
That has no life-blood pulsing through –
Would feather his warm feathers too!
This lime, now old, I'll slowly kill
With creeper-sucker leaves; until
The leaves that grow around its bole,
Makes it a child all beautiful –
When with her naked knee that's brown,
She stands with half her stocking down.
A lovelier death no man shall see –
Than seen in my half-strangled tree.

Text-pages from *A Poet's Alphabet*, by W. H. Davies. Illustrations by Dora M. Batty. Published by Jonathan Cape. Printed by Butler & Tanner Ltd.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S NOTES ON EMILY BRONTE

ABOUT five years ago my two sisters and myself, after a somewhat prolonged period of separation, found ourselves reunited, and at home. Resident in a remote district where education had made little progress, and where consequently there was no inducement to seek social intercourse beyond our own domestic circle, we were wholly dependent on ourselves and each other, on books and study, for the enjoyment and occupations of life. The highest stimulus, as well as the liveliest pleasure we had known from childhood upwards, lay in attempts at literary composition, formerly we used to show each other what we wrote, but of late years this habit of communication and consultation had been discontinued; hence it ensued that we were mutually ignorant of the progress we might respectively have made.*

One day, in the Autumn of 1845, I accidentally lighted on a MS. volume of verse in my sister Emily's handwriting. Of course I was not surprised, knowing that she could and did write verse. I looked it over, and something more than surprise seized me—a deep conviction that these were not common effusions, nor at all like the poetry women generally write. I thought them condensed and terse, vigorous and genuine To my ear, they had also a peculiar music—wild, melancholy, and elevating.

* The Natural dated September 19, 1850

Text-page from *Emily Brontë's Poems*. Published by Selwyn & Blount Ltd. Printed at The Curwen Press.

A SWEDISH PRINCESS

	Myles.		Myles.
The Countie of Oldenburghe.		*Hambden.*	24.
Delmenhoorste.	6.	*Dauentrie.*	27.
Oldenburghe.	24.	*Neuenlyne.*	24.
Apen.	24.	*Armden.*	21
Easte Friselande.		*Wartyne.*	21.
Steckebuzen.	6.	*Herizenbusch.*	28.
Embden.	24.	*Luchterne.*	27.
Greten.	6.	*Anwarpe.*	9.
Lockewarte.	6.	*Flaunders.*	
Weaste Friselande.		*Stecken.*	15.
Gremmynge.	24.	*Ekloy.*	27.
Rulle.	48.	*Bruges.*	30.
Brabante.		*Newkircke.*	18.
Hartenburghe.	27.	*Denkyrck.*	18.
		Caleys.	15.

What tyme the Duke of Finnelande Duke John Brother unto the Princes Cæcilia aboute five yeares paste arryved heere in Englande, and hadd made his often repaire to your highnes Courte, beinge Sente (as then Reporte was riefe) in Embassadge from the Puissaunte Gosthaus Kinge of Sweden Gothes and Vandales: As he was of your majestie in moste Princelie wise receaved and entertained: So he spared not at his retourne to make suche honorable Reporte*

Text-page from *Queen Elizabeth and a Swedish Princess*. Published by Frederick Etchells & Hugh Macdonald. Printed at The Curwen Press.

GREAT WHITE EGRETS

CHAPTER XII

To follow impetuous, bird-like Rima in her descent of the hill would have been impossible, nor had I any desire to be a witness of old Nuflo's discomfiture at the finish. It was better to leave them to settle their quarrel themselves, while I occupied myself in turning over these fresh facts in my mind to find out how they fitted into the speculative structure I had been building during the last two or three weeks. But it soon struck me that it was getting late, that the sun would be gone in a couple of hours; and at once I began the descent. It was not accomplished without some bruises and a good many scratches. After a cold draught, obtained by putting my lips to a black rock from which the water was trickling, I set out on my walk home, keeping near the western border of the forest for fear of losing myself. I had covered

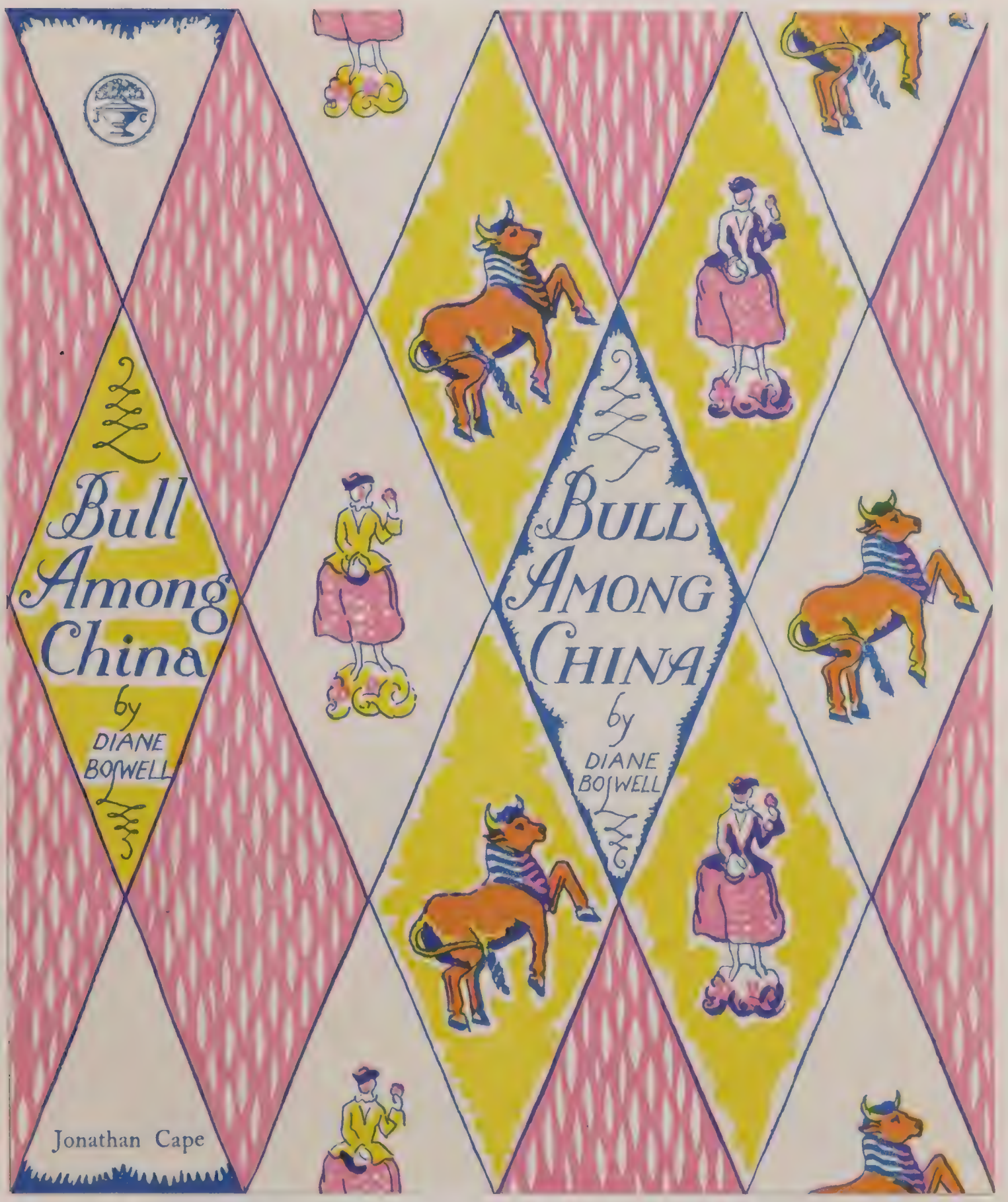
CROWNED FLYCATCHERS

CHAPTER XIII

That evening by the fire old Nuflo, lately so miserable, now happy in his delusions, was more than usually gay and loquacious. He was like a child, who by timely submission has escaped a threatened severe punishment. But his lightness of heart was exceeded by mine; and, with the exception of one other yet to come, that evening now shines in memory as the happiest my life has known. For Rima's sweet secret was known to me; and her very ignorance of the meaning of the feeling she experienced, which caused her to fly from me as from an enemy, only served to make the thought of it more purely delightful.

On this occasion she did not steal away like a timid mouse to her own apartment, as her custom was, but remained to give that one evening a special grace, seated well away from the fire in that same shadowy

Text-pages from *Green Mansions*, by W. H. Hudson, illustrated by Keith Henderson. Published by Gerald Duckworth & Co. Ltd. Printed at The Camelot Press.



Dust wrapper designed by Gower Parks. Published by Jonathan Cape Ltd. Printed by The De La More Press Ltd.

From the Arabic

He is like the moon upon her fourteenth night.'

And each time he entered one of the markets, the people would turn round to him, troubled to the extreme limit of trouble by his radiant face and by the damnation for all souls which shone from it. Then, without caring for his confusion, they would cluster round him, and exclaim :

' Yā Allāh ! The crescent of Ramadān twinkles upon us, and the full moon is rising in our market ! Doubtless this is an angel from the seventh Paradise or a King from the lands of Dream ! '

Has not a poet said :

' O Lord, You have created Beauty to steal away our brains, and have said to us : My servants, be virtuous. You are the Source of all Beauty and You love that which is Fair ; how then can You forbid Your creatures not to love the Beauty which You have created, and not to be troubled in their wits by that which you have made Fair ? '

Soon all the city spoke of the boy, and he dared not go abroad. The Sultān learnt that there was a lad of marvel in Fez, the rich heir of a merchant who had just died ; therefore he resolved to make the acquaintance of the youth, and sent to fetch him.

But scarcely had the messengers come to him, when an old woman also sought him out, and said to him :

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Illustration and text-page from *Eastern Love*, Vol. IV, translated into English by E. Powis Mathers, with copper-plate engravings by Hester Sainsbury, hand-printed and hand-coloured by A. Alexander & Sons. Published by John Rodker. Printed by Richard Clay & Sons Ltd.

THE FAIRY

Tale II

THERE was, once upon a Time, a Widow, who had two Daughters. The eldest was so much like her in the Face and in Humour, that whoever looked upon the Daughter saw the Mother. They were both so disagreeable and so proud, that there was no living with them. The youngest, who was the very Picture of her Father, for Courtesey and Sweetness of Temper, was withal one of the most beautiful Girls ever seen. As People naturally love

love their own Likeness, the Mother even doated on her eldest Daughter, and at the same Time had a horrible Aversion for the youngest. She made her eat in the Kitchen, and work continually.

Among other Things, this poor Child was forced twice a Day to draw Water above a Mile and a Half from the House, and bring home a Pitcher full of it. One Day, as she was at this Fountain, there came to her a poor Woman, who begged of her to let her drink: "O ay, with all my Heart, Goody," said this pretty little Girl; and rinsing immediately the Pitcher, she took up some Water from the clearest place in the Fountain, and gave it to her, holding up the Pitcher all the while, that she might drink the easier.

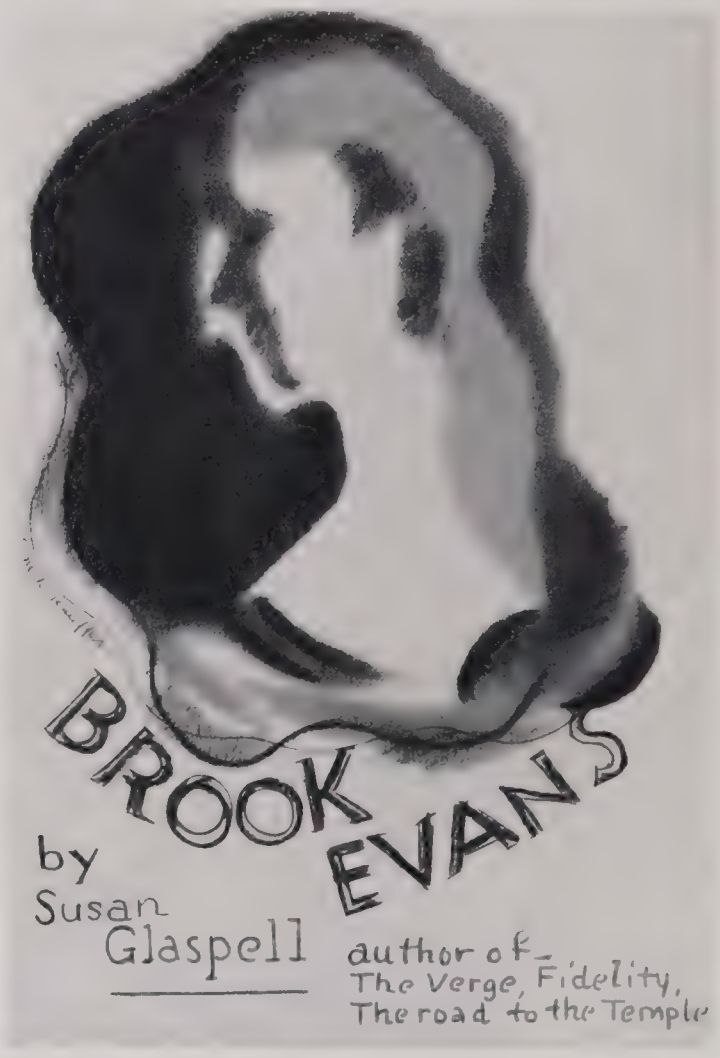
The good Woman having drank, said to her, "You are so very pretty, my Dear, so good and so mannerly, that I cannot help giving you a Gift, (for this was a Fairy, who had taken the form of a poor Country Woman, to see how far the Civility and good Manners of this pretty Girl would go) I will give you for a Gift, (continued the Fairy) that, at every Word you speak, there shall come out

Text-pages from *Mother Goose*, translated into English by G. M. Gent from the French of M. Perrault. Published by The Nonesuch Press. Printed by R. & R. Clark Ltd.

Cover for *Order*, an occasional Catholic Review. Woodcut by David Jones. Printed at The Westminster Press.

Cover for *The Romance of Villon*, by Francis Carco. Cover represents fifteenth-century map by Truschet and Hoyan. Published by Alfred A. Knopf. Executed by A. W Bain & Co.

Dust-wrapper for *Rich Man, Poor Man*, by Hulbert Footner, designed by Bold. Published by Faber & Gwyer Ltd.



Dust-wrapper for *Brook Evans*, by Susan Glaspell, designed by E. McKnight Kauffer. Published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. Printed at The Pelican Press.

divinity also, he, to whom the king commits the charge of his conscience, is his superior in that particular. All which instances may sufficiently prove, that in many cases the wiser governs or commands one less wise than himself, unless a wilful obstinacy be interposed; in which case recourse must be had to strength, where obedience is necessary.

The exercises I chiefly used, and most recommend to my posterity, were riding the great horse and fencing, in which arts I had excellent masters, English, French, and Italian. As for dancing, I could never find leisure enough to learn it, as employing my mind always in acquiring of some art or science more useful; howbeit, I shall wish these three exercises learned in this order.

That dancing may be learnt first, as that which doth fashion the body, gives one a good presence in and address to all companies, since it disposeth the limbs to a kind of *souplesse* [as the Frenchmen call it] and agility, insomuch as they seem to have the use of their legs, arms, and bodies, more than any others, who, standing stiff and stark in their postures, seem as if they were taken in their joints, or had not the perfect use of their members. I speak not this yet as if I would have a youth never stand still in company, but only, that when he hath occasion to stir, his motions may be comely and graceful, that he may learn to know how to come in & go out of a room where company is, how to make courtesies handsomely, according to the several degrees of persons he shall encounter, how to put off and hold his hat; all which, and many other

Text-page from *Lord Herbert of Cherbury*. Woodcuts by Horace Walter Bray. Printed by Mr. R. A. Maynard at The Gregynog Press.

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Contents page from *Poisonous Plants*, engraved on wood, and with an Introduction by John Nash. Published by Frederick Etchells & Hugh Macdonald. Printed at The Curwen Press.

RAIN

THE prejudice of poets against water has perhaps kept rain out of fashion in literature. It is true that rain is among the subtle, anonymous *dramatis personæ* of Lear, and that Milton wove into the harmonies of melancholy "the minute-drops from off the eaves." Swift's famous "Shower" knocks somewhat grossly at the door. "There never was such a shower since Danae's" ran contemporary compliment. There is, too, an allusion to rain in "Childe Harold," as a pianissimo accompaniment to storms. But it is characteristic of modern poetry, as a criticism of life by livers, that it has left the praise of rain to hop farmers and of mud to shoe-blacks. If literature were faithful to life, there would have

Text-page from *Chosen Essays*, by Edward Thomas. Wood-engravings designed and cut by Robert Ashwin Maynard. Printed by Mr. R. A. Maynard at The Gregynog Press.

CHAPTER XII

How JOBST BORK *has himself carried to* MARIENFLIESS *in his bed, to reclaim his fair young daughter* DILIANA *Item, how* GEORGE PUTKAMMER *threatens* SIDONIA *with a drawn sword.*

NOW Jobst Bork of Saatzig had but this one daughter, the fair Diliana, whom he loved ten times more than his life; and no sooner had he heard of her flight than he guessed readily whither, and for what cause, she had flown; for, that day and night her thoughts were bent on how to help him, he knew well; also, the teachings of old Lisa were not unknown to him. So he resolved to go and seek her, and sent for twelve peasants to carry him, as he was, in his bed, to Marienfliess, for his limbs were so contracted from gout that he could neither ride, walk, nor stand

Accordingly, next morning early, the twelve peasants bearing the couch on which lay the poor knight, entered the great gate of the convent, and they set down the bed, by command of the knight, just beneath Sidonia's window. Whereupon the miserable father stretched forth his right hand, and cried out, as loud as he was able, "Sidonia Bork, I conjure you by the living God, give me my child again!"

Three times he repeated this adjuration. So we may imagine how the whole convent ran together to see who was there. Anna Apenborg and Diliana were, however, not amongst them, for they had been up late watching by the corpse, and were still fast asleep; *item*, Sidonia, I think, was snoring likewise, for she never appeared, until at last she threw up the window, half-dressed, and screamed out, "What wants the cursed knave? Hath the devil possessed you, Jobst, in earnest? Good people, take the fellow to Dorothea's cell—they are fit company for one another!"

But the knight again stretched forth his trembling arm from the bed, and repeated his adjuration solemnly, using the same words

At this, Sidonia's face glowed with anger; and seizing her broom-stick, she rushed out of the room, down the steps, and into the courtyard, while her long, thin, white hair flew wildly about her face and shoulders, and her red eyes glared like two red coals in her head. (I have omitted to notice that this horrible Satan's hag had long since got his signature in her red eyes; for, as the slaves of vice are known by their ash-pale colour, and the *black* circle round their eyes,

so the slaves of Satan are known by the *red* circle.) But when the evil witch reached the spot where the sick knight lay on his bed, and saw the crowd standing round him, she changed her demeanour, and leaning on the broom-stick, exclaimed, "Methinks, Jobst, you are mad; and you and your daughter ought to be put at once into a mad-house; for, judge all of ye who stand here round us, how unjustly I am accused. Yesterday this man's daughter comes to me, and says she will play my serving-wench, if I promise to cure her father; just as if I were the Lord God, and could heal sickness as I willed; but I refused

to take her, as was meet, and the whole convent can testify this of me; when, see now, here comes this fool of a father, and, taking the Lord's name in vain, demands his daughter of me, though I never had her, nor detained her; and she can go this moment whither she likes, as ye all know."

Hereupon the abbess herself advanced to the bed, and spake, "In truth, you err, sir knight. Sidonia hath refused to accept your daughter's service! But here comes the fair maiden herself—ask her if it is not so."

And Diliana, who had thrown on her clothes in haste, and ran with Anna out of her cell, sprang forward, and fell sobbing upon her father's bosom, who sobbed likewise, and cries, in an agitated voice, "God be thanked, I have thee again; now I shall die happy! Ah! silly child, how couldst thou run away from

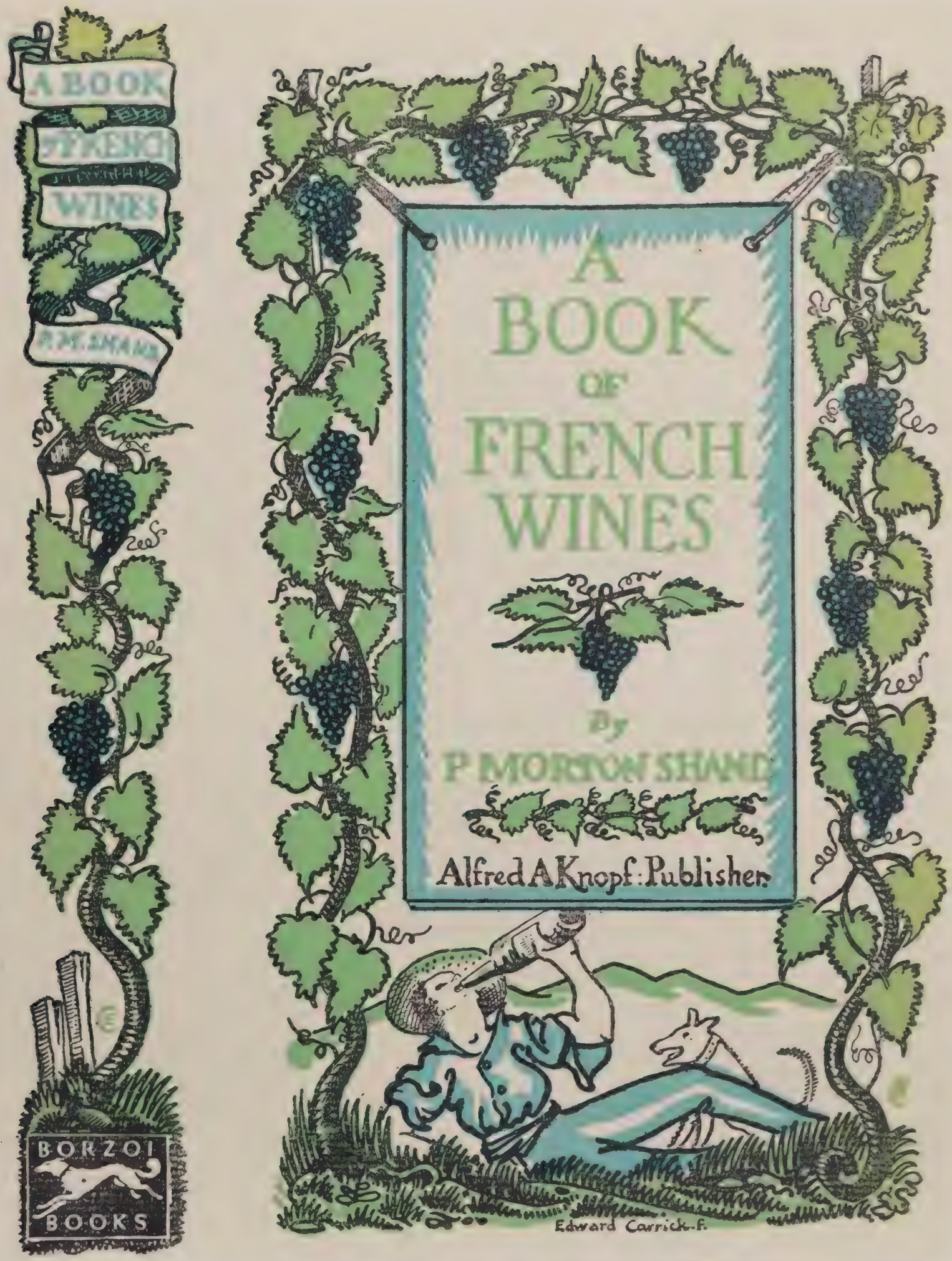
Text-pages from *Sidonia the Sorceress*. Illustrated by Thomas Lowinsky. Published by Ernest Benn Ltd. Printed at The University Press, Cambridge.

THIS TYPE IS AN ATTEMPT TO represent our printed letter-forms with due regard to their creation by the pen and their adaptation for the use of the machine, and further to their conformations in our language. It is based on the authority of script, but with the individuality, the idiosyncrasy, of the scribe removed, and the modifying, generalizing influence of the machine admitted. A script does not become a fount by the facsimile rendering of its letters from photograph into movable type. On the other hand, a type-facemay be so independent of penmanship, or so inconsistent in its use of the suggestions, the legacy, of penmanship that it can be at once clear and queerly disagreeable. There seems no technical reason why printing should continue to be based on penmanship; but the fact remains that types are unsuccessful which disdain the connexion, so bound by custom are our notions about legibility. And whilethe 'block' letter has certain commercial or utilitarian recommendations, as for advertisement or danger signal, by reason of its carrying power and insistence upon instant recognition, it is still inconceivable as a literary method. For it indeed ignores that prime element of beauty (as of scholarship) in letter-craft,—contrast of thick and thin strokes, and the regular gradation from one to the other in the curves, which is observed in all fine print, as in all preceding 'hands'. The appreciation of contrast and gradation is instinctive with us. The broad pen supplies these elements easily and naturally. They are indeed of the essence of penmanship. It supplies them also in a regular manner, which the type-founder has sometimes failed to respect. In so fine a type as the Caslon the o and e are rendered differently from the penmanship, which would have placed the decrescendo at the same part of the curve in both (fig. 1). The serifs of his u are horizontal, of his i or m diagonal, a difference the pen ignores in its swiftly economic action. In the Baskerville and most other lower case the s (made like a capital reduced in size only) has little perpendicular serifs not corresponding with other similar particulars, as in c, f, r. The pen does not trouble to differentiate so. Or, again, with the lowercase g most types are content to ignore the history of the little horn, and make it discrepantly according to fancy.

The pen makes similar details in different letters similarly, all stem strokes equally thick, strokes in the same slant equally thin, all curves evenly gradated. So that through the ages eyes have been accustomed to regard these characteristics as constituents of legibility. And now that they are continued in the printing of books our eyes demand their consistent presentation; not wholly, as some imagine, because the pen supplied a dogmatic precedent, now questionable or even negligible, but because without these similarities and regularities the undulation of the curves, the rhythm of the letters becomes affected; with an inevitable loss of tranquillity, more or less disagreeable.

IN regard to certain of the letter-forms also I have ventured on some innovations or departures from those usually printed. We are apt to ignore the fact that our minuscules were evolved or developed in the writing of Latin; and their 'genius' may be said to reside in the embodiment of that language, with the consequent smooth serenity it has inspired. Our many derivatives therefrom, such words as 'magnanimous', 'innocence', 'communion', always look better than others. The fact is well known to printers, and can readily be tested by any one who will compare such books as the Doves Press 'Agricola' with the 'Paradise Lost' or the Bible printed in the same fine fount.

The Treyford Type: Designed for The Oxford University Press by Graily Hewitt. *By courtesy of The University Press, Oxford.*



Dust Wrapper designed by EDWARD CARRICK
Published by ALFRED A. KNOPF
Printed by THE EDINBURGH PRESS, EDINBURGH

"Now that we have been properly introduced allow me to apologise"

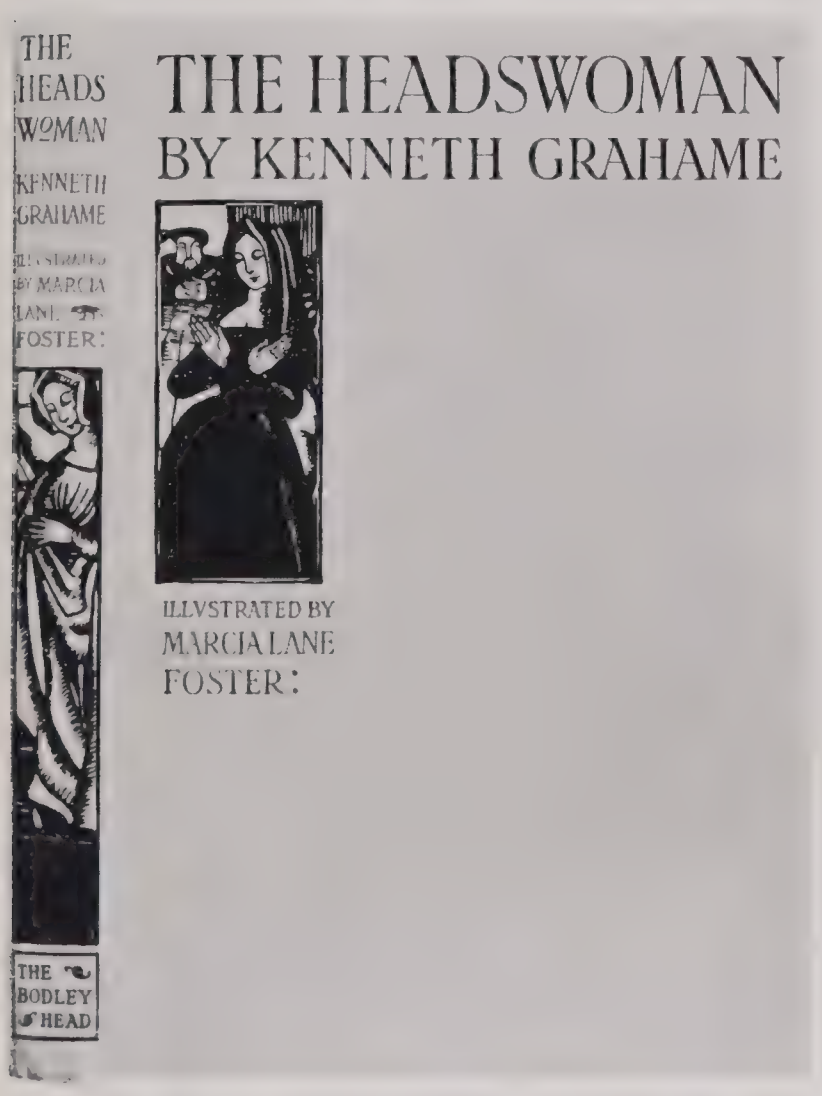
THE
HEADSWOMAN

By Kenneth Grahame

With Illustrations in Colour
and Woodcuts by
MARCIA LANE FOSTER

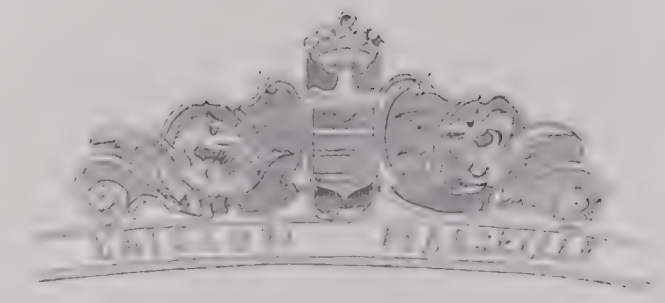
LONDON
John Lane The Bodley Head Limited
New York *John Lane Company*

Frontispiece and title-page of *The Headswoman*, by Kenneth Grahame, with illustrations in colour and woodcuts by Marcia Lane Foster. Published by John Lane, The Bodley Head Ltd. Printed by Richard Clay & Sons Ltd.



Cover for *The Headswoman*. Published by John Lane, The Bodley Head Ltd. Binding by Leighton-Straker Bookbinding Co.

Dust-wrapper for *The Land*, by V. Sackville-West, designed by George Plank. Published by William Heinemann Ltd. Printed by Woods & Sons Ltd.



INTRODUCTION

It is the misfortune of nurseries to be either sentimentalized over or forgotten, and the waters referred to in the Title of this book as the Western Arm of that nursery in which mankind first acquired some ascendancy over wind and wave and turned their high cobalt to his advantage, are no exception to the rule.

For many, ships of the Adriatic and Mediterranean Seas can be visualized only, if seen at all, through a haze of classical romance: banked oars spider across blue surfaces, coloured sails sway to vards in a sheltered bay, headlands signal the passage of Phoenician, Greek, or Roman fleets.

For others there are, now, no sails. Steam, as despoiling leveller, has reduced the rich individualism of the past to a common and mechanical denomination. Engine-room bells replace the whip-thongs of the galley and, while propellers churn equally the Bay of Actium or Margate Roads, the nursery is forgotten.

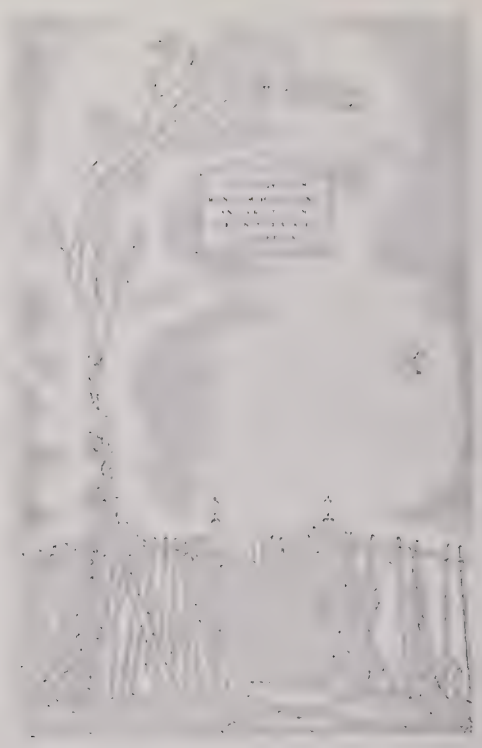
It is in the consideration of such facts as these that a

Text-page and illustration from *Sailing Ships and Barges of the Western Mediterranean*, illustrated with copper-plates by Edward Wadsworth, hand-coloured by Bernard Windeler. Published by Frederick Etchells & Hugh Macdonald. Printed at The Curwen Press.

TO THE LEARNED PROFESSORS OF THE FRENCH TONGUE, IN THE FAMOUS CITIE OF LONDON, *IO. ELIOT SANITA È GUADAGNO.*

MESSIRES, what newes from Fraunce, can you tell? Still warres, warres. A heauie hearing truly: yet if you be in good health, haue many schollers, get good store of Crowns, and drinke good wine, I doubt not but you shall do well, & I desire the good God of heauen to continue it so still. Haue they had a fruitful vintage in France this yere, or no? me thinks our Bourdeaux wines are very deare, and in good faith I am very sorie for it. But they will bee at a more reasonable reckoning, if these same loftie leaguers would once crouch & come to some good composition. A vengeance of the mutinous race of the demouorers, demogorgons, demi-diuels, who eat vp the poore populace of France. I pray the prince of Paradice to poure downe his peace priuily vpon them, that we may safelie fetch their deifying liquor, which dieth quickly our flegmaticke faces into a pure sanguine complexion. Surely for my part Fraunce I loue well, French-men I hate not, and vnto you I sweare by *S. Siobe cap de Gascongne*, that I loue a cup of new *Gascon* or old *Orleans* wine, as

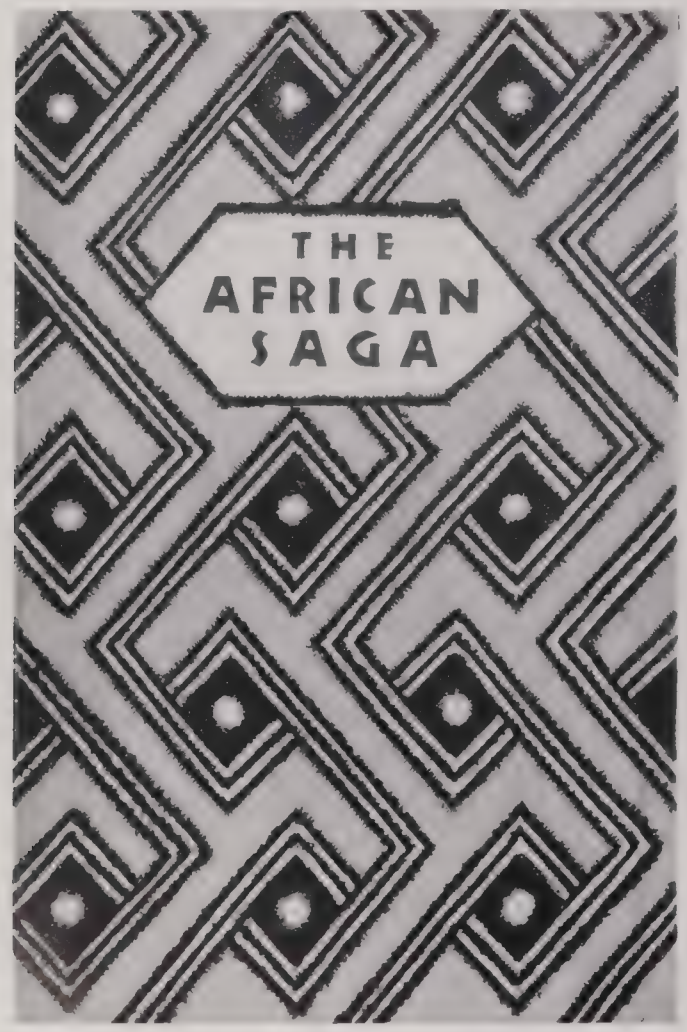
Cover and text-page from *The Parlement of Prattlers*, by John Eliot (1593). Re-issued by The Fanfrolico Press. Printed at The Westminster Press. Woodcuts by Hal Collins.



HOW CANDIDE WAS BROUGHT UP IN A NOBLE CASTLE, AND HOW HE WAS EXPELLED FROM THE SAME

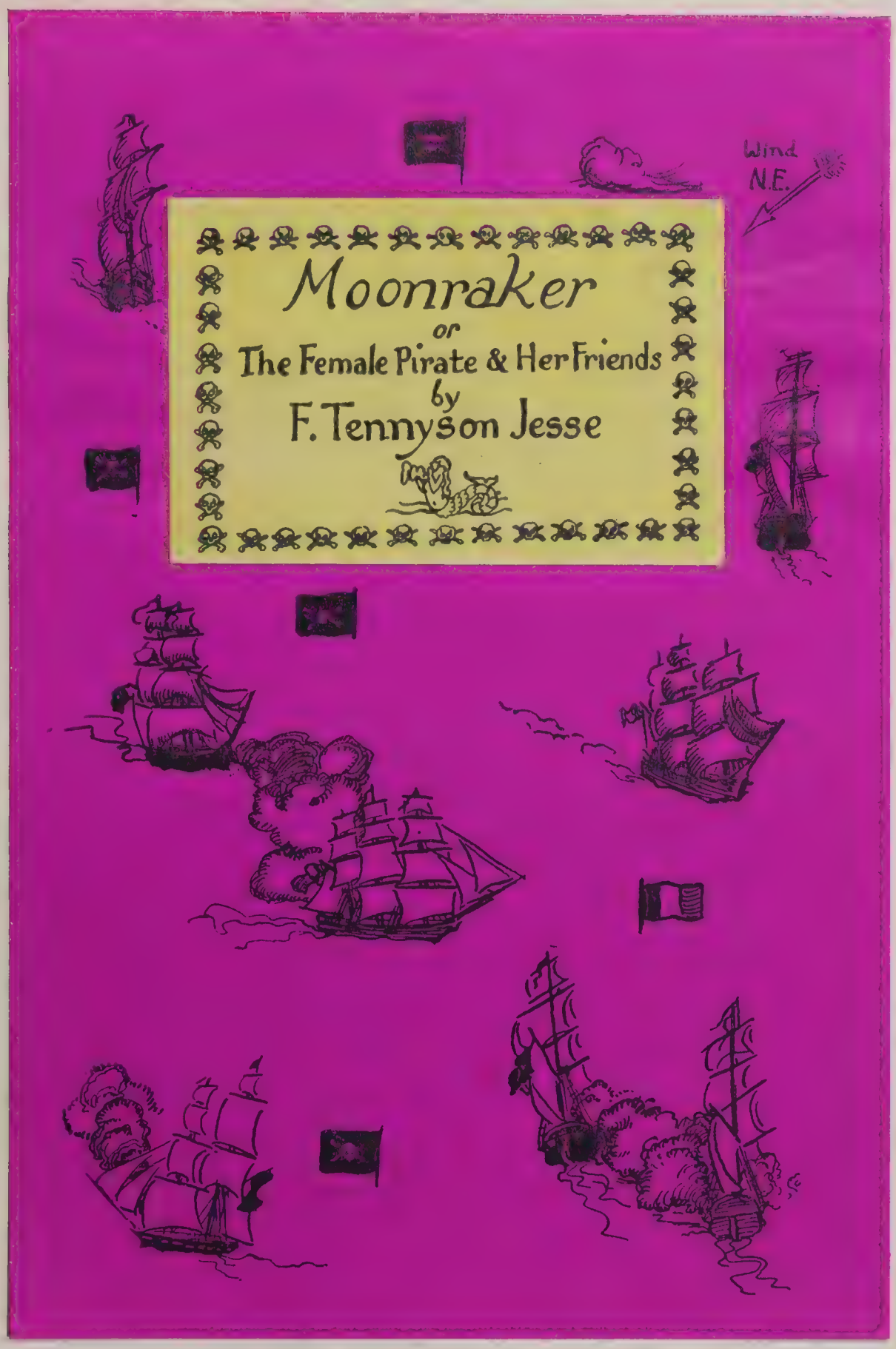
In the castle of Baron Thunder-ten-tronckh in Westphalia there lived a youth whom Nature had endowed with the most gentle character. His face was the expression of his soul. His judgment was pretty sound, and his ignorance was complete. And that was the reason he was born to be a Westphalian baron. The Baroness, who weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds, was therefore greatly respected, and did the honours of the house with a dignity which rendered her still more respectable. Her daughter Cunegonde, aged seventeen, was rosy-cheeked, fresh, plump and tempting. The Baron's son appeared in every respect worthy of his father. The tutor Pangloss was the oracle of the house, and little Candide followed his lessons with all the candour of his age and character. Dr. Pangloss taught metaphysico-theologo-cosmolonigology. He proved admirably that there is no effect without a cause and that in this best of all possible worlds, My Lord the Baron's castle was the best of castles and his wife the best of all possible Baronesses. "'Tis demonstrated," said he, "that things cannot be otherwise; for, since everything is made for an

Pages from *Candide*, by Voltaire. Copyright page and decorations designed by Rockwell Kent. Published by Random House. Designed and printed by Pynson Printers Inc.



Cover, designed by Francesco Bianco, for *The African Saga*, by Blaise Cendrars. Published by Payson & Clarke Ltd. Printed by Paul Overhage, Inc.

Cover, designed by D. B. Updike, for *The Higher Citizenship*, by Alfred L. Baker. Published by D. B. Updike, The Merrymount Press.



Dust Wrapper designed by the author for *Moonraker*
by F. Tennyson Jesse.

Published by William Heinemann Ltd.
Printed in Great Britain at the Windmill Press,
Kingswood, Surrey.

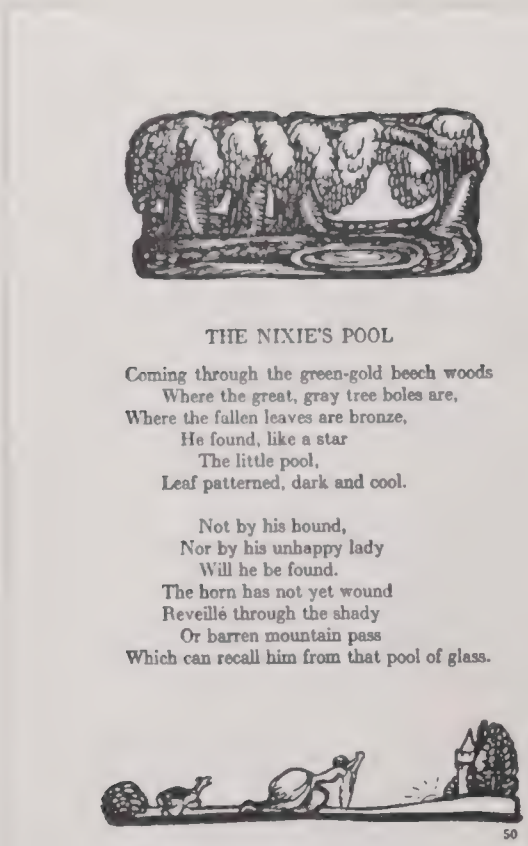
PRIMITIVE PAPERMAKING

AN ACCOUNT OF A MEXICAN SOJOURN AND OF A VOYAGE TO THE PACIFIC ISLANDS IN SEARCH OF INFORMATION, TOOLS, AND SPECIMENS RELATING TO THE FABRICATION AND DECORATION OF BARK-PAPER

PART I · THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE PAPER THAT IS FORMED IN A HAND-MOULD AND THAT WHICH IS BEATEN DIRECTLY INTO SHEETS FROM THE BARK OF TREES

MANY years ago I became interested in the material made from beaten bark by the Otomí Indians of Southern Mexico and spent a year studying the old crafts of these primitive people. Only recently I returned from an extended voyage among the islands of the South Pacific Ocean, where I investigated the making of the beaten bark material commonly known as "tapa". I have always contended that this beaten bark substance of the Pacific Islands is a form of paper, but several ethnologists differ with me in this conclusion and give to this material the appellation, "bark-cloth", their point of argument being that paper proper must be made from disintegrated fibre and formed into sheets upon moulds after maceration, while the Pacific Island material is beaten directly from the bark of trees without preliminary separation of the fibres. It is true that the heavy, coarse sheets of the Otomí Indians of Mexico and the refined deloewang paper of Java are made in a totally different manner from any form of moulded paper, yet I have never heard either referred to by the natives except by its correct name, paper. The definition of paper as given by Webster, is, "A substance made in the form of thin sheets or leaves from rags, straw, bark, wood, or other fibrous substance, for various purposes". While there are a number of methods employed to convert the fibrous substance into thin sheets or leaves, the generally accepted manner is the forming of disintegrated fibre into sheets upon a mould in the hand process, and upon a travelling woven wire-cloth in the modern papermaking machine. I am convinced, however, that the beaten tapa of the South Sea

Text-page from *Primitive Papermaking*, by Dard Hunter. Illustrated and printed by Dard Hunter at the Mountain House Press.



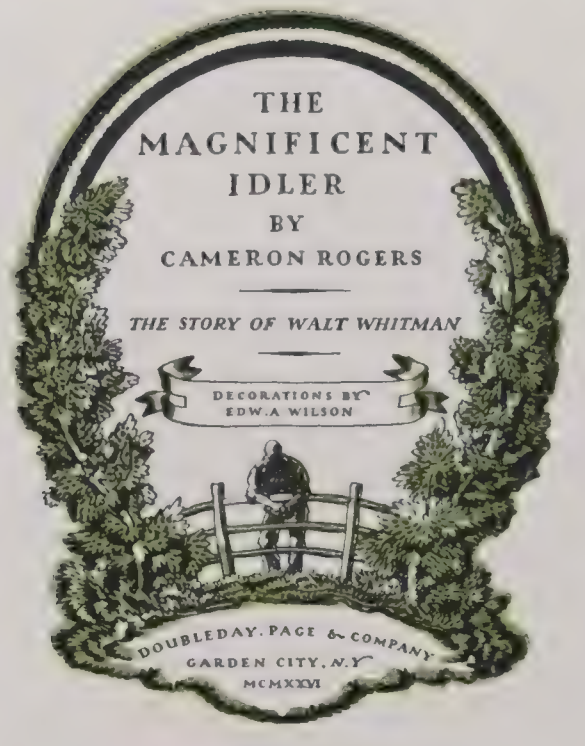
THE NIXIE'S POOL

Coming through the green-gold beech woods
Where the great, gray tree boles are,
Where the fallen leaves are bronze,
He found, like a star
The little pool,
Leaf patterned, dark and cool.

Not by his hound,
Nor by his unhappy lady
Will he be found.
The horn has not yet wound
Reveillé through the shady
Or barren mountain pass
Which can recall him from that pool of glass.

50

Page from *Puck in Pasture*. Verse and decoration by Elizabeth Mackinstry. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., The Country Life Press.



Title-page of *The Magnificent Idler*, by Cameron Rogers. Decorations by Edw. A. Wilson. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., The Country Life Press.

MY

MORTAL ENEMY

WILLA CATHER

ALFRED A. KNOPF
NEW YORK
1926

Title-page of *My Mortal Enemy*, by Willa Cather. Published by Alfred A. Knopf.

GOLD'S GLOOM
TALES FROM THE PANCHATANTRA
TRANSLATED BY
ARTHUR W. RYDER

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
CHICAGO

Title-page of *Gold's Gloom*, translated by Arthur W. Ryder. Printed and published by The University of Chicago Press.

CHINESE PIRATES

Illustration from *Iron Men and Wooden Ships* (*Deep Sea Chanties*), edited by Frank Shaw. Decorations and woodcuts by Edw. A. Wilson. Published and printed by Doubleday, Page & Co. at The Country Life Press.

"MES LIVRES"

STENDHAL

LUCIEN LEUWEN

OU

L'AMARANTE ET LE NOIR

ŒUVRE POSTHUME RECONSTITUÉE PAR
JEAN DE MITTY
ORNÉE DE BOIS DESSINÉS ET GRAVÉS PAR
MAXIMILIEN VOX

—

TOME PREMIER

"LE LIVRE"
9, RUE COETLOGON, PARIS
M.CM.XXIII

Frontispiece and title-page from *Lucien Leuwen*, by Stendhal, illustrated with woodcuts by Maximilien Vox. Published by 'Le Livre'. Printed by Coulouma.

Tristement accoudé contre une cheminée,
Les yeux fixés vers terre et l'âme mutinée,
Je songe aux cruautez de mon sort inhumain.

L'espoir, qui me remet du jour au lendemain,
Essaye à gagner temps sur ma peine obstinée,
Et, me venant promettre une autre destinée,
Me faict monter plus haut qu'un empereur romain.

Mais à peine cette herbe est-elle mise en cendre,
Qu'en mon premier estat il me convient descendre
Et passer mes ennuis à redire souvent

Non, je ne trouve point beaucoup de différence
De prendre du tabac à vivre d'espérance,
Car l'un n'est que fumée et l'autre n'est que vent

SAINT-AMANT

SONNET

COMPOSE CHEZ LA PLANTE A BELLE-ISLE

ASSIS sur un fagot,
une pipe à la main,

Pages from *Six Sonnets du dix-septième siècle*, decorated with woodcuts by Maximilien Vox. Published by La Société de la Gravure sur Bois originale. Printed by Frazier-Soye.

FIDELITY

ILLUSTRATION FOR IRON MEN AND WOODEN SHIPS. A COLLECTION OF VERSES EDITED BY FRANK SHAY WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY WILLIAM MC FEE AND ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD A. WILSON. PUBLISHED BY DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC., PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE COUNTRY LIFE PRESS, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

RAYMOND ESCHOLIER

CANTEGRIL

BOIS COLORIÉS
DE
PIERRE FALKÉ

AUX ÉDITIONS DE LA LAMPE D'ARGILE
GEORGES SERVANT, ÉDITEUR
25, BOULEVARD MALESHERBES
PARIS

Title-page for *Cantegril*, by Raymond Escholier, with coloured woodcuts by Pierre Falké. Published by Georges Servant (Éditions de La Lampe d'Argile). Printed by Frazier-Soye.

Prenez-nous ces renards, ces petits renards, qui ravagent les vignes ; car notre vigne est en fleur.

Page from *Cantique des Cantiques*, illustrated with woodcuts, published and printed by F. L. Schmied.

BERNARDIN DE St PIERRE

PAUL & VIRGINIE

AVEC DOUZE AQUARELLES DE JEAN DROIT

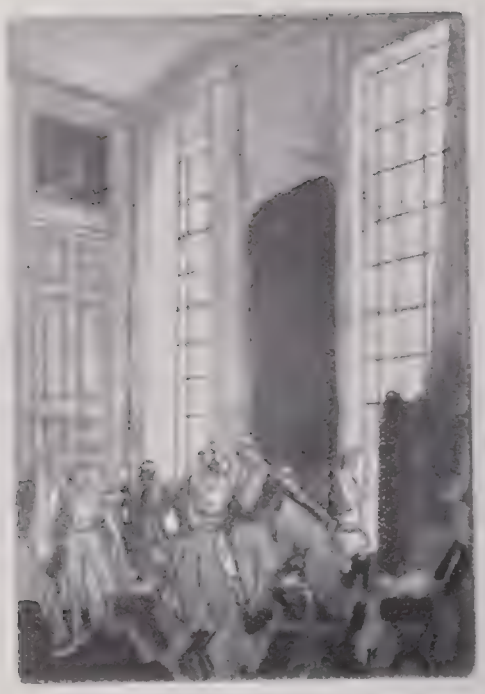
A PARIS
EDITIONS DE LA LAMPE D'ARGILE
·GEORGES SERVANT·
25 Boulevard Malesherbes
1924

Title-page for *Paul et Virginie*, by Bernardin de St. Pierre, illustrated with water-colours by Jean Droit. Published by Georges Servant (Éditions de La Lampe d'Argile). Printed by Frazier-Soye.

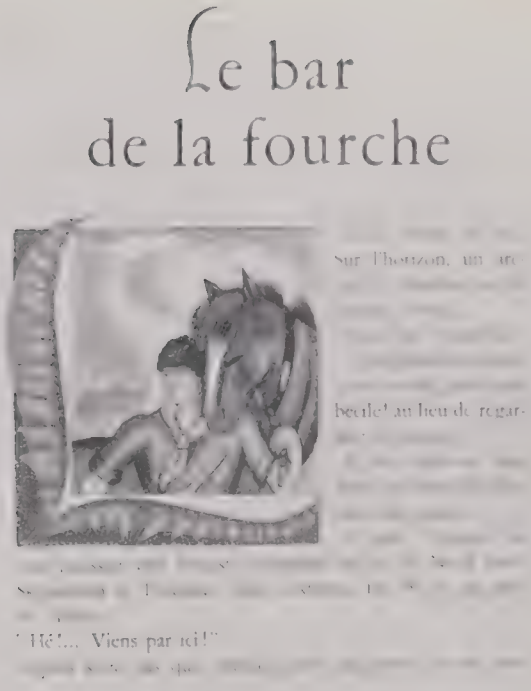
DAPHNIS ET CHLOÉ

Si lui dit : « Il y a, ma mie, plusieurs sortes de Nymphes : les unes sont Nymphes des bois, les autres des prés ou des eaux, toutes belles, toutes savantes en l'art de chanter ; et fille d'une d'elles fut jadis Echo, mortelle, pource qu'elle étoit née d'un père mortel, belle comme fille de belle mère. Elle fut nourrie par les Nymphes et apprise par les Muses, qui lui montrèrent à jouer de la flûte, à former des sons sur la lyre et sur la cithare,

Page from *Daphnis et Chloé*, illustrated with coloured woodcuts by Sylvain Sauvage, with the collaboration of Pierre Bouchet. Published by Sylvain Sauvage.



Coloured etching by Drian for *Monsieur de Bougrelon*, by Jean Lorrain. Published by Devambez. Illustrations printed by La Roseraie.

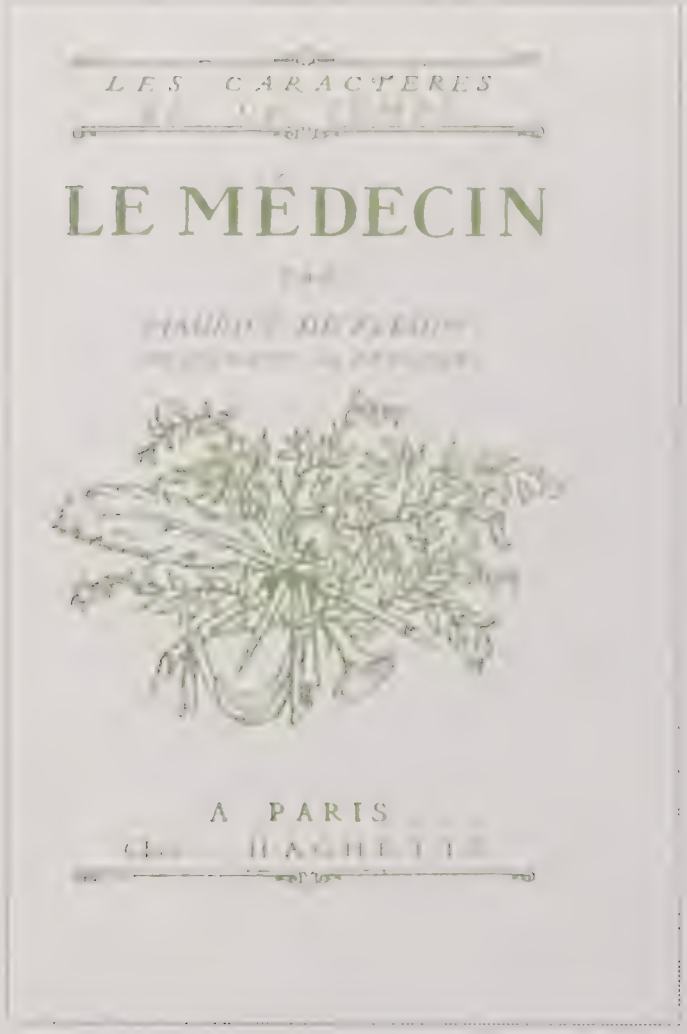


Page from *Le Bar de la Fourche*, by Gilbert de Voisins, with coloured woodcuts by Pierre Falké. Published by L'Artisan du Livre. Printed by Daragnés.

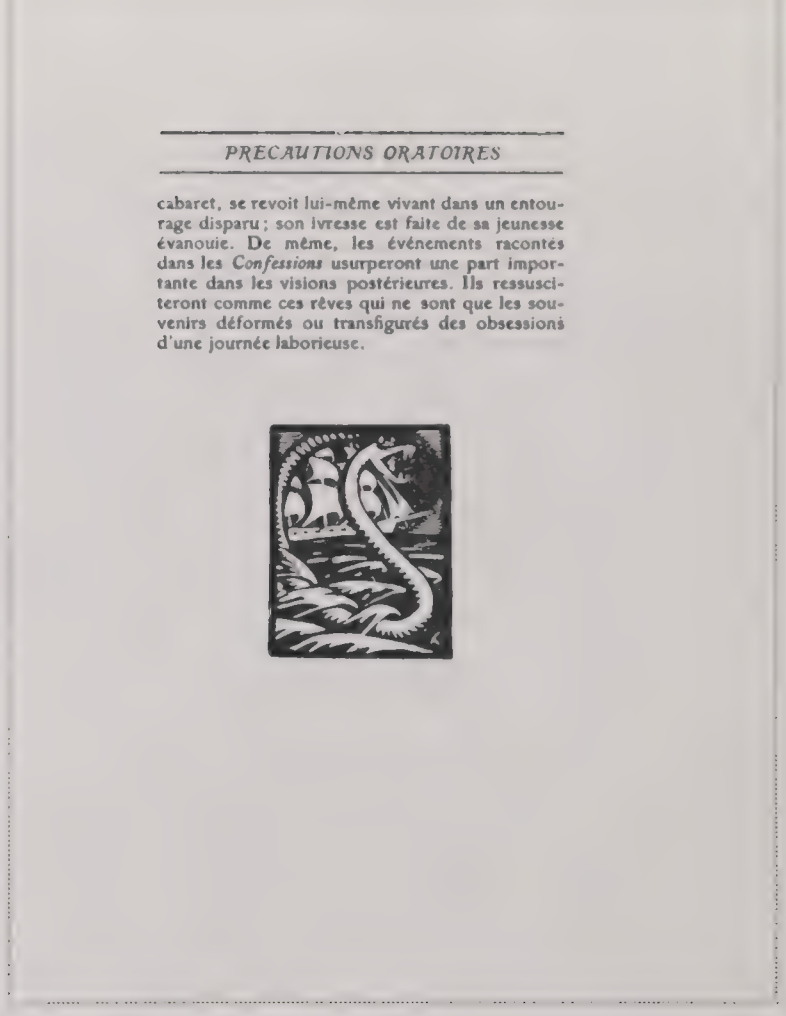
Page from *Les Chansons de Bilitis*, by Pierre Louys, with coloured woodcuts by Sylvain Sauvage. Published by Sylvain Sauvage.

Illustration from *Le Bouddha Vivant*, by Paul Morand. Illustrated by Alexeieff. Published by Bernard Grasset (Aux Aldes).

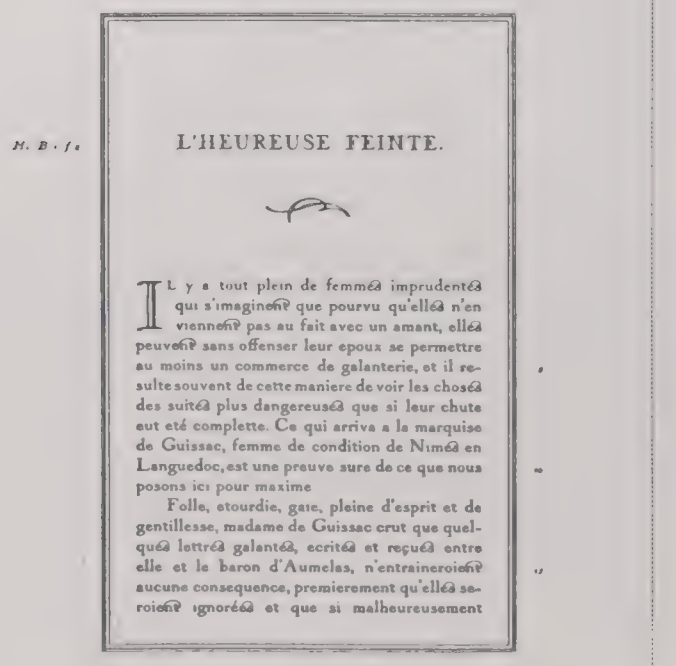
Illustration from *Les Campagnes Hallucinées*, by Emile Verhaeren, with woodcuts and lithographs by Frank Brangwyn. Published by Helleu et Sergent. Printed by A. Lahure, Blanchard et Reichert.



Cover designed by Jodelet for *Le Médecin*, by Maurice de Fleury. Published and printed by Hachette.


PRECAUTIONS ORATOIRES
cabaret, se revoit lui-même vivant dans un entourage disparu; son ivresse est faite de sa jeunesse évanouie. De même, les événements racontés dans les *Confessions* usurperont une part importante dans les visions postérieures. Ils ressusciteront comme ces rêves qui ne sont que les souvenirs déformés ou transfigurés des obsessions d'une journée laborieuse.

Page from *Les Paradis Artificiels*, by Charles Baudelaire. Woodcuts by Henry Chapront. Published for the 'Société des Médecins Bibliophiles'. Printed by Frazier-Soye and Aimé Jourde.


H. B. f.
L'HEUREUSE FEINTE.
IL y a tout plein de femmes imprudentes qui s'imaginent que pourvu qu'elles n'en viennent pas au fait avec un amant, elles peuvent sans offenser leur epoux se permettre au moins un commerce de galanterie, et il resulte souvent de cette maniere de voir les choses des suites plus dangereuses que si leur chute eut eté complette. Ce qui arriva a la marquise de Guissac, femme de condition de Nimes en Languedoc, est une preuve sure de ce que nous posons ici pour maxime
Folle, etourdie, gaie, pleine d'esprit et de gentillesse, madame de Guissac crut que quelques lettres galantes, ecrites et reçues entre elle et le baron d'Aumelas, n'entraineroient aucune consequence, premierement qu'elles seroient ignorées et que si malheureusement

Text-page from *Historiettes, Contes et Fabliaux*, by the Marquis de Sade. Published for the 'Société du Roman Philosophique'. Printed by Ducros et Colas and Aimé Jourde.

Cover designed by Jodelet for *Le Mariage de l'Impératrice Eugénie*, by Ferdinand Bac. Published and printed by Hachette.

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN

DOMINIQUE

avec douze aquarelles de
PIERRE BRISSAUD

ÉDITIONS DE LA LAMPE D'ARGILE
GEORGES SERVANT
25, Boulevard Malesherbes, 25
PARIS

Title-page for *Dominique*, by Eugène Fromentin, illustrated by Pierre Brissaud. Published by Georges Servant (La Lampe d' Argile). Printed by Maurice Darantière.

CHAPITRE SEIZIÈME

Elle se tut, monsieur. Durant son récit elle avait pris mon bras et parlait les yeux levés vers moi. Aux derniers mots, elle cessa de me regarder. Il y avait même dans l'aveu de son amitié pour son « bon gros » une espèce de gêne, de pudeur, qui nous troublait tous deux, délicieusement.

Nous fîmes en silence une centaine de

Page from *Le Martyre de l'Obèse*, by Henri Béraud, illustrated by Gus Bofa. Published by Emile Paul Frères.

PREMIÈRE PARTIE

L'abbaye de Port-Royal, près de Chevreuse, est une des plus anciennes abbayes de l'ordre de Cîteaux. Elle fut fondée, en l'année 1204, par un saint évêque de Paris, nommé Eudes de Sully, de la maison des comtes de Champagne, proche parent de Philippe-Auguste. C'est lui dont on voit la tombe en cuivre, élevée de deux pieds, à l'entrée du chœur de Notre-Dame de Paris. La fondation n'étoit que pour douze Religieuses; ainsi ce monastère ne possédoit pas de fort grands biens. Ses principaux bienfaiteurs furent les seigneurs de Montmorency et les comtes de Montfort.

Page from *Port Royal*, by Jean Racine. Woodcuts by Pierre Gandon. Published by G. Crès & Cie.

Page from *Le Miroir de Jésus*, by Henri Ghéon, illustrated by Maurice Denis. Published by Librairie de l'Art Catholique.

II

Avançons vers l'hiver ! Le Temps est un croisé,
Il range les tombeaux pour ses pèlerinages.
Sur tous ceux qu'il élève, ah ! nous avons rêvé
Devant les jours passés, ses fêtes de passages.

Les dates pour la foule ont déroulé son corps.
Il se couvre pour nous de son manteau de pierre.
Atteindra-t-il bientôt son funèbre record ?
Il chasse en accourant l'espoir loin de la terre.

Page from *La Rose des Vents*, by Paul Leclère, illustrated with woodcuts by Paul Vera. Published by Librairie de France. Printed by Aimé Jourde.

nous ce que nous ne savions pas que nous possédions.

Il faut regarder les livres par dessus l'épaule de l'auteur.

D'un certain « point de vue » qui n'est pas rarement le mien — ce que l'on appelle une belle œuvre — un chef-d'œuvre, peut paraître une terrible défaite de l'auteur.

Souvent je juge une œuvre d'art en pensant : il est impossible que vous ayez voulu ceci.

Un poète est le plus utilitaire des êtres. Paresse, désespoir, accidents du langage, regards singuliers, — tout ce que perd, rejette, ignore,

Page from *Rhumbs*, by Paul Valéry, illustrated by the author. Published by Excelsior. Printed by Louis Kaldor.

AU LECTEUR
DES
DEUX VOLUMES DE VERS DE L'AUTEUR

Ce livre est toute ma jeunesse ;
Je l'ai fait sans presque y songer.
Il y paraît, je le confesse,
Et j'aurais pu le corriger.

Mais quand l'homme change sans cesse,
Au passé pourquoi rien changer ?
Va-t-en, pauvre oiseau passager,
Que Dieu te mène à ton adresse !

Qui que tu sois, qui me lirai,
Lis-en-le plus que tu pourras,
Et ne me condamne qu'en somme.

Mes premiers vers sont d'un enfant,
Les seconds d'un adolescent,
Les derniers à peine d'un homme.

1840.

Page from *Œuvres Complètes Illustrées d'Alfred de Musset*. Decoration by Z. Grossier. Published by Librairie de France. Printed by Imprimerie Ste.-Catherine, Bruges

I

VISITE DOMICILIAIRE

A Charles Sangerme

Je ne dirai pas le nom du navire, la censure y mettrait bon ordre, et pas davantage celui de la femme blonde. J'estime qu'elle a suffisamment expié.

Mais ce que j'avouerai, c'est l'état d'esprit dans lequel j'étais en mettant le pied à la coupée du navire, sur le coup d'une heure du matin, par une nuit sans lune, à dix milles des Baléares !...

On n'a pas idée de débarquer de façon aussi cavalière d'un youyou démoli par la lame et d'obliger un « steamer de course » à poser trois grands quarts d'heure sous le prétexte d'ausculter ses membrures. Surtout que, lorsque l'opération se renouvelle pour la troisième ou quatrième fois de la nuit, on n'est pas forcément d'humeur paisible... et le doigté est si nécessaire...

Page from *En Plongée*, by Bernard Frank, with woodcuts by Gérard Cochet. Published by Arthème Fayard & Cie. (Le Livre de Demain.) Printed by M. Bellenand.

Title-page and illustration from *L'Illusion Héroïque de Tito Bassi*, by Henri de Régnier, with coloured engravings by Charles Martin. Published by La Roseraie. Illustrations printed by Roger Lacourière, text by Coulouma.

XVI

DU MONT OLYMPE TRAVERSAIENT LE HAUT DU CIEL ET SE-VANOUISSAIENT DANS LES CONSTELLATIONS RECULÉES OU SOUS LES BOIS INSPIRES L'ESPRIT DES DIEUX, VENANT A S'AGITER TROUBLAIT SOUDAI-NEMENT LE CALME DES VIEUX CHÊNES.

VOUS POURSUI-VEZ LA SAGESSE, O MELAMPE! QUI EST LA SCIENCE DE LA VOLONTE DES DIEUX, ET VOUS ERREZ PARMI LES PEUPLES COMME UN MORTEL EGARE PAR LES DESTI-NÉES. IL EST DANS CES LIEUX UNE PIERRE QUI, DÈS QU'ON LA TOUCHE, REND UN SON SEMBLABLE A CELUI DES CORDES D'UN INSTRUMENT QUI SE ROMPENT, ET LES HOMMES RACONTENT QU'APOLLON, QUI CHASSAIT SON TROUPEAU DANS CES DESERTS, AYANT MIS SA LYRE SUR CETTE PIERRE, Y LAISSA CETTE MÉLODIE. O MÉ-LAMPE! LES DIEUX ERRANTS ONT POSE LEUR LYRE SUR LES PIERRES; MAIS AUCUN... AUCUN NE L'Y A OU-BLIEE. AU TEMPS OU JE VEILLAIS DANS LES CAVERNES, J'AI CRU QUELQUEFOIS QUE J'ALLAIS SURPRENDRE LES

Page from *Le Centaure—La Bacchante*, by Maurice de Guerin, illustrated in colour by George Barbier, engraved on wood by F. L. Schmied. Published by Auguste Blaizot & Fils.

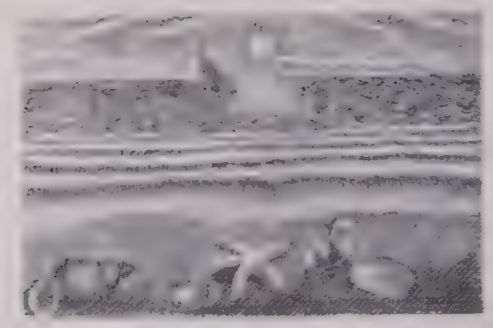
A. T'SERSTEVENS

LE BOUCAN DE COCHON

Avec des Bois gravés et coloriés par
GUSTAVE ALAUX
Peintre de la Marine

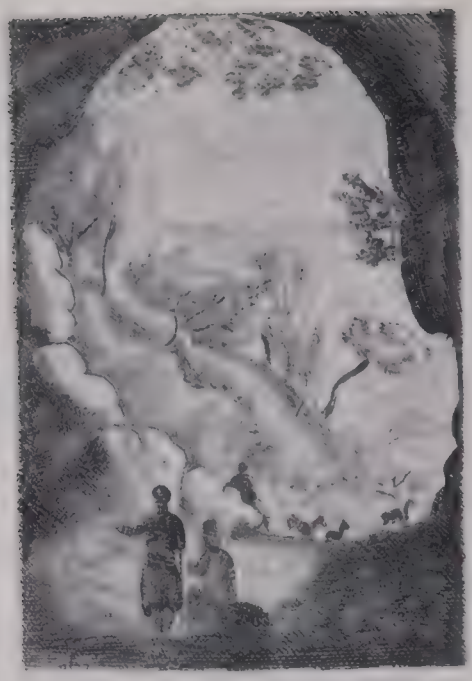
CHEZ RENÉ KIEFFER, ÉDITEUR, PARIS

Title-page for *Le Boucan de Cochon*, by A. T' Serstevens, with coloured woodcuts by Gustave Alaux. Published by René Kieffer. Printed by Ducros et Colas.



Les Cyclades sont un des endroits du monde où l'épithète de « dur sant s'applique avec le plus de vérité. Pourtant beaucoup d'entre elles peuvent être qualifiées en toute justice de rochers stériles ; mais au sein de ces mers de la Grèce, où la main des dieux les a semés, ces rochers brillent comme autant de pierres précieuses. La lumière qui les inonde au milieu d'une atmosphère sans tache, et les flots d'azur qui les enchâssent, en font, suivant les heures du jour, autant

11



Text-page and illustration from *Akrivie Phrangopoulo*, by Gobineau, illustrated by D. Galanis. Published by 'La Pléiade'. Etchings printed by Hasen, text by Coulouma.

Notre bateau, entièrement repeint, avait été muni de grandes voiles ocre qui formaient avec le bleu éclatant de la mer un plaisant contraste. A la porte du Psycharium, Mrs Alexander avait embrassé Anne : « Je vous demande pardon, nous avait-elle dit, de vous avoir, bien malgré moi, retenus

Page from *Voyage au Pays des Articoles*, by A. Maurois, illustrated by A. Alexeieff. Published by 'La Pléiade'. Etchings printed by Rigal, text by Coulouma.

Illustration from *Akrivie Phrangopoulo*, by Gobineau, illustrated by D. Galanis. Published by 'La Pléiade'. Etchings printed by Hasen, text by Coulouma.

ROUTCHKO s'était attaché à moi. Il m'avait demandé le nom de mon père, ne m'appelait plus que Piotr Ivanovitch et venait tous les matins passer avec moi quelques heures. De mon côté j'avais pour lui de l'affection. On ne pouvait imaginer deux caractères plus différents; autant j'étais froid, rebelle à

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Page from *Voyage au Pays des Articoles*, by A. Maurois, illustrated by A. Alexeieff. Published by 'La Pléiade'. Etchings printed by Rigal, text by Coulouma.

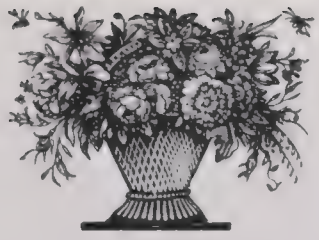
peau et mis moi-même mon manteau, car ces messieurs ne vous le présenteront jamais, et je sortis.

A la maison, je passai la plus grande partie de la journée

rapidité du voyage me parut étrange. Nous avons voyagé si vite, que nous avons atteint les frontières espagnoles en une demi-heure.

D'ailleurs, maintenant il y

Pages from *Le Journal d'un Fou*, by Gogol, illustrated by A. Alexeieff. Published by La Pléiade. Etchings printed by Rigal, text by Coulouma.



I

O la splendeur de notre joie
Tissée en or dans l'air de soie !

Voici la maison douce et son pignon léger,
Et le jardin et le verger.

Voici le banc, sous les pommiers
D'où s'effeuille le printemps blanc,
A pétales frôlants et lents.

1.

Et mêlerai-je à votre ronde ardente et douce
Tournant dans l'ombre et le soleil, sur les pelouses,
— Tel un suprême, immense et souverain espoir —
Les pas et les adieux de mes « heures du soir »

Pages from *Les Heures*, by Emile Verhaeren, with woodcuts by J. L. Perrichon. Published by Édouard Pelletan (Helleu et Sergent). Printed by Coulouma.

CHACUN sait d'une manière vague, que le plus bel endroit du monde est — ou *était*, hélas! — le bourg hollandais de Vondervotteimittiss. Cependant, comme il est à quelque distance de toutes les grandes routes, dans une situation pour ainsi dire extraordinaire, il n'y a peut-être qu'un petit nombre de mes lecteurs qui lui aient rendu visite. Pour l'agrément de ceux qui n'ont pu le faire, je juge donc à

19..

Page from *Nouvelles Histoires Extraordinaires*, by Edgar Allan Poe. Illustrations by Fernand Siméon. Published by Édouard Pelletan (Helleu et Sergent). Printed by Coulouma.

LE grand problème est à la fin résolu! L'air, aussi bien que la terre et l'Océan, a été conquis par la science, et deviendra pour l'humanité une grande voie commune et commode. L'Atlantique vient d'être traversée en ballon! et cela, sans trop de

Page from *Histoires Extraordinaires*, by Edgar Allan Poe. Illustrations designed by Naudin, engraved by Aubert, Germain, Perrichon. Published by Édouard Pelletan (Helleu et Sergent). Printed by Lahure.

LE NEVEU DE RAMEAU.

SATYRE.

Vertumnus, quidquid ineptiarum frons audit, facit.
(Horat., lib. II, satyr. VII.)

U'IL fasse beau, qu'il fasse laid; c'est mon habitude d'aller sur les cinq heures du soir me promener au Palais Royal. C'est moi qu'on voit, toujours seul, rêvant sur le banc d'Argenson. Je m'entretiens avec moi meme de politique, d'amour, de gout ou de philosophie. J'abandonne mon esprit a tout son

Page from *Le Neveu de Rameau*, by Diderot, with woodcuts by J.-L. Perrichon, after Bernard Naudin. Published by Édouard Pelletan (Helleu et Sergent). Printed by L'Imprimerie Nationale.

PAUL FORT

CHANSONS FRANÇAISES

ILLUSTRÉES
DE CENT BOIS ORIGINAUX
PAR
EMILE BERNARD

PARIS
ÉDITIONS D'ART ÉDOUARD PELLETAN
HELLEU ET SERGENT, ÉDITEURS
125, BOULEVARD SAINT-GERMAIN, 125

1922

Cover for *Chansons Françaises*, by Paul Fort, with woodcuts by Emile Bernard. Published by Édouard Pelletan (Helleu et Sergent). Printed by Coulouma.

LE DIABLE AMOUREUX,

NOUVELLE ESPAGNOLE.

A PARIS,
CHEZ CAMILLE BLOCH

1921

LE DIABLE *AMOUREUX*,

NOUVELLE ESPAGNOLE.

IL'ÉTOIS à vingt-cinq ans Capitaine des Gardes du Roi de Naples; nous vivions beaucoup entre Camarades, & comme de jeunes gens, c'est-à-dire, des femmes, du jeu, tant que la bourse pouvoit y suffire, & nous philosophions dans nos quartiers quand nous n'avions plus d'autre ressource.

Un soir, après nous être épuisés en raisonnemens de toute espèce autour

Title and text-page from *Le Diable Amoureux*, by Cazotte, illustrated with line engravings and woodcuts by J. E. Laboureur. Published by Camille Bloch. Engravings printed by Vernand, text by Jacoub et Aulard.

Les
nuits chaudes
du
CAP FRANÇAIS

Page from *Les Nuits Chaudes du Cap Français*, by Hughes Rebell, with coloured dry-points by Hermine David. Published by Henri Jonquières.

Title-page for *Le Roman de Miraut*, by Louis Pergaud, with woodcuts by Barthelemy. Published by Mornay. Printed by Emile Kapp.

CHAPITRE ONZIÈME

EH bien ! c'est donc la nuit, ici, s'écria M. de Biesvres, qui, suivi de Paul Elzéar, venait de pénétrer dans le grand salon du premier étage. Qu'est-ce que cela signifie ? Gaspard, mon garçon, je ne vous fais pas mes compliments. Si le bolchevisme s'installe même au Café de Paris, voulez-vous me faire le plaisir de me dire où nous pourrons nous réfugier, nous autres ?

Le gros maître d'hôtel les avait devancés en haletant. Il tournait à la hâte des commutateurs. L'électricité, jaillissant maintenant de partout, faisait luire sa face rougeaude et contrite.

— Que monsieur le Duc m'excuse. Nous n'attendions ces messieurs que pour minuit, après la représentation.

L'œil attentif au moindre détail, M. de Biesvres faisait le tour de l'immense table, brillante de cristaux et de fleurs.

— Allons, allons, il n'y a rien à dire. Ce n'est pas trop mal arrangé. Un peu Saint-Charlemagne, peut-être. Mais les fleurs sont jolies. Combien sommes-nous ?

217

Il pleuvait le matin où Agar arriva à Paris

Text-page and illustration from *Le Puits de Jacob*, by Pierre Benoit. Illustrations by Arthur Szyk. Published by Albin Michel. Illustrations printed by M. J. Saude, text by Coulouma.

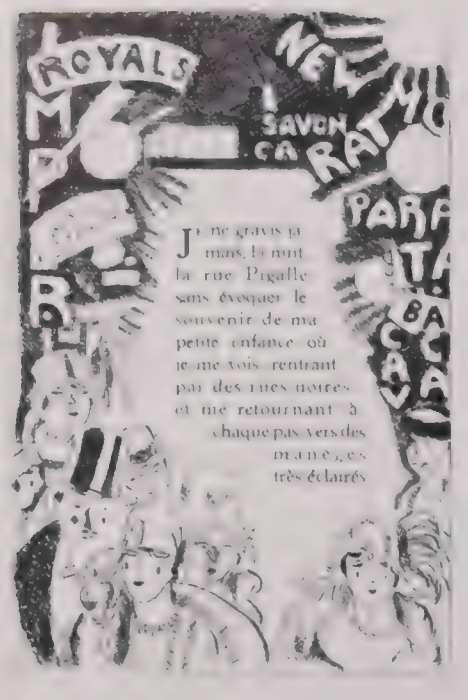

ROYALS
NEW
SAVON
RAT
Je ne gravis jamais la nuit la rue Pigalle sans évoquer le souvenir de ma petite enfance où je me vois rentrant par des rues noires et me retournant à chaque pas vers des maisons très éclairés

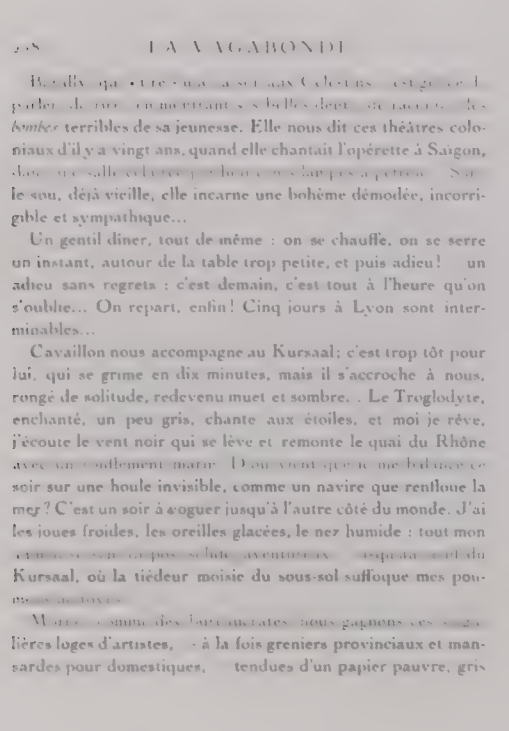
Illustration from *Nuits de Paris*, by Francis Carco, illustrated with etchings by André Dignimont. Published by 'Le Sans Pareil'. Etchings printed by Vernant, text by Coulouma.

IV

L'Espagne est un des pays où se trouvent aujourd'hui, en grand nombre encore, ces nomades dispersés dans toute l'Europe, et connus sous les noms de *Bohemiens, Gitanos, Cygnes, Zigeuner*, etc. La plupart demeurent, ou plutôt mènent une vie errante dans les provinces du Sud et de l'Est, en Andalousie, en Estramadure, dans le royaume de Murcie, il y en a beaucoup en Catalogne. Ces derniers passent souvent en France. On en rencontre dans toutes nos foires du Midi. D'ordinaire, les hommes exercent les métiers de maquignon, de vétérinaire et de tondeur de mulets; ils y joignent l'industrie de

91

Page from *Carmen*, by Prosper Merimée, with coloured woodcuts by Hermann Paul. Published by La Cité des Livres. Printed by Coulouma.



LA VAGABONDE

Brusquement, une voix aux Colettes — est-ce elle parlant de soi? — énumérant ses belles dettes de tendres années terribles de sa jeunesse. Elle nous dit ces théâtres coloniaux d'il y a vingt ans, quand elle chantait l'opérette à Saïgon, dans une salle éclairée par des lampes à pétrole. Sur le sol, déjà vieille, elle incarne une bohème démodée, incorrigible et sympathique...

Un gentil dîner, tout de même : on se chauffe, on se serre un instant, autour de la table trop petite, et puis adieu! — un adieu sans regrets : c'est demain, c'est tout à l'heure qu'on s'oublie... On repart, enfin! Cinq jours à Lyon sont interminables...

Cavaillon nous accompagne au Kursaal; c'est trop tôt pour lui, qui se grime en dix minutes, mais il s'accroche à nous, rongé de solitude, redevenu muet et sombre. . Le Troglodyte, enchanté, un peu gris, chante aux étoiles, et moi je rêve, j'écoute le vent noir qui se lève et remonte le quai du Rhône avec un roulement marin. D'où vient que je me balance ce soir sur une houle invisible, comme un navire que renflouе la mer? C'est un soir à voguer jusqu'à l'autre côté du monde. J'ai les joues froides, les oreilles glacées, le nez humide : tout mon [illegible] aventureux [illegible] du Kursaal, où la tiédeur moisie du sous-sol suffoque mes poumons [illegible]

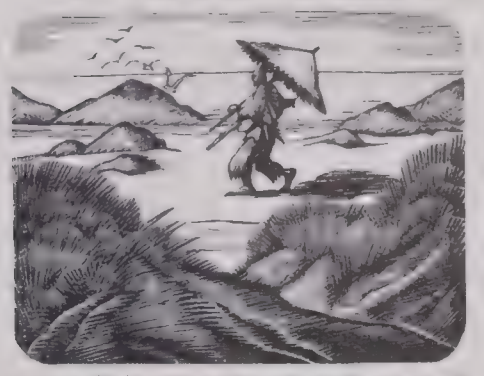
Mais [illegible] nous gagnons ces [illegible] lières loges d'artistes, — à la fois greniers provinciaux et mansardes pour domestiques, — tendues d'un papier pauvre, gris

Pages from *La Vagabonde*, by Colette, with coloured lithographs by Marcel Vertès. Published by La Cité des Livres. Printed by Mourlot.

XIX. *JIM HAWKINS REPREND SON RECIT : LA GARNISON DE LA PALANQUE*

IN apercevant le pavillon, Ben Gunn fit halte, me retint

Page from *L'Île au Trésor*, by Robert Louis Stevenson, illustrated by René Ben Sussan. Published by Henri Jonquières. Text printed by Coulouma.



DE ROBINSON CRUSOE

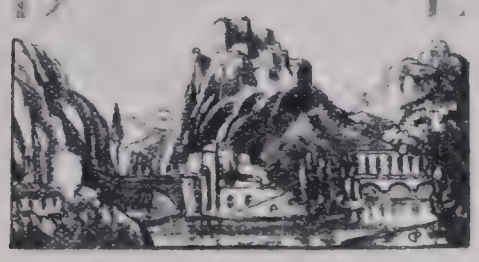
toujours tel à le porter au [illegible] qui [illegible] ce [illegible] Dieu, ainsi que je l'ai dit, j'en fis un [illegible] je le couvris de peau de [illegible] de cette qui [illegible] le plus commodément [illegible] bien le soleil que je pouvais marcher dans le temps le plus chaud avec plus d'agrément que je ne le faisais auparavant dans le temps le plus froid. Quand il n'y avait pas besoin, je le fermais et le portais sous mon bras.

Je vivais ainsi très confortablement; mon esprit s'était [illegible] à la volonté de Dieu, et je me livrais entièrement aux dispositions de sa providence

Page from *Robinson Crusoé*, by Daniel Defoé, with woodcuts engraved and coloured by Pierre Falké. Published by Henri Jonquières. Text printed by Coulouma.

PAUL ARÈNE

DOMNINE



ILLUSTRATIONS
PAR
P. GIRIEUD

Title-page for *Domnine*, by Paul Arène, illustrated by P. Girieud. Published by M. Séheur.

CONFESSION DE MINUIT

GEORGES DUHAMEL

LITHOGRAPHIES

BERTHOLD MAHN

HENRI JONQUIÈRES, ÉDITEUR
PARIS, 21, RUE VISCONTI

Title-page for *Confession de Minuit*, by Georges Duhamel, with lithographs by Berthold Mahn. Published by Henri Jonquières.

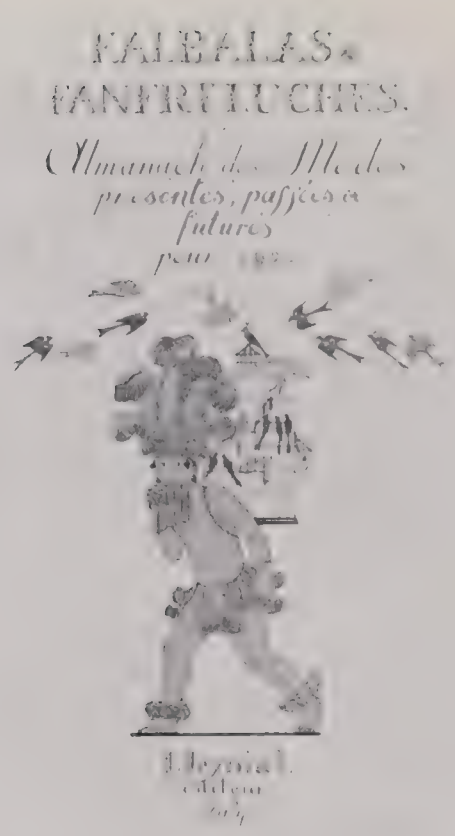
X

A RAOUL PONCHON

Vous avez des cheveux terriblement ;
Moi je ramenais désespérément :
Quinze ans se sont passés, nous sommes chauves
Avec, à tous crins, des barbes de fauves

XI

Page from *Dédicaces*, by Paul Verlaine, illustrated by Alfred le Petit. Published by Messein.



Title-page for *Falbalas et Fanfreluches* (Almanach). Published by Meynial.

L'un des pays où se trouvent aujourd'hui, en plus grand nombre, encore, les roma les dispersés dans toute l'Europe, & connus sous les noms de Bohemiens, Gitanos, Gypsies, Zigeuner, *etc.*

La plupart demeurent, ou plutôt mènent une vie errante dans les provinces du Sud & de l'Est, en

— 123 —

Page from *Carmen*, by Prosper Mérimée, illustrated with etchings by Charles Martin. Published by La Roseraie. Etchings printed by La Roseraie, text by Coulouma.

NUIT
DE
NOCES

SCENE PREMIERE

Un

a chambre nuptiale. Decoree avec beaucoup de [illegible] goût par Pierrot, d'après celle de Meuble et Demailly. Le lit tres etroit, une table veilleuse.

Page from *Pierrot Fumiste*, by Laforgue, illustrated with engravings by Charles Martin. Published by Emile Paul.

Quand je me levai et que je me retournai vers la porte du balcon, je vis devant moi une vaste pièce à demi plongée dans l'obscurité. Le haut d'une bibliothèque à colonnes torses et surchargée de bouquins

= 41 =

6

Page from *Flaubert à Paris*, by Louis Bertrand, illustrated with woodcuts by Hermann Paul. Published by André Delpeuch. Printed by Ch. Hérissey.

Elle marchait entre la floraison et l'herbe; je perçus toute la beauté qu'elle avait, ce qu'elle était, la beauté de son

41

Page from *Laus Veneris*, by Algernon Swinburne, translated by Francis Vielé-Griffin. Woodcuts by Raphaël Drouart. Published and printed by Léon Pichon.

LE BAL

Il y avait bal, l'autre soir, dans l'appartement situé au-dessus du rez-de-chaussée que j'habite, en cette vieille maison de la rue Vaneau, où me retient, malgré de nombreuses incommodités, la jouissance d'un carré de jardin, composé d'une maigre pelouse et de quelques beaux arbres. Dans ce logis, trop vaste pour ma solitude de célibataire vieilli, je n'occupe que quelques pièces où j'ai rassemblé les souvenirs les plus émouvants de mon passé. C'est parmi eux que je me plais à vivre, parce qu'ils me parlent d'un temps qui n'est plus et où je retrouve ce que j'ai été. Par eux, je revois mon en-

7

Page from *Les Bonheurs Perdus*, by Henri de Régnier, illustrated with woodcuts by Croix Verdi. Published by Ferenczi. Printed by Imprimerie de Sceaux.

Le chevalier était beau, courtois, et pour sa valeur le duc qui tenait la Bourgogne l'avait admis en sa compagnie privée. Souvent donc il hantait la cour, et si souvent y vint-il que la duchesse s'éprit de lui et lui fit de telles avances que, s'il n'avait eu le cœur en un autre lieu, il n'eût pas manqué de s'apercevoir, à son manège, qu'en vérité elle l'aimait. Mais elle eut beau faire : il ne laissa jamais paraître qu'il eût remarqué, ni peu ni prou, son amour. De quoi elle fut très marrie, tant qu'un jour elle lui parla et le pressa comme voici :

« Sire, vous êtes beau et preux, tous le disent, Dieu merci ! et vous auriez bien mérité d'avoir une amie placée en

25

Text-page from *La Châtelaine de Vergy*, by Joseph Bedier. Published by H. Piazza. Printed by Jacoub & Cie.

SAPPHO

ODE
A LA BIEN-AIMÉE.

ET AUTRES POÈMES

PARAPHRASES FRANÇAISES
DE
RENÉ PUAUX

avec les vignettes gravées sur bois par
CARLÈGLE

A PARIS
CHEZ L'IMPRIMEUR LÉON PICHON
5, RUE CHRISTINE, 5

1926

Title-page for *Ode à la Bien-Aimée* (Sappho), paraphrased by René Puaux. Woodcuts by Carlègle. Published and printed by Léon Pichon.

LES AMOURS
DE CASSANDRE.

SOIT que son or se crespe lentement,
Ou soit qu'il vague en deux glissantes ondes,
Qui çà, qui là, par le sein vagabondes,
Et sur le col nagent follastrement ;

Ou soit qu'un noud illustré richement
De maints rubis et maintes perles rondes
Serre les flots de ses deux tresses blondes,
Mon cueur se plaist en son contentement.

Page from *La Muse de Ronsard*, decorated with vignettes engraved on wood by Carlègle. Published and printed by Léon Pichon.

Le peuplier déjà frissonne! Il tente de se mouvoir, de déplacer les pesantes couches d'air qui le gênent.

Son inquiétude gagne le hêtre, un chêne, des marronniers et tous les arbres du jardin s'avertissent, par gestes, qu'au ciel, la calotte s'élargit, pousse en avant sa bordure nette et sombre.

D'abord, ils excitent leurs branches minces et font taire les oiseaux, le merle qui lançait une note au hasard, comme un pois cru, la tourterelle que Poil de Carotte voyait tout à l'heure verser, par saccades, les roucoulements de sa gorge peinte, et la pie insupportable avec sa queue de pie.

L'ALBUM DE POIL DE CAROTTE

I

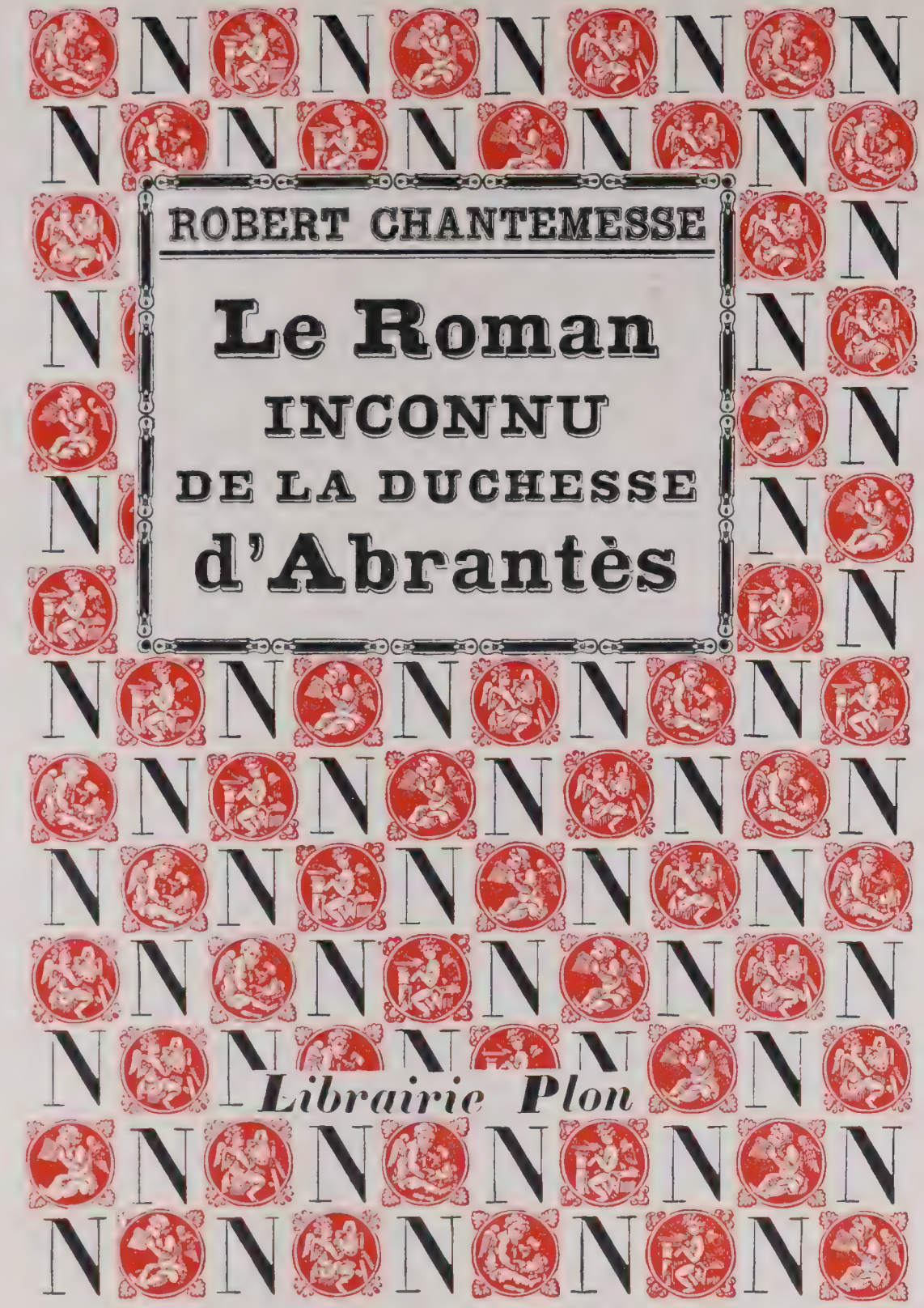
Si un étranger feuillette l'album de photographies des Lepic, il ne manque pas de s'étonner. Il voit sœur Ernestine et grand frère Félix sous divers aspects, debouts, assis, bien habillés ou demi-vêtus, gais ou renfrognés, au milieu de riches décors.

— Et Poil de Carotte ?

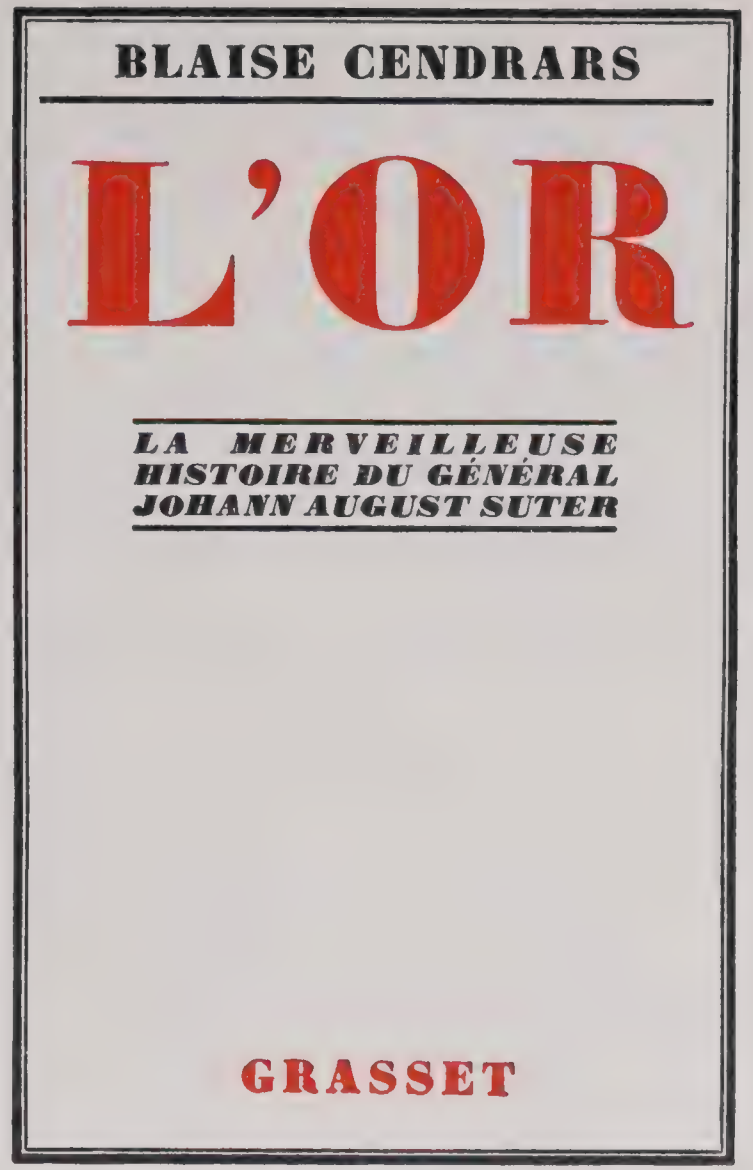
— J'avais des photographies de lui tout petit, répond madame Lepic, mais il était si beau qu'on me l'arrachait, et je n'ai pu en garder une seule.

La vérité c'est qu'on ne fait jamais *tirer* Poil de Carotte.

From « POIL DE CAROTTE » by Jules Renard.
Illustrations by Pierre Falké.
Published by « EDITIONS DU NORD », 163, Bd. Ad. Max, Brussels (Belgium).
Printed by Charles De Brouwer, Brussels.



Cover for *Le Roman Inconnu de la Duchesse d'Abrantès*, by Robert Chantemesse. Published by Librairie Plon. Printed by Imprimerie Plon.



Cover for *L'Or*, by Blaise Cendrars. Published by Bernard Grasset.

DU MENSONGE

ASSURÉMENT il est honteux de mentir; je vois même très bien pourquoi. Notre corps est ainsi fait qu'il exprime naturellement tout ce que nous pensons; ou, pour dire mieux, nul ne peut penser sans exprimer; le geste dessine la chose et le sentiment ensemble. Il faut que mes mains s'ouvrent si ma pensée est généreuse; et il n'y a point de restriction mentale sans que les mains fassent le geste de reprendre ou de garder. Cette expression par le geste peut être connue jusqu'au détail. La voix n'est connue aisément que par l'effet; les dispositions de la gorge et

Text-page from *Esquisses de l'Homme*, by Alain Ornan. Woodcuts by Alfred Latour. Published by Édouard Pelletan (Helleu et Sergent). Printed by Ducros et Colas.

JE VOUDRAIS, Messieurs, vous soumettre quelques réflexions sur l'esprit philosophique. Il me semble, — et plus d'un mémoire présenté à ce Congrès en témoigne, — que la métaphysique cherche en ce moment

Text-page from *L'Institution Philosophique*, by Henri Bergson. Woodcuts by P. E. Vibert. Published by Édouard Pelletan (Helleu et Sergent). Printed by E. Aulard.

VOILA, à peu près, ce que nous disions l'autre soir, mes amis et moi, en parlant de ce livre sans pareil. Jacques reprochait à Stendhal d'avoir, dans ses nomenclatures, omis bien des nuances et des variétés de l'amour, d'avoir parlé trop brièvement des différentes natures des femmes, comme des diverses façons de leur plaire et du problème si délicat de la séduction. « Son œuvre,

Page from *Supplement à 'De L'Amour' de Stendhal*, by Abel Bonnard. Woodcuts by Paul Baudier. Published by Editions du Trianon. Printed by Ducros et Colas.

FRANÇOIS BERNOUARD

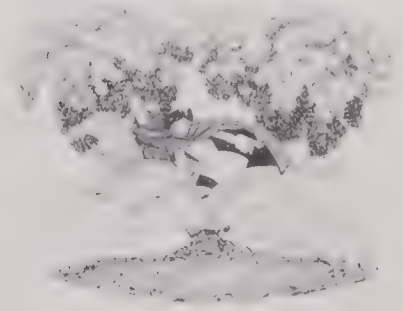
La Fièvre d'Amour

Dialogue en prose, coupé de trois repos pour les interprètes et le public.

Typographie
FRANÇOIS BERNOUARD
73, Rue des Saints-Pères, 73
PARIS

Title-page of *La Fièvre de l'Amour*, by François Bernouard. Published and printed by François Bernouard.

Mais, après tout, la pure nature est bonne, puisque ces



DE CANDIDE ET DE SON VALET

mot, retournons en Europe par le

tems, vous pourrez toujours nous manger, si vous trou-

vous connaissez trop les principes du droit public, les mœurs & les loix, pour ne pas nous faire grace. »

tèrent deux Notables pour aller en diligence s'informer de la vérité, les deux députés

sortes de civilités, leur offrirent des filles, leur donnèrent

de leurs Etats, en criant avec allégresse : « Il n'est point Jesuite, il n'est point Jesuite ! »

délivrance. « Quel peuple! disait-il, quels hommes, quelles mœurs

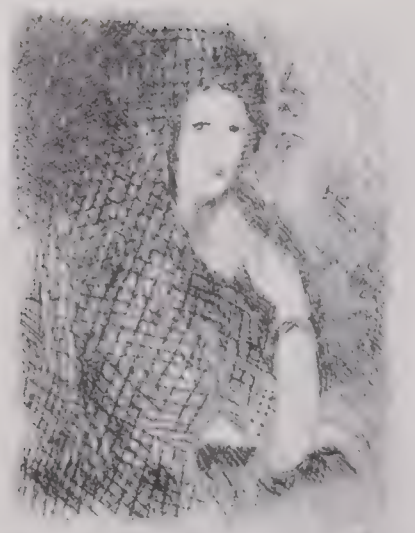
ner un grand coup d'épée au travers du corps du frère

Pages from Voltaire's *Candide*. Illustrated by Sylvain Sauvage, with the collaboration of D. A. Maillart, with engravings on copper, coloured. Published by Sylvain Sauvage. Text printed by Frazier-Soye, engravings by P. Haasen.

A l'apéritif de midi, les lutteurs se promènent rue Lepic. Autrefois, il y avait des gens pour dire, en se retournant sur leur passage : « C'est Un Telle-Marseillais, ou Karagheuz ». Aujourd'hui ils peuvent se promener au centre même de l'indifférence générale.

Ils n'en sont pas plus heureux.

Text-page and illustration from *Boutiques de la Foire*, by Pierre Mac Orlan. Illustrations by Lucien Boucher. Published by Marcel Séheur. Lithographs printed by Mourlot, text by Imprimerie Séheur.



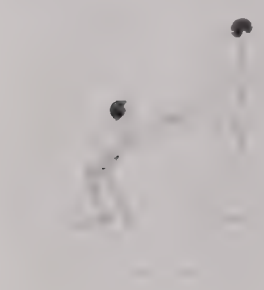
Tout a changé. Je commence cette page dans le train qui me mène à Séville, et j'aperçois par le carreau une région verte, cultivée, presque humide. Après

Page from *Les Lettres Espagnoles, publiées par Jacques de Lacretelle*, illustrated with etchings by Marie Laurençin. Published by 'Le Livre'. Printed by Coulouma.

AU CAFE QUADRI

Vous avez bien fait de venir à Venise au printemps, si vous ne la connaissiez qu'à l'automne, me dit-il. [illegible] somptueuse et moins grave, mais d'une grâce

Page from *Contes Vénitiens*, by Henri de Régnier, illustrated with water-colours by Charles Martin. Published by 'Le Livre'. Printed by Coulouma.



Page from *Daphnis et Alcimadure*, by Jean de la Fontaine, illustrated by André E. Marty. Published by Xavier-Havermans. Etchings printed by Xavier-Havermans, text by Coulouma.

XX

Mimi a des Plumes

I

Eh! non, non, non, vous n'êtes plus Lisette. Eh! non, non, non, vous n'êtes plus Mimi!

» Vous êtes aujourd'hui madame la vicomtesse; après-demain, peut-être, serez-vous madame la duchesse, car vous avez posé le pied sur l'escalier des grandeurs; la porte de vos rêves s'est enfin ouverte à deux battants devant vos pas, et voilà que vous venez d'y entrer victo-

Page from *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*, by Henry Murger, illustrated with etchings by L. Brissaud. Published by L'Intermédiaire du Bibliophile. Text printed by Ducros et Colas.

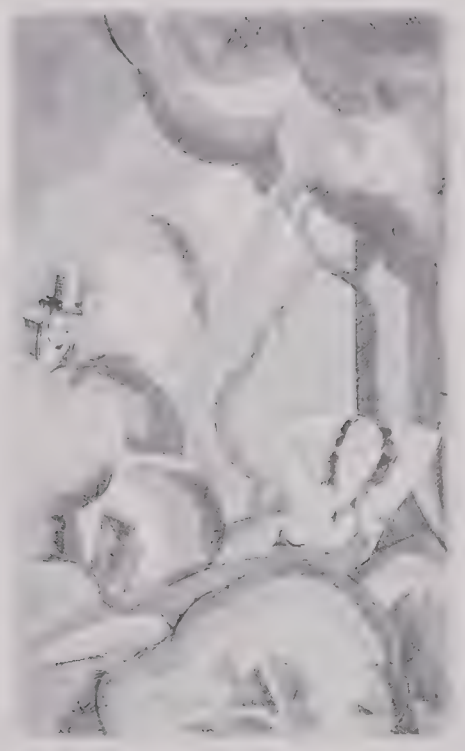
SYMBOLE

Je n'ai retenu que ceci : la circonférence est le signe de la perfection infinie et j'ai dit à mon ami :

« Je puis en donner la preuve.

— Laquelle, petite Aurette !

Notre amour ! Il est parfait et sans cesse nous parcourons le même cercle. D'abord les regards et les tendres baisers,



Text-page and illustration from *Les Oraisons Amoureuses de Jeanne-Aurélie Grivolin, Lyonnaise*, by Roger Pillet. Illustrations by Y. B. Dyl. Published by La Connaissance. Printed by Coulouma.

JE ne veulx point fouiller au sein de la nature,
Je ne veulx point chercher l'esprit de l'univers,
Je ne veulx point sonder les abysmes couvers,
Ny desseigner du ciel la belle architecture.
Je ne peins mes tableaux de si riche peinture,
Et si hauts argumens ne recherche à mes vers;
Mais suivant de ce lieu les accidents divers,
Soit de bien, soit de mal, j'escris à l'adventure.
Je me plains à mes vers, si j'ay quelque regret:
Je me ris avec eulx, je leur dy mon secret,
Comme estans de mon cœur les plus seurs secretaires.
Aussi ne veulx-je tant les pigner et friser,
Et de plus braves noms ne les veulx deguiser
Que de papiers journaux ou bien de commentaires.

II UN plus sçavant que moy (Paschal) ira songer
Aveques l'Ascrean dessus la double cyme:
Et pour estre de ceulx dont on fait plus d'estime,
Dedans l'onde au cheval tout nud s'ira plonger
Quant à moy, je ne veulx, pour un vers allonger,
M'accoursir le cerveau: ny pour polir ma ryme,
Me consumer l'esprit d'une songneuse lime,
Frapper dessus ma table ou mes ongles ronger.
Aussi veulx-je (Paschal) que ce que je compose
Soit une prose en ryme ou une ryme en prose,
Et ne veulx pour cela le laurier meriter.
Et peult estre que tel se pense bien habile,
Qui trouvant de mes vers la ryme si facile,
En vain travaillera, me voulant imiter.

16

N'ESTANT, comme je suis, encor' exercité III
Par tant et tant de maux au jeu de la Fortune,
Je suivois d'Apollon la trace non commune,
D'une saincte fureur sainctement agité.
Ores ne sentant plus ceste divinité,
Mais picqué du souci qui fascheux m'importune,
Une adresse j'ay pris beaucoup plus opportune
A qui se sent forcé de la necessité.
Et c'est pourquoy (Seigneur) ayant perdu la trace
Que suit vostre Ronsard par les champs de la Grace,
Je m'adresse ou je voy le chemin plus batu
Ne me bastant le cœur, la force, ny l'haleine,
De suivre, comme luy, par sueur et par peine,
Ce penible sentier qui meine à la vertu.

JE ne veulx fueilleter les exemplaires Grecs, IV
Je ne veulx retracer les beaux traicts d'un Horace,
Et moins veulx-je imiter d'un Petrarque la grace,
Ou la voix d'un Ronsard, pour chanter mes Regrets.
Ceulx qui sont de Phœbus vrais poëtes sacrez
Animeront leurs vers d'une plus grand' audace
Moy, qui suis agité d'une fureur plus basse,
Je n'entre si avant en si profonds secretz.
Je me contenteray de simplement escrire
Ce que la passion seulement me fait dire,
Sans rechercher ailleurs plus graves argumens.
Aussi n'ay-je entrepris d'imiter en ce livre
Ceulx qui par leurs escripts se vantent de revivre
Et se tirer tous vifz dehors des monumens.

17

Text-pages from *Les Regrets*, by Joachim du Bellay. Initials designed by S. H. de Roos. Published by La Connaissance. Printed by C. Nypels (Maastricht).

Jersey. Dieu merci, me voilà à mon métier.

sarcle mes chardons avec la précaution d'un moufle, et je ris un peu. Le moment présent est pour moi la vie entière, je suis peintre, et comme

une languissante sirène! Enfin, il sera bientôt heureux, si c'est cela qui doit causer son bonheur. Je sais que je suis agréable à regarder, puisque j'y ai du plaisir moi-même, et de ce plaisir je ne prélève pas mon mari, au contraire. Je ne sais si je l'aimerai, je l'espère; mais je veux qu'il m'aime lui, et je ferai pour lui plaire tout ce qui lui plaira. Ah! chère Adélaïde, je suis pleine de rêves absurdes et de pensées contradictoires! Je songe à des choses qui me semblent à la fois douces et vilaines, et j'ai des imaginations qui me font rougir en même temps que pleurer! Au moins, je ne m'ennuie pas. Je vis plus en une heure de ces journées que l'an passé je ne vécus en toute l'année. Chaque heure me renouvelle, me grandit et m'épanouit. Je me semble un rosier qui fleurirait à vue d'œil; je suis fraîche et parfumée; je suis légère et forte : j'attends le bonheur. Paul est plus beau que je ne l'avais encore jamais vu. Il est pâle avec de grands yeux pleins de fièvre et d'amour. Je le trouve sublime quand il s'agenouille près de moi pour me regarder comme en prière. J'ai envie de le prier aussi, parfois, et de m'agenouiller moi-même sur ses genoux, mais quand il est là, je ne le trouve plus entre moi-même et moi. Je le contre. Paul est très attaché à maintenir un homme dans les bornes du respect.

Pages from *Le Songe d'une Femme*, by Rémy de Gourmont. Illustrated by J. E. Laboureur. Published by Camille Bloch. Engravings printed by Vernaud, text by Frazier-Soye.

Caractères de l'Ecriture
dans
La Typographie

Étude Historique
par
STANLEY MORISON

Traduit de l'Anglais

PARIS
A l'Enseigne du Pégase
37 Rue Boulard
1927

Cover and title-page of *Caractères de l'Ecriture dans La Typographie*, by Stanley Morison. Published by Editions du Pégase. Printed by Bishop et Garrett. Paper cover designed by Diane Brook, executed by Bishop et Garrett.

***

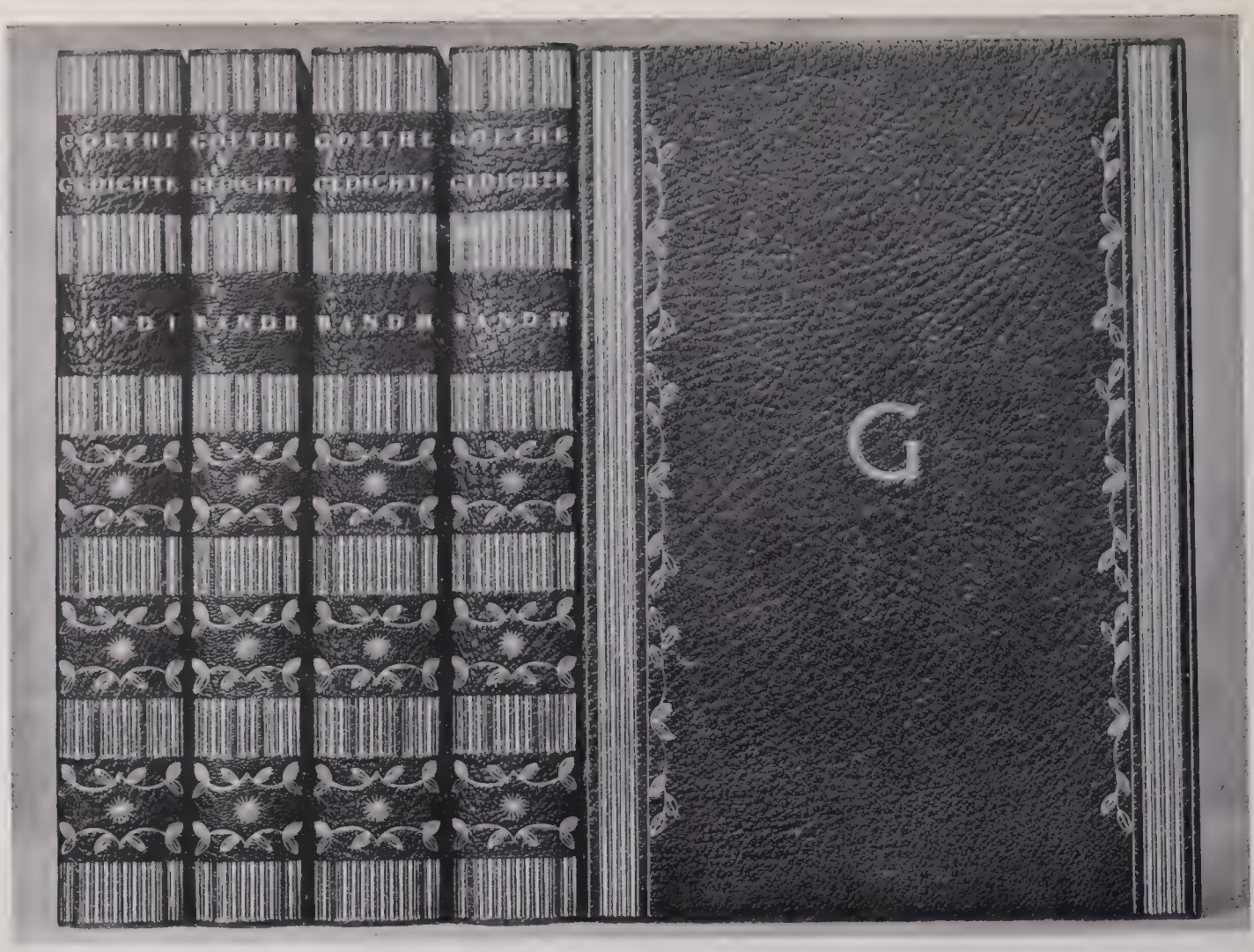
Les amateurs de pittoresque ne peuvent-ils se contenter de cette figure centrale entourée de dix masques farouches dans cet hallucinant décor dont la montagne est la toile de fond et la mer le premier plan. Nonce Romanetti, ses guides, la mer, le maquis, cela

19

Page from *Les Rois du Maquis*, by Pierre Bonardi. Illustrations by Henri Epstein. Published by André Delpeuch. Printed by La Société Generale d'Imprimerie et d'Edition.

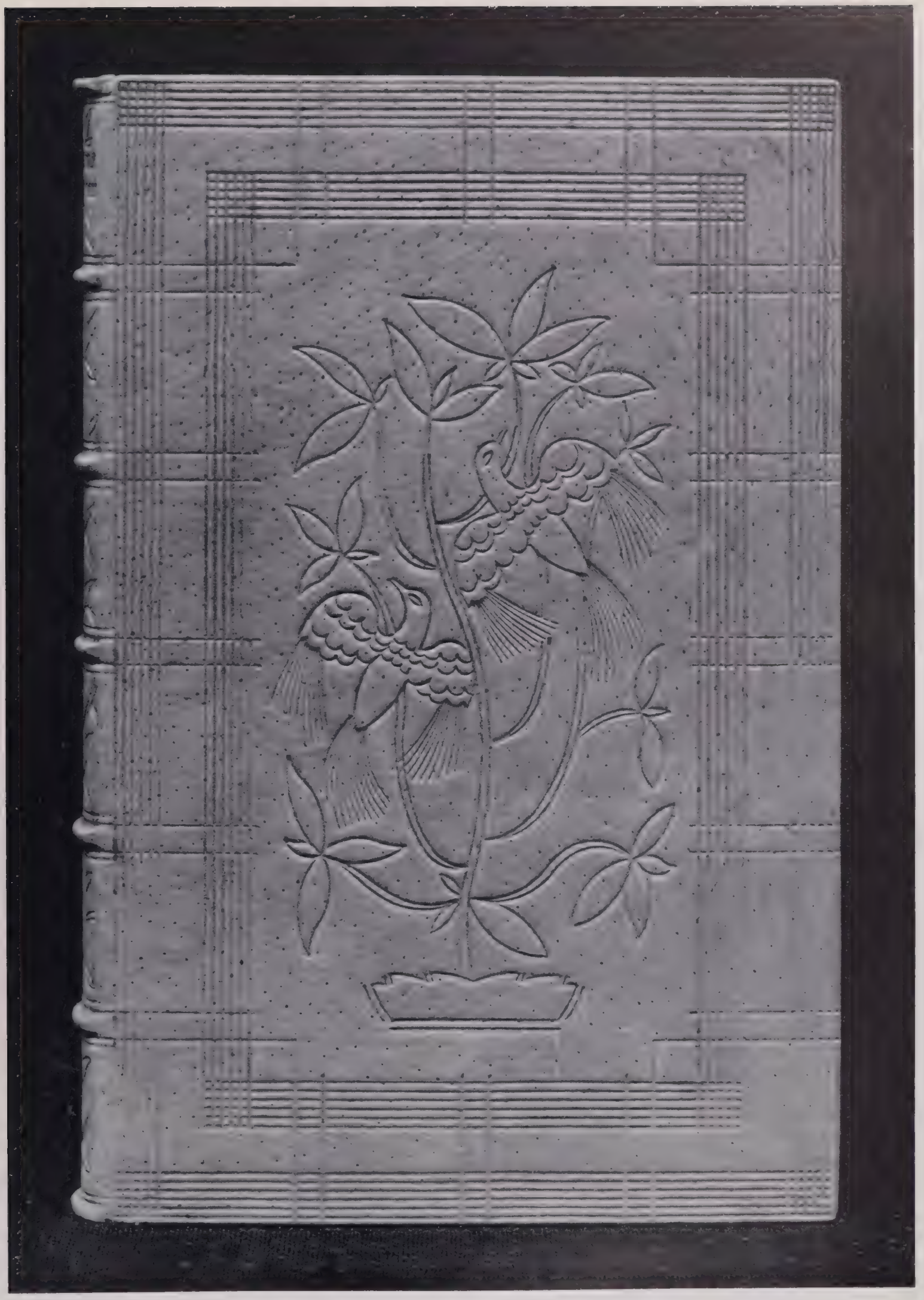
Pages from *Mein Stundenbuch*, illustrated with woodcuts by Frans Masereel. Published by Kurt Wolff. Printed by Bibliographische Institut, Leipzig.

Bookbinding in morocco leather, with coloured inlay, designed by Georg A. Mathéy for *Leonce und Lena*. Executed by Staatl. Akademie, Leipzig.



Bookbinding in red morocco leather, with gold tooling, for four volumes of *Goethe Gedichte*, by Ignaz Wiemeler.

Bookbindings in blue morocco leather, with gold tooling, by Ignaz Wiemeler.



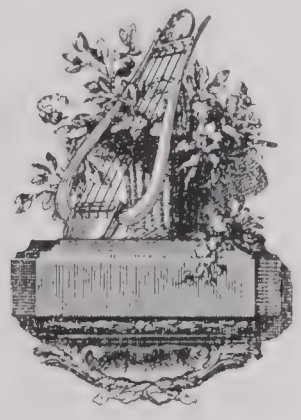
Bookbinding in white pigskin, with blind tooling, by Ignaz Wiemeler.

Bindings designed by Rudolf Wirth for *Die Abendstube*, by Luhmann, *Der Heilige Franziskus*, by Chesterton, *Die Braut des Alexius*, by Peter Dörfler, and *Marte Schlichtegroll*, by Linzen. Published by Josef Kösel and Friedrich Pustet.

W. A. MOZARTS HANDSCHRIFT

In zeitlich geordneten

Nachbildungen



herausgegeben

von

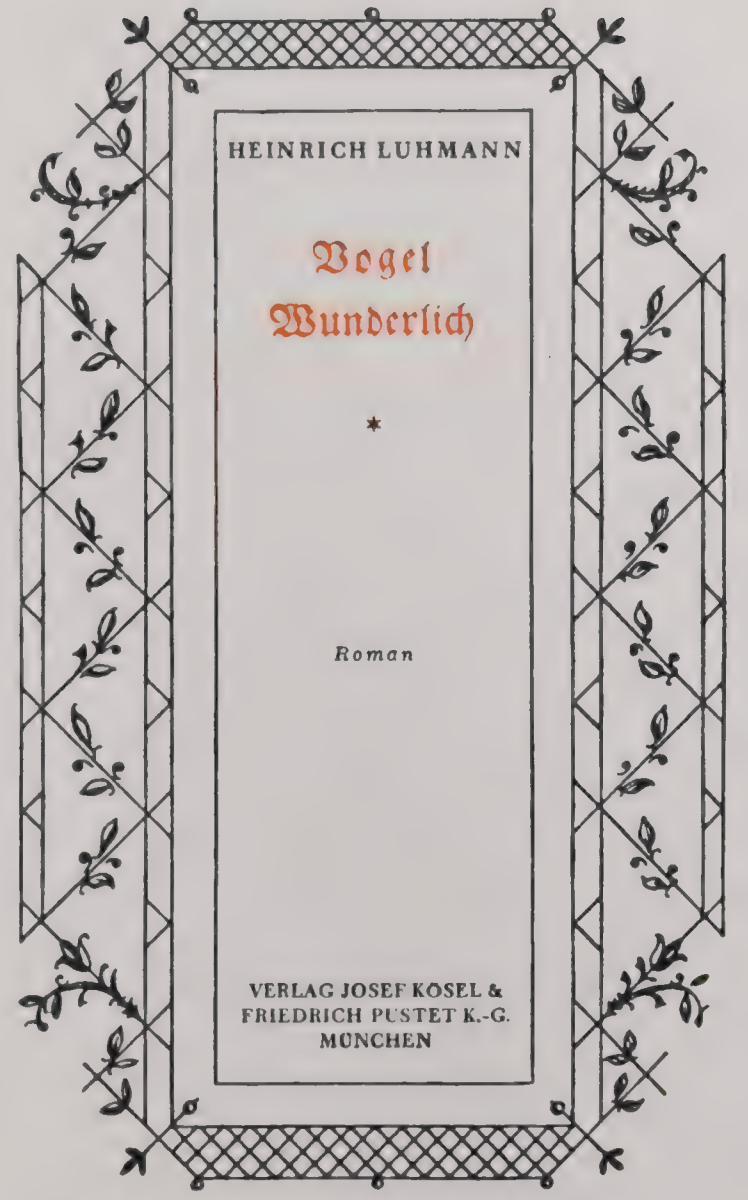
Ludwig Schiedermair

BÜCKEBURG UND LEIPZIG

C. F. W. Siegel's Musikalienhandlung (R. Linnemann)

1 9 1 9

Title-page of *W. A. Mozart's Handschrift*, edited by Ludwig Schiedermair. Published by C. F. W. Siegel's Musikalienhandlung (R. Linnemann). Printed by Poeschel & Trepke.



Title-page for *Vogel Wunderlich*, by Heinrich Luhmann, designed by Heinrich Wirth. Published by Josef Kösel & Friedrich Pustet. Printed by Friedrich Pustet.

ALFRED
RICHARD
MEYER
MUNKEPUNKES
NEUE
LACHLICHKEIT

Title-page for *Munkepunkes Neue Lachlichkeit*, by Alfred Richard Meyer. Designed by Jean Hoppe. Published by Gesellschaft der Bücherfreunde. Printed by Buchdruckerei Adam.

NEUE KUNSTBÜCHER

E. u. J. DE GONCOURT.

GAVARNI

DER MENSCH UND DAS WERK

2 BANDE MIT 107 GANZSEITIGEN UND 36 TEXTILLUSTRATIONEN / ÜBERTRAGUNG VON STEFANIE STRIZEK MIT EINER EINLEITUNG VON MAX VON BOEHN UND EINER EINBANDZEICHNUNG VON EMIL PREETORIUS
GEHEFTET M 26.–, GEBUNDEN M 36.–

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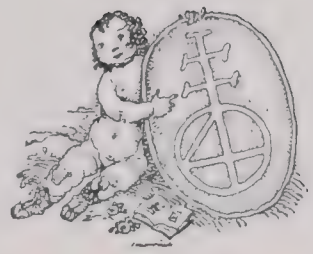


ORION

EIN JAHRKREIS IN BRIEFEN

BEI Wedekind tritt einmal ein Mann auf, der unsere Zeitschriften durchsieht. Er stöbert und blattert in den Papieren: „Der Tag", ruft er verzweifelt aus, „Die Woche", „Das Jahr", „Das Jahrhundert", „Das Jahrtausend". — Ist's nicht beinah wirklich so? Sind wir nicht überschwemmt mit Zeitschriften und haben wir die allzugleichen nicht allmählich satt? Immer wieder dasselbe Bild: unter dem Titelkopf ein kluger Leitartikel, dann ein Stück Roman, eine Novelle, ein paar Essais, hinten Miszellen, Kleinigkeiten, Bücherbesprechungen. Wir dachten, man müsse einmal etwas anderes machen. Der Reiz des Briefes ist noch nicht erloschen. Die Briefkultur der Romantiker mag dahin sein: es gibt auch heute noch eine

Publishers' prospectuses printed by Poeschel & Trepte for Hyperion-Verlag.

ALS UMFANGREICHSTES WERK IN DER REIHE ihrer Foliodrucke veröffentlicht die Bremer Presse die wort- und sprachgetreue Ausgabe von Luthers deutscher Bibelübersetzung, deren Drucklegung sie sich seit Jahren als höchstes Ziel ihrer Arbeit vorgesetzt hatte, weil in ihr die verschiedenen geistigen Richtungen ihrer bisherigen Veröffentlichungen erst den verbindenden Schlussstein finden. Was Dantes Gedicht stilbegründend und sprachschöpferisch für die Welt seines Volkes, was Augustin, der Schöpfer des wissenschaftlichen Gebrauchslateins als der Weltsprache der neuen Christenheit, für die bewohnte Welt des Mittelalters geworden ist, was in einem gewissen Sinne die Homerischen Gedichte als heroische Genesis von Sprache und Menschheit für die antiken Völker waren, ebendies ist die Bibel Luthers für das deutsche Volk in dem doppelten Sinne, dass sie es an den Orient und die Antike anschliesst, und ihm gleichzeitig zum ersten Male eine Gesamtsprache gibt. Indessen ist diese Gesamtsprache, deren wir uns heute noch bedienen, in ihrer von Luther künstlerisch bestimmten herrlichen Urform aus unseren heutigen Bibeln nicht mehr aufnehmbar. Die Bedürfnisse der protestantischen Kirche haben die Bibel zu einem zeitgebundenen und daher zeitgerüttelten Gebrauchsbuche gemacht, und eine lebendige kirchliche Praxis konnte sich darauf berufen, dass eine Gemeindelektüre der Heiligen Schriften sich auf die Dauer mit der Bewahrung eines im Sprachgebrauche veraltenden Wort- und Lautbestandes nicht vertrug. Auch in anderen Hinsichten ist die Zeit über Luther hinausgeschritten. Fast ein halbes Jahrtausend der Studien hat für gelehrte Zwecke korrektere Versionen entstehen lassen als das sechzehnte Jahrhundert von Luther fordern durfte. Umso mehr mag das wiederkehrende Jubiläum seiner ungeheuren Leistung - unsere Ausgabe erscheint vierhundert Jahre nach dem Zeitpunkte, in dem Luther sein Werk fast abgeschlossen und nur noch an Propheten und Apokryphen zu vervollständigen hatte - das deutsche Volk der Verpflichtungen gemahnen, die es vom rein künstlerischen und sprachlichen Gesichtspunkte aus gegen die grosse Urkunde seines Glaubens und seiner Zunge hat. Es scheint die Zeit gekommen zu sein, dem deutschen Geist und der deutschen Poesie dies nirgends mehr

Und Gott der Herr pflantzet einen Garten in Eden, gegen dem morgen, und setzet den Menschen drein, den er gemacht hatte. Und Gott der Herr lies auffwachsen aus der Erden allerley Beume, lüstig anzusehen, und gut zu essen, Und den Baum des Lebens mitten im Garten, und den Baum des Erkentnis gutes und böses. ¶ Und es gieng aus von Eden ein Strom zu wessern den Garten, und teilet sich da selbs in vier Heubtwasser. Das erst heisst Pison, das fleusset umb das gantze Land Hevila, Und daselbs findet man gold, und das gold des Lands ist köstlich, und da findet man Bedellion, und den eddelstein Onix. Das ander wasser heisst Gihon, das fleusst umb das gantze Morenland. Das dritte wasser heisst Hidekel, das fleusst fur Assyrien. Das vierde wasser ist der Phrath. ¶ Und Gott der Herr nam den Menschen und satzt jn in den garten Eden, das er jn bauet und bewaret. Und Gott der Herr gebot dem Menschen, und sprach, Du solt essen von allerley Beume im Garten. Aber von dem Baum des Erkentnis gutes und böses soltu nicht essen, Denn welches tages du da von isseſt, wirstu des Todes sterben. ¶ Und Gott der Herr sprach, Es ist nicht gut das der Mensch allein sey, Ich wil jm ein Gehülffen machen, die umb jn sey. Denn als Gott der Herr gemacht hatte von der Erden allerley Thier auff dem Felde, und allerley Vogel unter dem Himel, bracht er sie zu dem Menschen, das er sehe, wie er sie nennet, Denn wie der Mensch allerley lebendige Thier nennen würde, so solten sie heissen. Und der Mensch gab einem jglichen Vieh, und Vogel unter dem Himel, und Thier auff dem felde, seinen namen, Aber fur den Menschen ward kein Gehülffe funden, die umb jn were. ¶ Da lies Gott der Herr einen tieffen Schlaff fallen auff den Menschen, und er entschlieff. Und nam seiner Rieben eine, und schlos die stet zu mit Fleisch. Und Gott der Herr bauet ein Weib aus der Riebe, die er von dem Menschen nam, und bracht sie zu jm. Da sprach der Mensch, Das ist doch Bein von meinen Beinen, und Fleisch von meinem fleisch, Man wird sie Mennin heissen, darumb, das sie vom Manne genomen ist. Darumb, wird ein Man seinen Vater und seine Mutter verlassen, und an seinem Weibe hangen, und sie werden sein ein Fleisch. Und sie waren beide nacket, der Mensch und sein Weib, und schemeten sich nicht.
Und die Schlange war listiger denn alle Thier auff dem felde, die Gott der Herr gemacht hatte, und sprach zu dem Weibe, Ja, solt Gott gesagt

1. Mose 2,8 - 3,1

Pages from a reprint of *Biblia: Das ist: Die Gantze Heilige Schrifft-Deudsch*, by D. Martin Luther. Published and printed by Bremer-Presse.

Im flimmernden Dämmer eines Frühlingsmorgens, wenn die Vögel in den Zweigen geheimnisvoll leise zu zwitschern beginnen, wer hat da nicht mitunter zu fühlen vermeint, Paar um Paar hielte Zwiesprache mit den Blumen? Wahrlich, im Menschen muß das Verständnis für Blumen gleichzeitig mit der Poesie der Liebe geboren sein. Wie läßt sich das Erschließen einer jungfräulichen Seele besser versinnbildlichen als in einer Blume, lieblich in ihrer Unschuld, duftend in ihrem Schweigen? Der Mann der Urzeit, der seinem Mädchen die erste Blumenwinde brachte, tat so den ersten Schritt über das Tier hinaus. Er wurde Mensch, indem er sich über die

From „DAS BUCH VOM TEE“
Illustrations by: GEORG A. MATHÉY
Published by: Insel-Verlag, Leipzig
Printed by: Staatl. Akademie, Leipzig

Da erhob sich Timalimalononga; in neuer, herrlicher Körperschönheit war er wieder zum Leben erwacht.

„Nun gehe zu den Eltern," sprach der Greis, „bereite sogleich deine Hochzeitsgeschenke und gehe sofort zu der Schönen, sonst kommst du zu spät, und sie mochte sich einen andern Gatten erwählt haben. Nie wieder werde ich dem Tingilau folgen."

Der Jüngling ging jetzt zu seinen Eltern. Sie freuten sich über den Wiedergeschenkten. Der gedachte der Worte des Großvaters. „Gebt mir ein Fischnetz!" und zu seinem Vater Vasa sprach er: „Komm sogleich mit einem Fischkorb zum Strande hinunter."

Timalimalononga eilte voraus, warf das Netz aus und fing eine gewaltige Menge Fische. Sie sollten das Werbegeschenk bei der Schönen bilden.

„Komm, füll' sie in deinen Korb und trage ihn zu der Schönen!" bat er den Vater.

Und Vasa trug die schwere Last zu der umworbenen Frau.

Beim Anblick der gewaltigen Menge Fische rief sie aus: „Kein anderer als der wiedererstandene Timalimalononga soll fortan mein Gatte sein!"

So heirateten die beiden einander; und kein böser Tingilau, keine eifersüchtige neidische Muhme hat ihnen ihr Glück gestört.

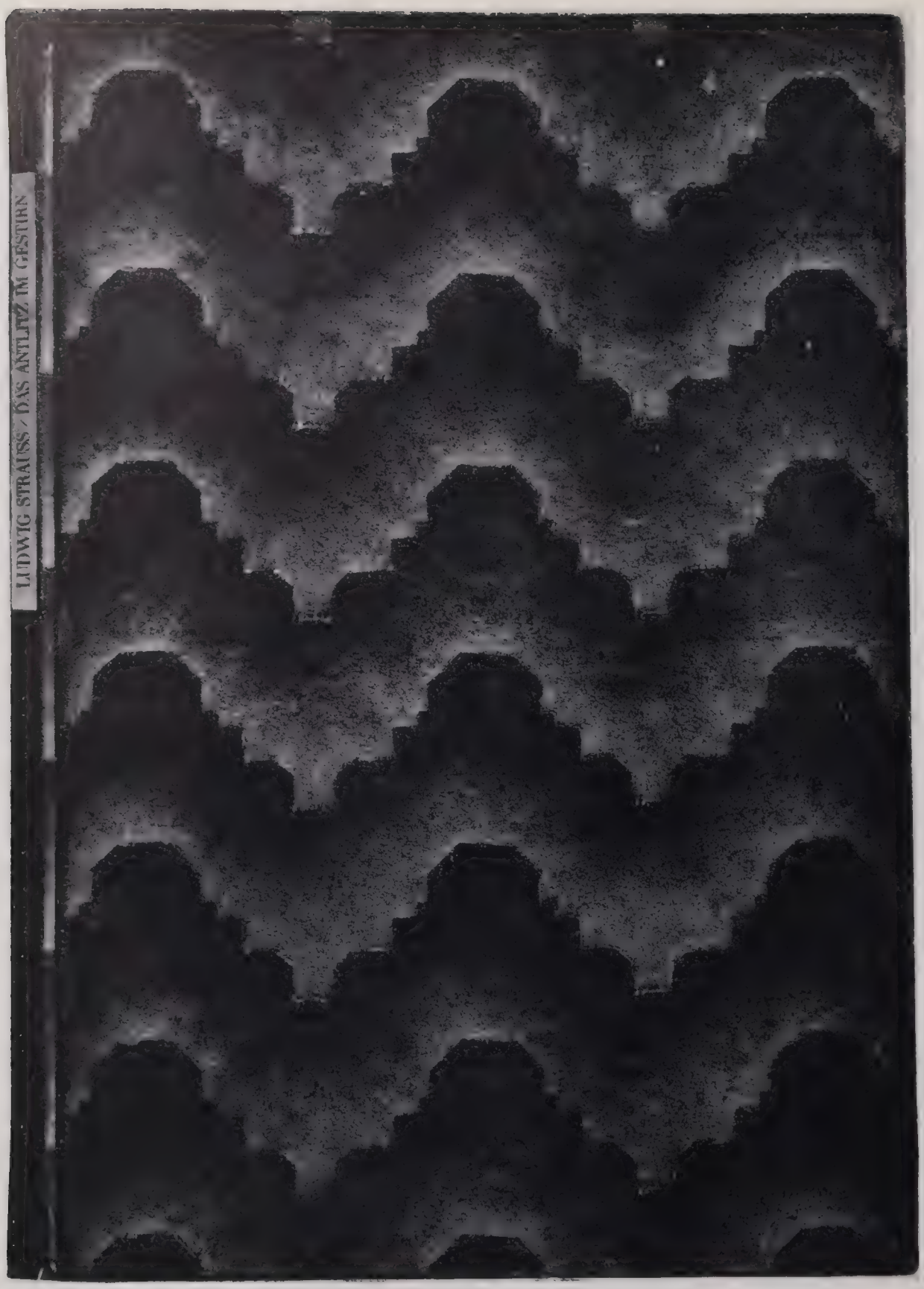
•

Die Liebe siegt

•

Rangi-uru war die Mutter eines Häuptlings, namens Tutanekai; eigentlich war sie die Gemahlin des Whakaue-kaipapa, des Ahnherrn des Ngati-whakaue, doch eines Tages lief sie ihm fort, und Tuwharetoa, der Ahn der Te Heuheu und der Ngati-tuwharetoa, begleitete sie. Mit Whakaue hatte sie drei Söhne gezeugt; Tawakeheinoa, Ngararamui und Tuteaiti waren sie genannt worden. Und nach der Geburt des Tuteaiti floh Rangi-uru mit Tuwharetoa, der als Fremder nach Rotorua gekommen war. Aus ihrer Verbindung wurde Tutanekai als Bankert geboren. Am Ende söhnten sich Whakaue und Rangi-uru wieder aus; sie lebten wieder zusammen und bekamen noch einen Sohn, der Kopako benannt wurde; danach wurde ihnen eine Tochter geboren, die den Namen Tupa erhielt; sie war das letzte Kind von Whakaue.

Box with cover and two text-pages from *Faraulip*. Lithographed, set, and printed by Georg A. Mathéy. Published by Johannes Asmus.



Cover of black and gold paper for *Das Antlitz im Gestirn*, by Ludwig Strauss. Paper designed and made by Anne-Marie Irmler. Published by Gesellschaft der Bücherfreunde, Chemnitz, for members of the Society. Printed by Buchdruckerei Wilhelm Adam.

Heinrich Luhmann

Die Heiligen in Holzschuhen

und andere Geschichten

*

Mit Holzschnitten von
Rudolf Wirth

*

Verlag Josef Kösel & Friedrich Pustet München

Frontispiece and title-page of *Die Heiligen in Holzschuhen*, by Heinrich Luhmann. Woodcuts by Rudolf Wirth. Published by Josef Kösel and Friedrich Pustet. Printed by Universitäts-Buchdruckerei (Dr. C. Wolf & Sohn).

Houston Stewart Chamberlain

Herrn Hinkebein's Schädel

F. Bruckmann A.-G. München

JOST

Title-page of *Herrn Hinkebein's Schädel*, by Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Designed by Heinrich Jost. Published and printed by F. Bruckmann A.-G.

DIE ZEITSCHRIFT DES HERRN

JOST

Herausgegeben von Herrmann Hoffmann Berlin

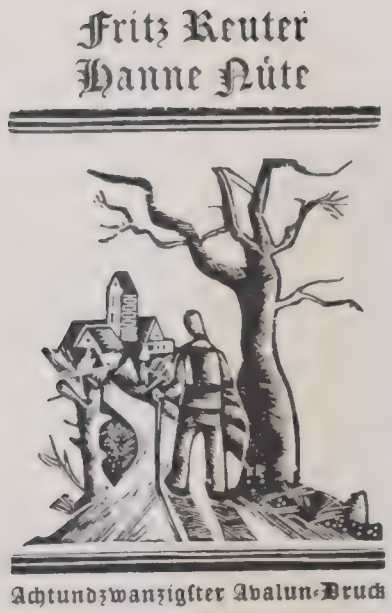
Cover for *Die Zeitschrift des Herrn*. Designed by Heinrich Jost for Herrmann Hoffmann. Printed by Mandruck A.-G.

Cover for *Der Heimweg*, by Ludwig Reeg. Designed by Heinrich Jost. Published and printed by C. H. Beck.

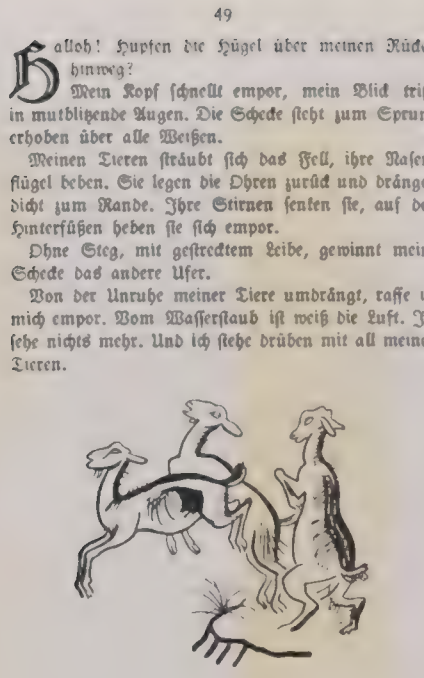
Cover for *Der Deutschen Einheit Schicksalsland*, by Paul Wentzcke. Designed by Heinrich Jost. Published by Drei Masken. Printed by Mandruck A.-G.

Cover for *Die Schönsten Mörike-Briefe*, edited by Walther Eggert Windegg. Designed by Heinrich Jost. Published and printed by C. H. Beck.

Cover for *Die Helle Nacht*, by Walter von Molo. Designed by Heinrich Jost. Published by Albert Langen. Printed by Hesse & Becker.



Title-page of *Hanne Nüte*, by Fritz Reuter. Illustrations by Karl Roessing. Published by Avalun. Printed by Jakob Hegner.


49
Halloh! Hupfen die Hügel über meinen Rücken hinweg?
Mein Kopf schnellt empor, mein Blick trifft in mutblitzende Augen. Die Schecke steht zum Sprung erhoben über alle Weißen.
Meinen Tieren sträubt sich das Fell, ihre Nasenflügel beben. Sie legen die Ohren zurück und drängen dicht zum Rande. Ihre Stirnen senken sie, auf den Hinterfüßen heben sie sich empor.
Ohne Steg, mit gestrecktem Leibe, gewinnt meine Schecke das andere Ufer.
Von der Unruhe meiner Tiere umdrängt, raffe ich mich empor. Vom Wasserstaub ist weiß die Luft. Ich sehe nichts mehr. Und ich stehe drüben mit all meinen Tieren.

Page from *Höhenwind*, by Margarete Windthorst. Illustrations by Richard Seewald. Published and printed by Führer-Verlag.

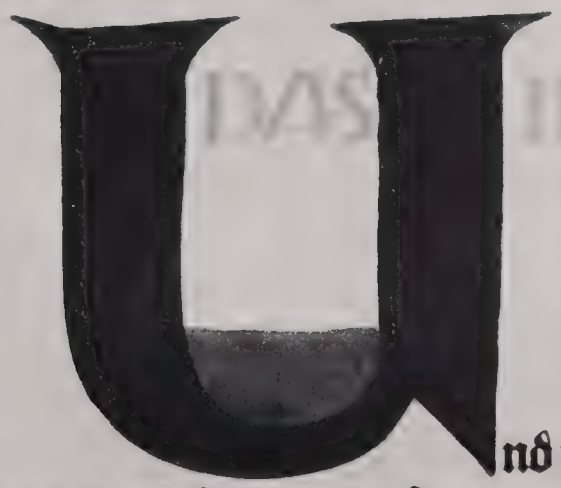
Cover for *Die Verfolgten*, by Martin Beradt. Published by Ernst Rowohlt. Printed by Spamerschen Buchdruckerei.

Title-page of *Berühmte Erstdrucke*, by G. A. E. Bogeng. Printed for Paul Graupe by Poeschel & Trepte.

Johannes Muron
Die spanische Insel

Cover. Design by Thias Brünker-Berlin
Executed by Rudolf Schlick-München
Published by Bühnenvolksbundverlag-Berlin
Printed by Haas & Grabherr-Augsburg

von ihm, und er ward rein. Und Jesus bedräute ihn und trieb ihn alsbald von sich und sprach zu ihm: Siehe zu, daß du niemand nichts sagest; sondern gehe hin und zeige dich dem Priester und opfere für deine Reinigung, was Moses geboten hat, zum Zeugnis über sie. Er aber, da er hinauskam, hub er an und sagte viel davon und machte die Geschichte ruchtbar, also daß er hinfort nicht mehr konnte öffentlich in die Stadt gehen; sondern er war draußen in den wüsten Örtern, und sie kamen zu ihm von allen Enden.

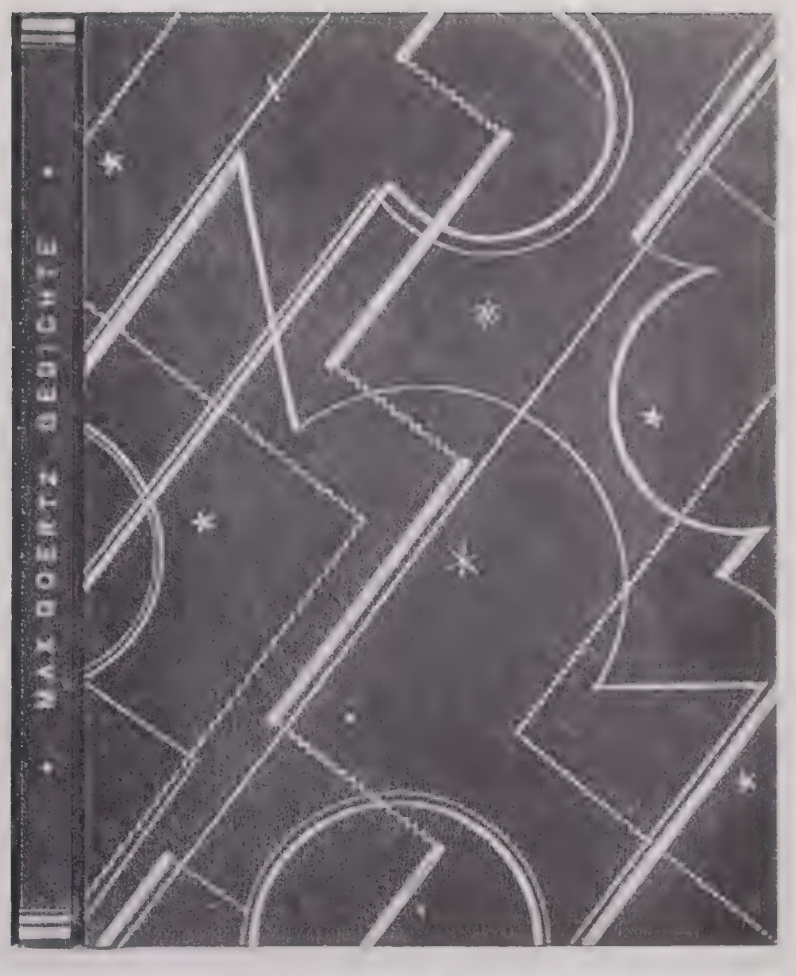


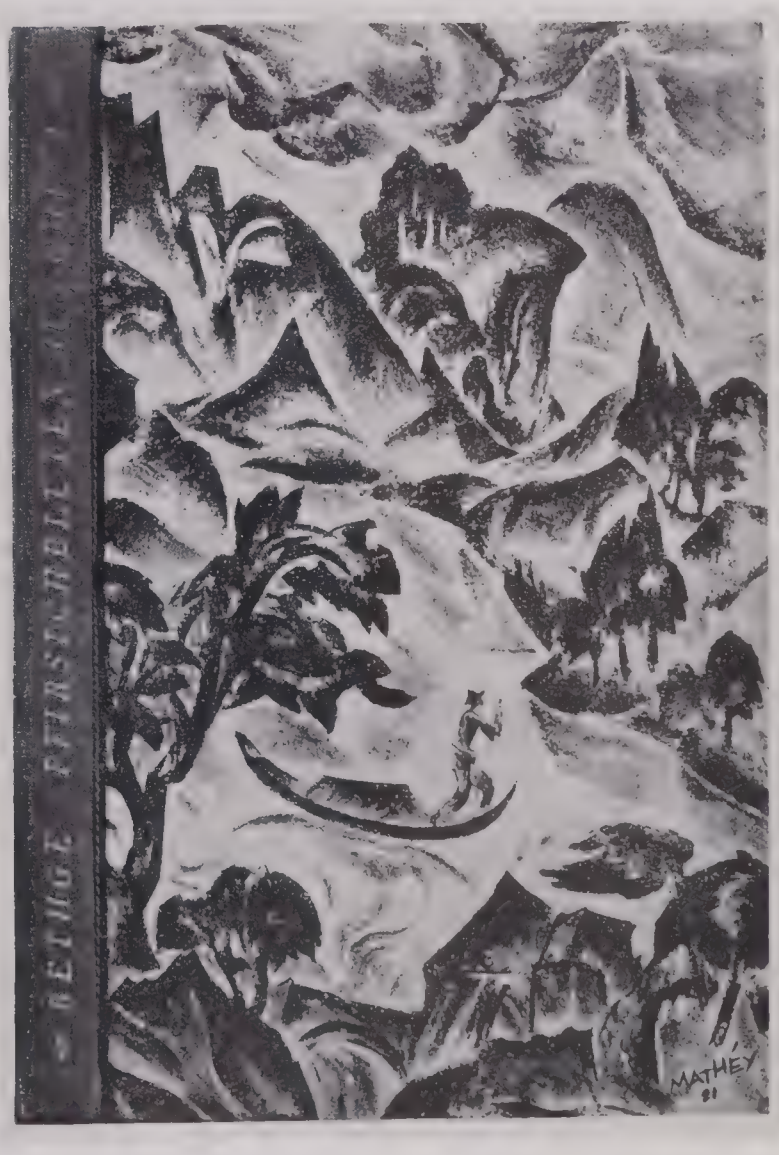
nd über etliche Tage ging er wiederum gen Kapernaum; und es ward ruchtbar, daß er im Hause war. Und alsbald versammelten sich viele, also daß sie nicht Raum hatten auch draußen vor der Tür; und er sagte ihnen das Wort. Und es kamen etliche zu ihm, die brachten einen Gichtbrüchigen, von vieren

5

Page from *Das Evangelium des Markus*. Hand-painted initials, and 'Maximilian' type, designed by Rudolf Koch. Published by Wilh. Gerstung Verlag. Printed by Rudolfinischen Drucker.

Bookbindings designed by Otto Ulrich Fischer. Produced by H. Sperling.



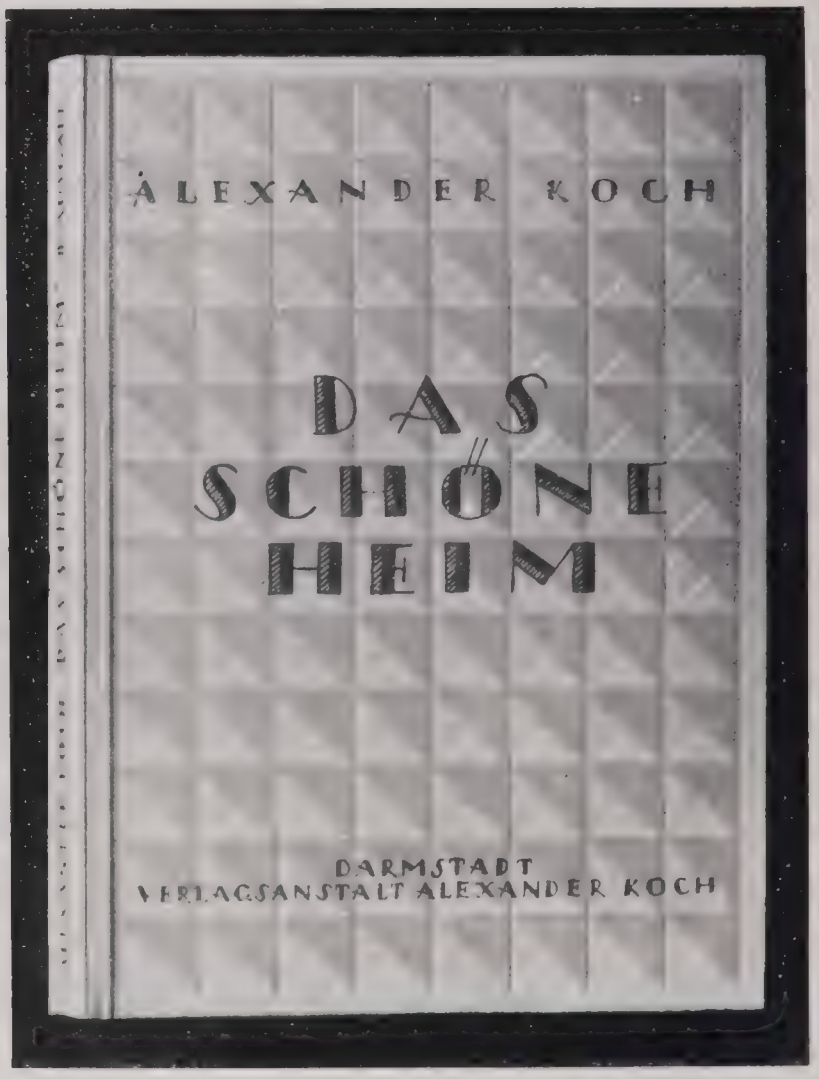


Bookbindings by Georg A. Mathéy. *Das Hohelied*, by Goethe, in tooled leather, published by Dietrich Reimer. *Max Goertz: Gedichte*, in morocco leather with gold tooling, published by Cranach-Presse. *Helena*, by Goethe, in yellow morocco leather, published by Dr. Karl Klingspor. *Pfirsichblüten aus China*, by Bethge, bound in lithographed silk, produced by Staatl. Akademie, published by Ernst Rowohlt.

Binding for *Stickereien & Spitzen*. Designed by Fabian Scher. Published by Alexander Koch, G.m.b.H.

Binding for *Das Haus eines Kunstfreundes*. Designed by Fritz August Breuhaus. Published by Alexander Koch, G.m.b.H.

Binding for *Das Schöne Heim*. Designed by Käte Louise Rosenstock. Published by Alexander Koch, G.m.b.H.



Binding for *Das Schöne Heim*. Designed by Maria Strauss-Likarz. Published by Alexander Koch, G.m.b.H.

IT seemed to the European discoverers of the Japanese woodcut that they had come upon a lovely blossom springing spontaneously from the earth. Connoisseurs and collectors who first became aware of this strange and unique form of art, had no conception of the history of painting in the Far East. They did not know that it went back a thousand years or that its latest and most refined product was the school of the Japanese Ukiyo-yé, to which the masters of woodcutting belonged. The historian soon turned his attention to this newly discovered field of art. He learned to distinguish the names and methods of the various schools and masters. But a long time elapsed before he fully recognized the deeper interrelation involved, which was indispensable to an understanding of the phenomenon confronting him.

So it happened that the early masters of the Japanese woodcut, who flourished at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, were called Primitives, because the conviction was prevalent that they had created a new form of art, not only with their admirable style of drawing but also as the discoverers and first promoters of the technique of woodcutting which had up to then seemingly been unknown. Today we are better able to form an estimate of the history of Eastern painting. We know that these masters were anything but Primitives in the accepted sense of the word; that they stood at the close of an artistic development, not at its beginning, and that the technique they employed and undoubtedly raised to unparalleled heights, had been in use in the Orient since time immemorial. In order to interpret the development of the Japanese woodcut and its relation to a general artistic style, with the help of the clearer insight to which our knowledge of the history of art has progressed in the course of two generations, it would be necessary to reconstruct the many centuries of this artistic development not only in Japan but in the entire Orient. The artistic ancestors of these "early" masters of woodcutting (who were in reality late masters) go back in an unbroken line for more than a thousand years to the most remote period of Eastern painting. They can recognizably be traced to the master *Ku K'ai Chih*, who, as far back as the fourth century A. D., used a pointed brush to draw the outlines of his delicate figures, unsurpassed in suppleness and elegance by the Japanese cut at its best. The beginning and end of an evolution, covering a period of no less than fifteen hundred years, seem to meet here in a strange phenomenon. This does not mean that the Eastern masters had during all these centuries been drawing the same types in the same manner; but rather that their particular mode of draughtsmanship and handling of contours in their woodcuts is an archaistic reversion to the ideals of the remote past, which during the Ming period in China revived the style that had been stamped as classical during the Tang period. This style had never been entirely lost even during the epochs when homage was paid to other artistic ideals; especially not in Japan, where it had only become subordinated. And so the masters of the Ukiyo-yé were able, simply by reviving the elegant form of draughtsmanship of the earlier period, to link up with a tradition that had been kept alive by the Tosa school down to their very day.

Text-page from *The Japanese Woodcut,* by Professor Glaser. Published by Propyläen. Printed by Poeschel & Trepte.

IMPRESSIONISTEN

DIE BEGRÜNDER DER MODERNEN MALEREI IN IHREN HAUPTWERKEN

HERAUSGEGEBEN VON

HARRY GRAF KESSLER

60 MATT-TONBILDER AUF BÜTTEN (KARTONGRÖSSE 59×72 cm)

MIT EINLEITENDEM TEXT U. EINEM CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ

IN LEINENMAPPE MARK 360.–

F. BRUCKMANN A.-G., MÜNCHEN

Title-page of *Impressionisten*, edited by Harry Graf Kessler. Published by F. Bruckmann A.-G. Printed by Poeschel & Trepte.

ERSTER TEIL

I. KAPITEL STAND UND LEBENSART DES BERÜHMTEN JUNKERS DON QUIXOTE VON DER MANCHA

DER HELD UNSRER GESCHICHTE WOHNTE VOR nicht gar langer Zeit in einem Dorfe der Mancha, auf dessen Namen ich mich nicht besinnen mag, und gehörte zu der Klasse derer, die einen Spiess und eine alte Tartsche im Waffenschrank haben, einen durren Klepper im Stall und ein Windspiel im Hofe. Mittags ein Fleischkuchen, worin mehr Mehl als Fleisch, abends gewöhnlich kalte Küche, Sonnabends arme Ritter, Freitags Linsen, und Sonntags zur Zugabe noch eine Taube, verzehrten drei Vierteile seines Einkommens. Der Rest ging auf für ein Wams von feinem Tuche, für Festtagshosen und Pantoffeln von Samt und für einen Alltagsrock von hubschem Mitteltuche. Er hatte bei sich eine Haushalterin von mehr als vierzig, eine Nichte von noch nicht zwanzig Jahren, und einen Burschen, der den Klepper sattelte und Holz spaltete.

Die Lebensjahre unsers Junkers streiften hart an die funfzig, er hatte eine gute Natur, einen hagern Leib, ein ausgemergeltes Gesicht, war ein grosser Frühaufsteher und Liebhaber der Jagd. Verschiedne wollen ihm den Zunamen Quixada oder Quesada geben, und die Schriftsteller, welche seiner gedenken, sind nicht ganz daruber einig; dem wahrscheinlichsten Vermuten nach hiess er Quixana. Doch wie wenig tut dies zu unsrer Geschichte! Genug, wenn sie sich nur sonst in keinem Stucke von der Wahrheit entfernt. Zur Hauptsache! So oft gedachter Junker nichts zu tun hatte, was den grössten Teil des Jahres über der Fall war, beschaftigte er sich damit, Ritterbücher zu lesen, und zwar mit solchem Eifer und Behagen, dass er darüber die Jagd vergass und selbst die Verwaltung seines Vermögens. Seine Liebhaberei hiefür ging so weit, dass er manchen schönen Acker daran rückte, um Ritterbücher zu kaufen. Er brachte auch, so viel er deren nur auftreiben konnte, in seinem Hause zusammen.

Am besten von allen gefielen ihm die Werke des berühmten Feliciano de Sylva. Der Glanz seiner Prosa und deren verwickelte Spitzfindigkeiten schienen ihm lauter Perlen; am hochsten stieg sein Entzücken, wenn er an zärtliche Klagen, Seufzer oder Ausforderungen folgenden Schnittes kam: „Dero furtreffliche Seelenreize sind so ohn' allen Grund, dass ich nit ohne guten Grund darob ein Narr geworden;" oder: „der hohe Himmel, welcher Euch mit den Sternen Eurer Gottheit gottlich zieret und Euch zur Verdienerin der Verdienste macht, die Eure Hoheit verdient."

Über solcher geistreichen Speise zehrte sich das Hirnmark unsers Ritters auf. Er zermarterte sich, einen Sinn aus diesem Wirrwarr herauszuwirren,

Text-page from *Don Quijote von der Mancha*, by Cervantes. Published by Propylaen. Printed by Poeschel & Trepte.

BUCHEINBÄNDE
AUS DEM XIV.-XIX. JAHRHUNDERT
IN DER LANDESBIBLIOTHEK ZU DARMSTADT

AUSGEWÄHLT UND BESCHRIEBEN VON
Dr. ADOLF SCHMIDT
DIREKTOR DER BIBLIOTHEK

162 ABBILDUNGEN AUF 100 TAFELN UND ZWEI ABBILDUNGEN IM TEXT

VERLEGT BEI KARL W. HIERSEMANN IN LEIPZIG
IM JAHRE M.DCCCC.XXI

Title-page for *Bucheinbände* (Introduction by Dr. Adolf Schmidt), designed by Erich Grüner. Published by Karl W. Hiersemann. Printed by J. B. Hirschfeld.

Gedruckte Schützen-Briefe
des 15. Jahrhunderts

Cover for *Gedruckte Schützenbriefe*, designed by Erich Gruner. Published by Karl W. Hiersemann. Printed by Joh. Magerlein.

Woodcuts for Vergil's *Bucolica*, by Richard Seewald. Published by Euphorionverlag.

Grund verſuchen wollte, gleichwie er bei dem reichen Hiob getan. Da zeigte der heilige Chriſt, wie Treue und Erbarmung ihm lieb iſt, und ſchied ſie beide von ihrem Elend und machte ihn zur Stunde rein und geſund. Alſo beſſerte ſich der gute Herr Heinrich und ward auf dem Wege

wieder friſch und ſchön, ja, er genaß alſo durch Gottes Pflege, daß er jung ward, wie vor zwanzig Jahren. Er entbot dieſes Heil, das ihm widerfahren war, allen heim, von denen er wußte, daß ſie Liebe und Güte gegen ihn im Herzen trugen. Da mußten ſie billig froh ſein über die Gnade, die Gott an ihm erzeigt hatte.

Als nun ſeine beſten Freunde von ſeiner Ankunft hörten, ritten und gingen ſie ihm drei Tagereiſen entgegen, ihn wohl zu empfangen. Sie wollten niemands Sage, nur ihren Augen, glauben und bis ſie ſelber die Wunder Gottes an ſeinem Leibe geſehen. Von dem Meier und ſeinem Weibe mag man wohl glauben, oder man tät ihnen ſonſt Unrecht an, daß ſie nicht zu Hauſe ſaßen, die Freude, die ſie hatten, iſt immer dar unbeſchrieben, Gott hatte ſie beraten mit lieber Augenweide, er gab ihnen ihre Tochter lebendig und ihren Herrn geſund zurück. Sie wußten gar

Pages from *Der Arme Heinrich*, by Hartmann von Aue. Colour woodcuts by Willi Harwerth. Published and printed by Wilh. Gerstung Verlag.

Das wir leben mit rechter trew
Gott und darnach dem nechsten frumb.
Ob schon ein mal dz glück schlecht umb,
Darffst dich darumb nit fluxe erhencken
Oder im wasser gar ertrencken,
Noch sonst dich gantz und gar verletzen
Oder gar in das unglück setzen,
Sonder gott tag und nacht ruffen an.
Derselb wirdt dich gar nicht verlan
Und dir beystehn an allem endt,
Auch dich nemen in seine hendt
Und dir mit allen christen geben
Nach diser zeit das ewig leben. Amen.

Ein schöne hystoria

von [illegible] jungen grauen auß Mumpelgart:
und eines hertzogen tochter auß
Engellandt.

Es sass vor etlichen jahren ein gewaltiger unnd auch sehr reicher graff in der graffschaft Mümpelgart, der was gottsförchtig unnd fromm, hieß mit namen herr Philip. So het er auch ein frommes und gottseliges weib, darzu so hett inen auch gott gegeben ein schönen jungen sohn. Den zohen sie auff in aller gottes forcht, das er gott und den menschen von hertzen geren diente.

Nun so wuchß der jüngling und ward gelert in allen tugenden, auch in ritterspyl ward er der best für andere erzelet und ihm der preyß geben, das auch nicht sein nam allein in der graffschafft erschal, sondern auch inn Franckreich und Lottringen, durch das gantz Brabandt unnd Nyderlandt war das geschrey allein von dem jungen herren von Mümppelgart, das sich sein vatter und muter von hertzen frewten und gott danckten für solche wolthat, die er in beweißte durch iren son.

Pages from *Historia vonn Christoffel und Feronica*, by Valentin Schumann. Reprinted for the first time by Poeschel & Trepte.

Binding for *Indisch Dagboek*, by C. K. Elout. Designed by Fokko Mees. Published by C. A. Mees.

Binding for *De Tors*, by C. S. Adama van Scheltema. Designed by S. H. de Roos. Published by W. L. & J. Brusse's Vitgevers Maatschappy.

Binding for *Rose Angélique*, by Arthur van Schendel. Designed by P. A. H. Hofman. Published by J. M. Meulenhoff.

GENESIS

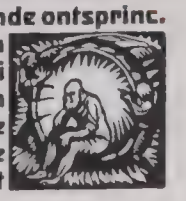
EERSTE HOOFDSTUK

In den beginne schiep God den hemel en de aarde. De aarde nu was woest en ledig, en duisternis was op den afgrond, en de Geest Gods zweefde op de wateren. ℘ En God zeide: Daar zij licht! en daar werd licht. En God zag het licht, dat het goed was, en God maakte scheiding tusschen het licht en tusschen de duisternis. ℘ En God noemde het licht dag, en de duisternis noemde Hij nacht. Toen was het avond geweest, en het was morgen geweest, de eerste dag. En God zeide: Daar zij een uitspansel in het midden der wateren, en dat make scheiding tusschen wateren en wateren! En God maakte dat uitspansel, en maakte scheiding tusschen de wateren, ℘ die onder het uitspansel zijn, en tusschen de wateren, die boven het uitspansel zijn. ℘ En het was alzoo. En God noemde het uitspansel hemel. Toen was het avond geweest, en het was morgen geweest, de tweede dag. En God zeide: Dat de wateren van onder den hemel in eene plaats vergaderd worden, en dat het drooge gezien worde! En het was alzoo. En God noemde het drooge aarde, en de vergadering der wateren noemde Hij zeeën, en God zag, dat het goed was. En God zeide: Dat de aarde uitschiete grasscheutjes, kruid zaadzaaijende, vruchtbaar geboomte, dragende vrucht naar zijnen aard, welks zaad daarin zij op de aarde! En het was alzoo. En de aarde bragt voort grasscheutjes, kruid zaadzaaijende naar zijnen aard en vrucht dragend geboomte, ℘ welks zaad daarin was, naar zijnen aard. En God zag, dat het goed was. Toen was het avond geweest, en het was morgen geweest, ℘ de derde dag. En God zeide: Dat er lichten zijn in het uitspansel des hemels, om scheiding te maken tusschen den dag en tusschen den nacht, en dat zij zijn tot teekenen en tot gezette tijden, en tot dagen en jaren! En dat zij zijn tot lichten in het uitspansel des hemels, om licht te geven op de aarde! ℘ En het was alzoo. God dan maakte die twee groote lichten, dat groote licht tot heerschappij des daags en dat kleine licht tot heerschappij des nachts, ook de sterren. En God stelde ze in het uitspansel des hemels, om licht te geven ℘ op de aarde, En om te heerschen op den dag, en in den nacht, en om scheiding te maken tusschen het licht en tusschen ℘ de duisternis. En God zag, dat het goed was. Toen was het avond geweest en het was morgen geweest, de vierde dag. En God zeide: ℘ Dat de wateren overvloedelijk voortbrengen een gewemel van levende zielen, ℘ en het gevogelte vliege boven de aarde, in het uitspansel des hemels! En God schiep de groote walvisschen en alle levende wremelende ziel, welke de wateren overvloedelijk voortbragten, naar haren aard, en alle gevleugeld gevogelte naar zijnen aard. En God zag, dat het goed was. ℘ En God zegende ze, zeggende: Zijt vruchtbaar, en vermenigvuldigt, en vervult de wateren in de zeeën, en het gevogelte ℘ vermenigvuldige op de aarde! Toen was het avond geweest, en het was morgen geweest, de vijfde dag. En God zeide: De aarde brenge levende zielen voort, naar haren aard, vee, en kruipend, en wild gedierte der aarde, naar zijnen aard! ℘ En het was alzoo. En God maakte het wild gedierte der aarde naar zijnen aard en het vee naar zijnen aard, en al het kruipend gedierte des aardbodems naar zijnen aard. En God zag

Pages from the *Bible*, designed by André van der Vossen. Printed as specimens by Joh. Enchedé & Zonen.

mensche let stichtende sonder fondament. XXV. Dat u in enen anderen menschе mishaghet, dat sal u mishaghen in u selven. XXVI. Syn es die lachter ende mesprys, Die onrecht doet in enigher wys Enighen mensche onverdient. ⌘ XXVII. Wetenthede die hare verscheet Van den rechte ende hare ontgeet, Dat en sal men noemen ghene wysheit, Maer behendicheit ende schalcheit. ⌘ XXVIII. Men sal emmer dat beste kiesen, Al soude menre omme verliesen. XXIX. Die werelt mach men bedrieghen, Nemare consciencie can niet lieghen. XXX. In doude es wysheit grote doghet, Reincheit pryst men in der joghet. ⌘ XXXI. Ere emmer wise liede; Ne belachse nemmer none bespot, ⌘ Want hets dwerc van enen sot.

GESTMAENT. ⌘ I. Gheluc dat hevet overal Ter naester dore bi hem mesfal. II. Herde onsalich is die gave, Die van enen manne maect een slave. III. Onwerden lof vlie ende ontspring. IV. Het betaemt den goeden man, Dat hi gheen onrecht doen en can, ⌘ Ende doet hyt, dat hi niene geroet Hine betertet



Pages from *Een Bouc van Poenten*. Illustrated by L. O. Wenckebach. Published by Joan Blaeu. Printed by Mouton & Co., under the supervision of J. F. van Royen.

AVANT-PROPOS

LA FONDERIE "AMSTERDAM" DONT LES types de caractères Erasmus obtinrent tant de succès a de nouveau chargé l'artiste M. de Roos de dessiner un autre type de caractères, auquel elle donne le nom de Grotius. De même que Erasme peut être appelé le maitre de Grotius, de même ce caractère érasmien a servi de modèle pour le caractère Grotius.

Dans ce petit livre, le nouveau type est présenté pour la première fois. Cette introduction peut-elle se faire plus heureusement que par le moyen d'une petite collection de lettres se rapportant toutes à la publication de „De Iure belli ac pacis" de Grotius et rassemblées par M. Lysen, conservateur de la Bibliothèque du Palais de la Paix? La réponse ne peut être douteuse: la correspondance que Grotius a consacrée à son chef-d'oeuvre, publiée dans une édition où l'on a tout spécialement soigné la beauté de la forme, me parait être la réalisation d'un bel idéal.

A notre époque où l'organisation juridique internationale trouve à Genève et à la Haye un commencement de réalisation, on s'intéresse de nouveau de tous côtés au puissant livre de Grotius, fondement de la science du droit des gens. On veut aussi suivre d'un bout à l'autre le "processus" de ce livre, chercher ses rapports avec les écrits antérieurs du Maitre, tâcher à résoudre les différentes énigmes que soulèvent ses publications. Et comment pourrait-on mieux connaitre l'histoire de ce

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Text-page from *Quelques Lettres concernant la première Edition du 'De Ivre Belli ac Pacis' de Hugo Grotius*. Published, and printed with the 'Grotius' type designed by S. H. de Roos, by Lettergieterij 'Amsterdam'.

ERASMUS VAN ROTTERDAM AAN ALDUS MANUTIUS DEN ROMEIN HEIL

EÉN DING vooral, zeergeleerde Manutius, heb ik dikwijls bij mijzelven gewenscht, dat namelijk het voordeel, dat niet alleen uw boekdrukkunst en uw schitterende letters, maar ook uw geenszins alledaagsche aanleg en geleerdheid u brengen, even groot mocht zijn als de diensten die gij met een en ander bewezen hebt aan de studie van het Grieksch en het Latijn. Want wat de publieke opinie over u betreft, niemand twijfelt eraan, of de naam Aldus Manutius zal tot in het verste nageslacht zweven op de lippen van allen die het heiligdom der letteren betreden En evenals thans uw faam, zoo zal later ook uw nagedachtenis niet alleen luisterrijk maar ook beminnenswaardig zijn, en met dankbaarheid worden vermeld. Want, zooals ik hoor, legt gij u met de allergrootste zorg erop toe — alhoewel niet met even groot voordeel — en doet gij werkelijk herculische pogingen, om de zuivere teksten te herstellen en te verspreiden van goede klassieke schrijvers, die door de onovertroffen schoonheid van hunne werken u eenmaal een onsterfelijken roem zullen bezorgen. Ofschoon anderen op het oogenblik meer vruchten daarvan plukken dan gijzelf. Ik hoor, dat Plato door u wordt gedrukt in het Grieksch; tal van geleerden wachten er met spanning op. Graag zou ik weten, welke schrijvers over geneeskunde gij gedrukt hebt. En och, geef ons ook de werken van Paulus van Eghina. Ik sta er verbaasd over, wat u belet kan hebben, reeds lang het Nieuwe Testament uit te geven, een werk, dat, naar ik vermoed, ook aan het publiek zal bevallen, ik bedoel vooral het onze, de theologen.

Ik zend u twee treurspelen [van Euripides] die ik vertaald heb. 't Wàs een heele waag van me. Overigens moet gij zelf maar oordeelen, of ik het er goed heb afgebracht. Thomas Linacer, Willem Grocinus, Willem Latimer en Cuthbert

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Text-page from *Erasmus en zijn Drukkers-Uitgevers*. Published, and printed with the 'Erasmus' type designed by S. H. de Roos, by Lettergieterij 'Amsterdam'.

SAPPHO

VOOR SAPPHO'S HUIS MET EEN BEELD VAN APHRODITE

ANTHEIA

O LIEVE, milde straal van 't eerste morgen-licht,
Antheïa groet met lachjes, als voorheen, u niet,
Toen nog de dauw des levens op haar wangen lag,
In 't hart der hope zangerige vogel zat;
Maar sinds Alkaios als een droom bij dag verscheen
En 't lokkig hoofd voor Sappho naar zijn luite neeg
Werd Kupris Sappho's dienaresse een bleeke god.
O, pijn!

Ik zag, ik zag hoe beider blik begeerig gleed
Langs 't welig ronden van der leden jongen bloei,
Tot elk dan de' andren treffend om het hoogste bad . . .
En 'k dacht aan dood, maar kon niet, want dat gods-gelaat
Scheen mij te schoon, dat aardsche hand het delgen zou.
Zoo droeg ik, leed ik, zwijgend, en toen de ure kwam,
Toen . . . spreidde ik zelf de sponde die mijn jeugd verjoeg.
O nachten, half doorwaakte, half verdroomde, waar
De droomen wreeder dan het gloeiendst waken zijn,
En toch zoo dierbaar om dien enklen, ijdlen geur
Van zoete lippen, zoetre leden, zoetst van al
De ziel, die diep uit droomende oogen nederziet.
O wie de ziel haars levens op haar leden drukt!
Maar àl mijn nachten zijn een keten vuurs gelijk,
Die hel door 't scheemrend kruipen mijner dagen vlamt,

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Een gloende hoofd-band zijn zij, die mijn slapen klemt, SAPPHO
Waar elke dag als koele drup op nedervalt.
En toch wat ween ik? Hoor ik 's nachts Alkaios niet,
Hem zelf, die weenend bij dees zelfde zuilen zit
En 'Sappho' roept in 't donker, die in 't donker lacht
En vaster de armen om haar slanken Phaon slaat.
Maar HIJ waant, de arme Alkaios, dat der Muzen koor
Haar zoetste liedren sluimerende Sappho leert
En Phoïbos zelf den zęven-stemmigen zang geleidt.

Wat baatte 't et, zoo 'k den sluier van haar schande sloeg?
Want liever is hem Sappho dan der waarheid woord,
En hooger staat zij vóór hem dan der goden troon,
En smetteloozer dunkt ze 'em door der wereld waan.
Stil!
De tijd zal, talmend, treffen als de snelste slag,
En geen der vier ontvlieden aan der liefde vloek.

Nu brengen we onze beden met geheven hand,
En strenglen roos en mirten voor haar eeuwig hoofd,
Die lacht van verre en sterfelijke zielen doemt . . .
Helaas!
Der menschen Moeder kent der kindren harten niet
En schuim-geborene, is ze een kind op goden-stoel,
Dat in het rechten niet met de andre goden zit.

SAPPHO
van binnen uit het huis
Phaon! Phaon!

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Pages from *Verzen*, by Willem Kloos. 'Zilvertype' and initials designed by S. H. de Roos. Published by Zilverdistel. Printed by J. F. van Royen.

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Page from Catalogue of Dutch Section of the Paris Exhibition, 1925. Designed by J. F. van Royen. Decorations by Fokko Mees. Published and printed by Enchedé & Zonen.

N. VAN HICHTUM

HET HOETSELMANNETJE VAN STUTTGART

VRIJ NAAR HET DUITSCH VAN EDUARD MÖRICKE

ILLUSTRATIES VAN TJERK BOTTEMA

MCMXXV

UITGAVE VAN C. A. MEES, SANTPOORT

Title-page for *Het Hoetselmannetje van Stuttgart*, by Eduard Möricke. Illustrations by Tjerk Bottema. Published by C. A. Mees. Printed by N. V. Ipenbuur & Van Seldam.

CE fut un épuisement nerveux d'une nature particulièrement mystérieuse qui me conduisit à Venise, cette année-là.

J'avais toujours souffert à l'excès de mes facultés de sympathie, d'une carence quasi-continuelle de l'indifférence. Mais avec le temps, ces propriétés prirent un caractère d'obsession. Chaque rencontre nouvelle avait pour moi la couleur d'un rendez-vous d'amour; la moindre conversation un peu intime déclanchait dans ma conscience un contre-coup presque pathétique. Je passais sans transition du désir au désespoir; désir, non pas exclusivement de possession physique, mais de

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Page from *Sur un Air de Scarlatti*, by Edmond Jaloux. Woodcuts by J. Franken Pzn. Published by A. A. M. Stols. Printed by Boosten & Stols.

legimus: mortuo enim Salomone, qui filiam Regis Ægypti sibi matrimonio junxerat, filius ejus Rehabeam bellum cum Susaco Ægyptiorum Rege infelicissimè gessit, à quo omninò subactus est. Matrimonium præterea Ludovici 14. Regis Galliarum cum filiâ Philippi quarti novi belli semen fuit, & præter hæc plurima exempla in historiis leguntur. Caput VII De Monarchiâ

¶ XXV. Imperii facies una, eademque servari, & consequenter Rex unus, & ejusdem sexûs, & imperium indivisibile esse debet. Quòd autem dixerim, ut filius Regis natu major patri jure succedat, vel (si nulli sint liberi) qui Regi sanguine proximus est, patet tam ex Artic. 13. præced. Cap. quàm quia Regis electio, quæ à multitudine fit, æterna, si fieri potest esse debet; aliàs necessariò fiet, ut summa imperii potestas sæpe ad multitudinem transeat, quæ mutatio summa est, & consequenter periculosissima. Qui autem statuunt, Regem ex eo, quòd imperii Dominus est, idque jure absoluto tenet, posse, cui vellet, idem tradere, & successorem, quem velit, eligere, atque adeò Regis filium imperii hæredem jure esse, falluntur sanè. Nam Regis voluntas tam diu vim juris habet, quamdiu Civitatis gladium tenet; imperii namque jus solâ potentiâ definitur. Rex igitur regno cedere quidem potest, sed non imperium alteri tradere, nisi connivente multitudine, vel parte ejus validiore. Quod ut clariùs intelligatur, venit notandum, quòd liberi non jure naturali, sed civili parentum hæredes sunt: nam solâ Civitatis potentiâ fit, ut unusquisque quorundam bonorum sit dominus; quare eâdem potentiâ, sive jure, quo fit, ut voluntas alicujus, quâ de suis bonis statuit, rata sit, eodem fit, ut eadem voluntas etiam post ipsius mortem rata maneat, quamdiu Civitas permanet, & hâc ratione unusquisque in statu civili idem jus, quod

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Page from Spinoza's *Tractatus Politicus*. Designed and printed by S. H. de Roos, with his Meidoorn type. Published by the 'Heuvelpers'.

Poi che fuoro passati tanti die, che appunto erano compiuti li nove anni appresso l'apparimento soprascritto di questa gentilissima, ne l'ultimo di questi die avvenne che questa mirabile donna apparve a me vestita di colore bianchissimo, in mezzo a due gentili donne, le quali erano di più lunga etade; e passando per una via, volse li occhi verso quella parte ov'io era molto pauroso, e per la sua ineffabile cortesia, la quale è oggi meritata nel grande secolo, mi salutoe molto virtuosamente, tanto che me parve allora vedere tutti li termini de la beatitudine. L'ora che lo suo dolcissimo salutare mi giunse, era fermamente nona di quello giorno; e però che quella fu la prima volta che le sue parole si mossero per venire a li miei orecchi, presi tanta dolcezza, che come inebriato mi partio da le genti, e ricorsi a lo solingo luogo d'una mia camera, e puosimi a pensare di questa cortesissima. E pensando di lei, mi sopragiunse uno soave sonno, ne lo quale m'apparve una maravigliosa visione: che me parea vedere ne la mia camera una nebula di colore di fuoco, dentro a la quale io discernea una figura d'uno segnore di pauroso aspetto a chi la guardasse; e pareami con tanta letizia, quanto a sè, che mirabile cosa era; e ne le sue parole dicea molte cose, le quali io non intendea se

Text-page from Dante's *Vita Nuova*. Hand-printed and published by Officina Bodoni, Verona.

AMBRA

POEMETTO DI LORENZO DE' MEDICI
IL MAGNIFICO

ISTITUTO DI EDIZIONI ARTISTICHE
FRATELLI ALINARI
FIRENZE

Title-page of *Ambra: Poemetto di Lorenzo de Medici il Magnifico*. Published by Fratelli Alinari. Printed by K. Bertieri.

MDCCCXV

MCMXXV

Title-page for *Ventura*. Decorated by Angiolo d'Andrea. Published and printed by Bestetti e Tumminelli.

MATTEO dei PASTI

LA SVA OPERA MEDAGLISTICA
DISTINTA DA QVELLA DEGLI
ANONIMI RIMINESI DEL XV SECOLO
IN RELAZIONE AI
MEDAGLIONI MALATESTIANI
AGGIVNTE LE
FALSIFICAZIONI

✠

STVDIO CRITICO
E CATALOGO RAGIONATO DI

A. CALABI E G. CORNAGGIA

CON OTTANTATRE RIPRODVZIONI
IN TRENTASETTE TAVOLE

GVIDO MODIANO
TIPOGRAFO EDITORE
IN MILANO

Title-page for *Matteo dei Pasti*, designed by Ugo Zovetti. Published and printed by Guido Modiano.

La fortuna aiuta gli audaci: ma non sempre i superbi. Nella sua cecità, coglie talora così sottili differenze. Astiladoro andò incontro alla sua mala sorte: egli era signore di Ungheria, di Polonia e di Bosnia; di Babilonia, di Uspia, dell'Ellesponto, di Frigia, di Turchia, di Bitinia, e Paflagonia, di Galizia, di Assiria, di Panfilia e di Cilicia, fino ad Antiochia e al mar di Satalia da un lato e fino a Trebisonda nel mar Maggiore dall'altro: e da tutte queste terre levò gente armata e chiamò cavalieri alla guerra: ed armò per la battaglia i suoi quindici figliuoli: Torindo, Pinamonte, Menecor, Falisar, Antiphor, Vemphiro,

·[Pagina 63

Page from *Incunabula*. Illustrations by Piero Bernardini. Published and printed by Bertieri & Vanzetti.

ПРОСПЕР
МЕРИМЕ
СОБРАНИЕ СОЧИНЕНИЙ

ЛОКИС

ACADEMIA

Cover for *Lokis*, by Prosper Merimée. Designed by V. Favorsky. Published by 'Academia', Leningrad.

ЧАСТЬ I.

игде не останавливалось столько народа, как перед картинною лавочкою на Щукином дворе. Эта лавочка представляла, точно, самое разнородное собрание диковинок: картины большею частью были писаны масляными красками, покрыты темнозеленым лаком, в темножелтых мишурных рамах. Зима с белыми деревьями, совершенно красный вечер, похожий на зарево пожара, фламандский мужик с трубкою и выломанною рукою, похожий больше на индейского петуха в манжетах, нежели на человека,—вот их обыкновенные сюжеты. К этому нужно присовокупить несколько гравированных изображений: портрет Хозрева-Мирзы в бараньей шапке, портреты каких-то генералов в треугольных шляпах, с кривыми носами. Сверх того, двери такой лавочки обыкновенно бывают увешаны связками произведений, отпечатанных лубками на больших листах, которые свидетельствуют самородное дарование русского человека. На одном была царевна Миликтриса Кирбитьевна, на другом город Иерусалим, по домам и церквам которого без церемонии прокатилась красная краска, захватившая часть земли и двух молящихся русских мужиков в рукавицах. Покупателей этих произведений обыкновенно немного, но зато зрителей куча. Какой-нибудь забулдыга-

Page from *The Portrait*, by N. Gogol. Woodcuts by Alexis Kravtchenko. Published by the State Publishing House, Moscow. Printed by the Nijpolygraph Press, under the direction of N. V. Tlyin.

Оборванные нищие,
Послышав запах пенного, —
И те пришли доказывать,
Как счастливы они:
«Нас у порога лавочник
Встречает подаянием,
А в дом войдем, так из дому
Проводят до ворот...
Чуть запоем мы песенку,
Бежит к окну хозяюшка
С краюхою, с ножом,
А мы-то заливаемся:

Page from *Who is happy in Russia?*, poem by N. Nekrasoff. Illustrations by A. A. Rybnikoff, engraved on wood by J. N. Pavloff. Published by the State Publishing House, Moscow. Printed by the Nijpolygraph Press.

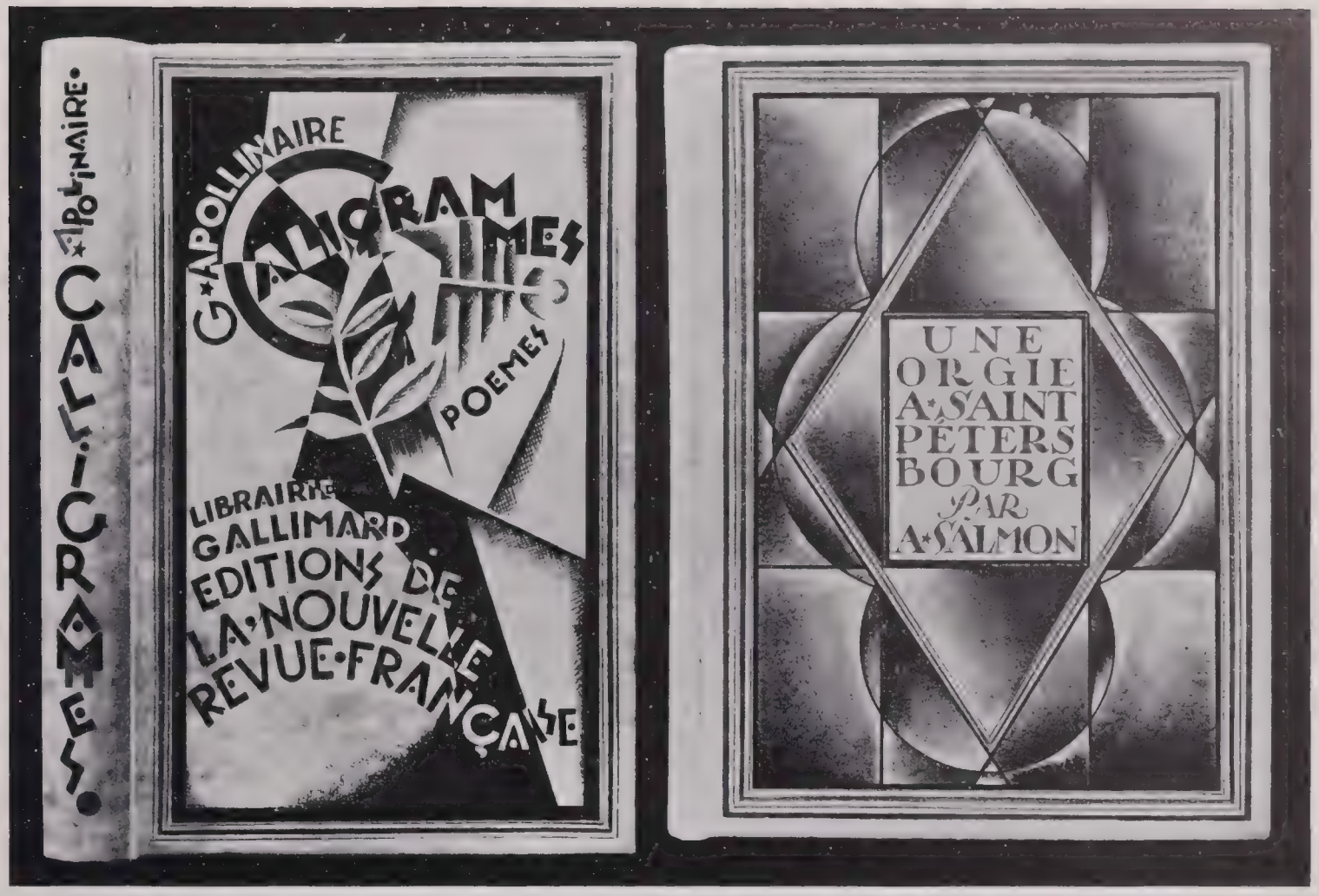
— Много доволен, ваше высокоблагородие, благодарю за отеческую милость.

И он в самом деле был „доволен", потому что, сидя три дня в карцере, он ожидал го-

раздо худшего. Двести розог, по тогдашнему времени, очень мало значили в сравнении с теми наказаниями, какие люди переносили по приговорам военного суда.

Слух о подвиге рядового Постникова расползся по разным кружкам столицы, которая

Page from *The Sentinel*, by N. Lyeskov. Woodcuts by P. Pavlinoff. Published by the State Publishing House, Moscow. Printed by the Nijpolygraph Press.



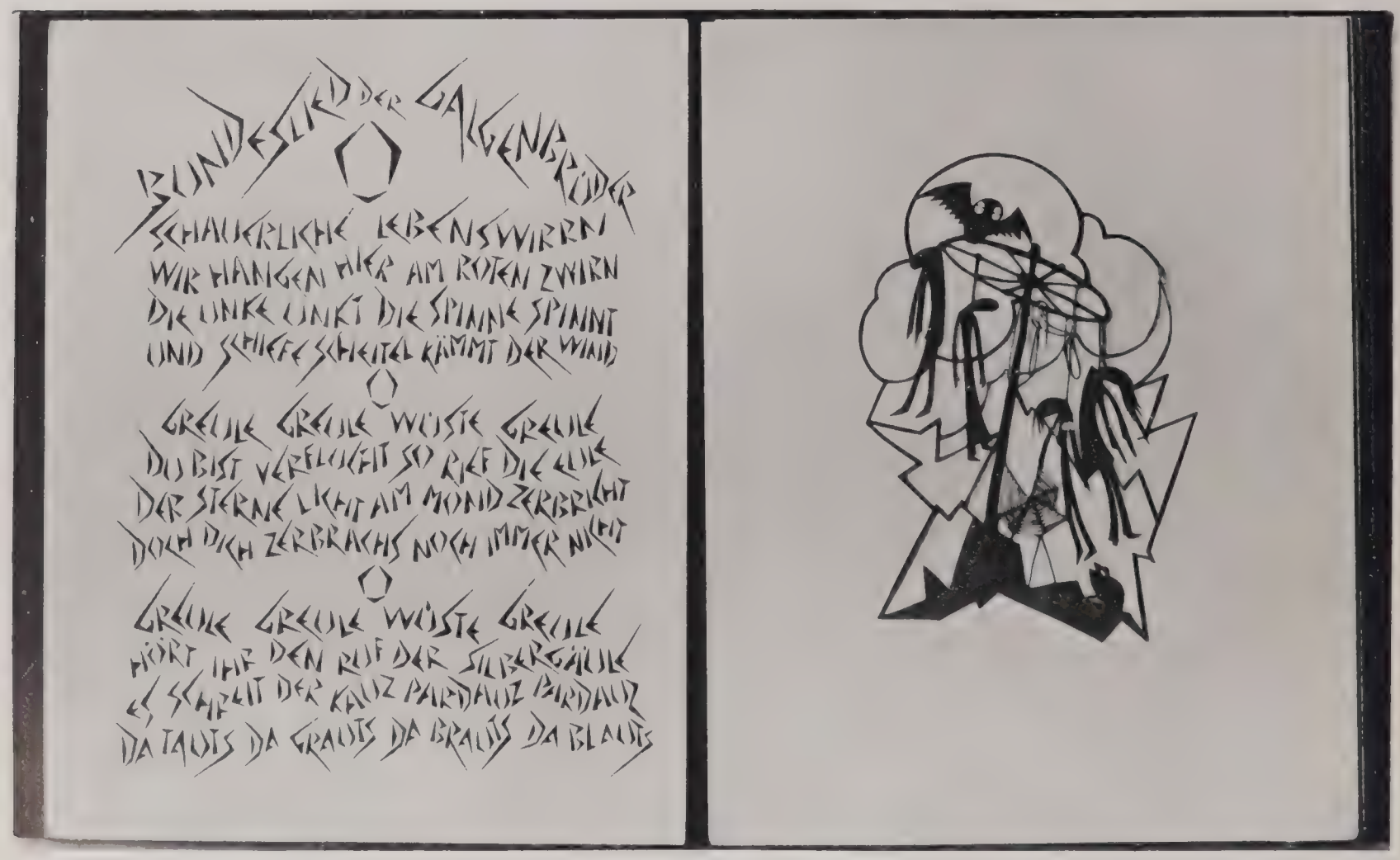
Bookbindings, by Gustav Végh, for *Calligrammes*, by Guillaume Apollinaire, and *Une Orgie à Saint-Pétersbourg*, by André Salmon.

Bookbindings by Hermann Scheibe.

Indessen nun der Marschall über die Arena schritt, um die königliche Bot-
[illegible]
ritten; vor dem Jüngling hemmte er den eilenden Lauf seines Tieres und sprach zu ihm: „Ich ward gesandt, Euch zu melden, daß Euer Vater Ormar sterben will." Da hob der Fremdling seine Augen empor zum Himmel, Tränen entstürzten ihnen und er sagte: „Wir müssen fort!"
Der Marschall hatte den Gruß Belus' an den Besieger des Löwen, den Spender der Diamanten und den Herrn des schönen Vogels überbracht, jetzt fragte er den Diener, welches Reiches Herrscher der Vater des jungen Helden sei. Der erwiderte: „Sein Vater ist ein alter Schäfer, den alle lieben, die ihn kennen."
Während dieses kurzen Gespräches hatte sich der Unbekannte bereits auf sein Einhorn geschwungen, nun sprach er zum Marschall: „Mein Herr, wollen Sie mich dem König Belus zu Füßen legen und seiner Tochter; ich wage, sie zu bitten, um den Vogel, den ich ihr zurücklasse, große Sorge zu tragen, so einzig wie sie, ist er." Und damit verschwand er wie ein Pfeil, seine beiden Diener folgten ihm und bald verlor man auch sie aus den Augen. Formosante vermochte einen heftigen Schrei nicht zu unterdrücken, tief betrübt blickte der Vogel dorthin, wo sein Herr gesessen war, dann sah er fest auf die Prinzessin, koste ihre Hand zärtlich mit dem Schnabel, als wollte er sagen: Eurem Dienst bin ich geweiht.
Belus war noch erstaunter als zuvor, als er vernahm, daß der außerordentliche Jüngling der Sohn eines Schäfers sei. Er wollte das nicht glauben und ließ ihm nacheilen. Bald aber brachte man ihm die Meldung, daß die Einhörner nicht einzuholen seien und in dem Galopp, den sie eingeschlagen hätten, wohl hundert Meilen des Tags zurücklegen mochten.

16

Pages from Voltaire's *Die Prinzessin von Babylon*, translated by Ernst Rónau. Illustrated with etchings by Rolf Schott. Published by Artur Wolf. Printed by Gesellschaft für Graphische Industrie, Vienna.


BUNDESLIED DER GALGENVÖGEL
SCHAURIGLICHE LEBENSWIRREN
WIR HANGEN HIER AM ROTEN ZWIRN
DIE UNKE UNKT DIE SPINNE SPINNT
UND SCHIEFE SCHEITEL KÄMMT DER WIND
GREULE GREULE WÜSTE GREULE
DU BIST VERFLUCHT SO RIEF DIE EULE
DER STERNE LICHT AM MOND ZERBRICHT
DOCH DICH ZERBRACHS NOCH IMMER NICHT
GREULE GREULE WÜSTE GREULE
HÖRT IHR DEN RUF DER SILBERGÄULE
ES SCHREIT DER KAUZ PARDAUZ PARDAUZ
DA TAUTS DA GRAUTS DA BRAUTS DA BLAUTS

Manuscript book, written and bound by hand by Ady Steiner (Atelier Larisch).

FULL and BY

Being

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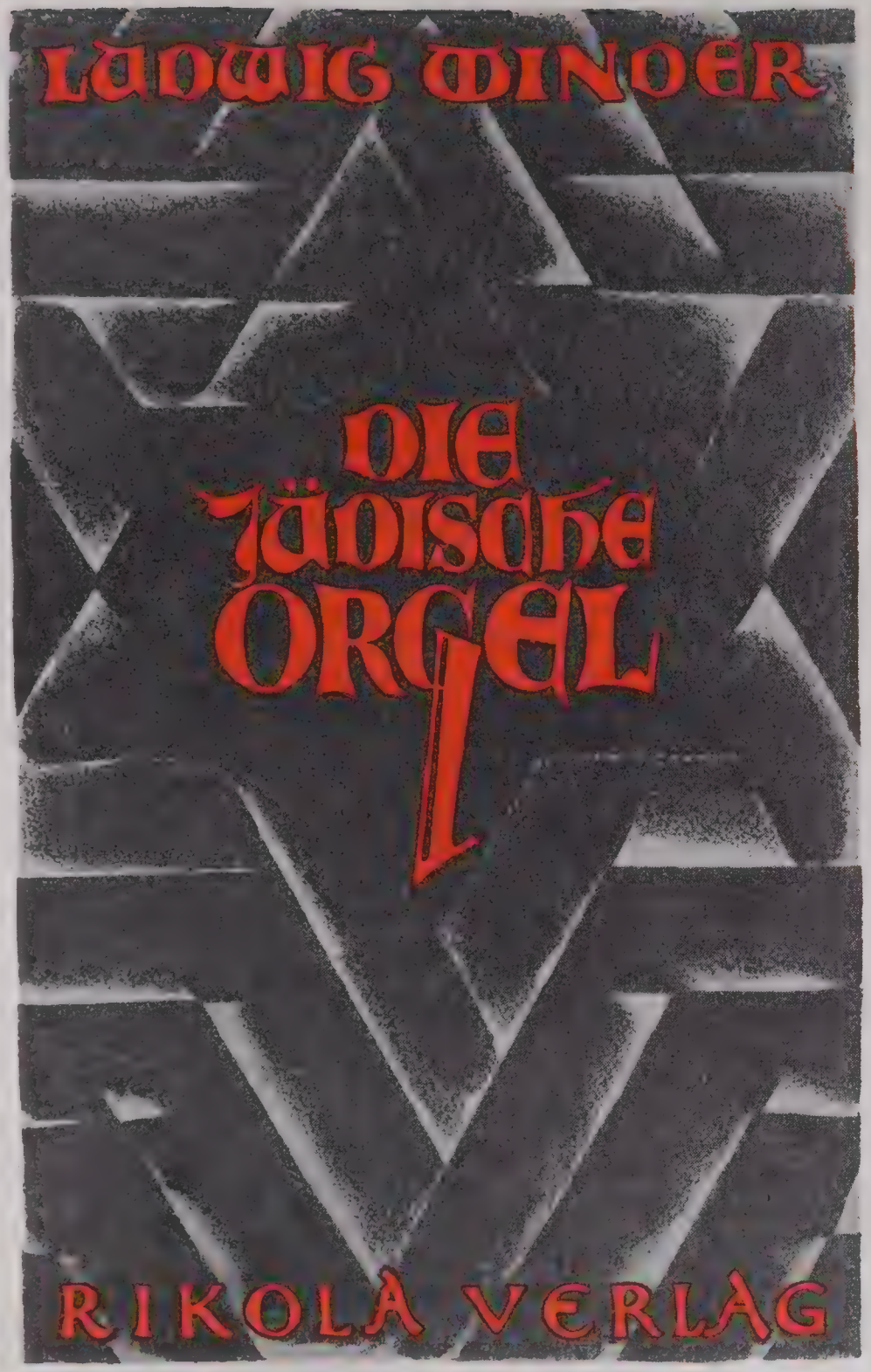
ILLUSTRATION FOR FULL AND BY BEING A COLLECTION OF VERSES BY PERSONS OF QUALITY EDITED BY CAMERON ROGERS AND ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD A. WILSON. PUBLISHED BY DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC., PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE COUNTRY LIFE PRESS, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

Pages from *Die Vier Elemente*, illustrated by Berthold Löffler. Published by Künstlerhaus, Vienna. Printed by Chr. Reisser's Soehne.

Cover for a souvenir album designed by Josef Binder for G. Winiwarter. Printed by J. Müller.

Title-page for *Alte Tore aus Österreich*, designed by Herbert Schimkowitz. Published and printed by the Österreichischen Staatsdruckerei.

End-paper designed by Wilhelm Dachauer. Printed by the Österreichischen Staatsdruckerei.



Covers, designed by Josef Binder for *Die Jüdische Orgel*, by Ludwig Winder, and *Der Frosch mit der Maske*, by Edgar Wallace (translated by Alma Johanna Koenig). Published by Rikola. Printed by W. Hambürger.

ÉMILE VERHAEREN

HELENA
SPARTSKÁ

TRAGEDIE

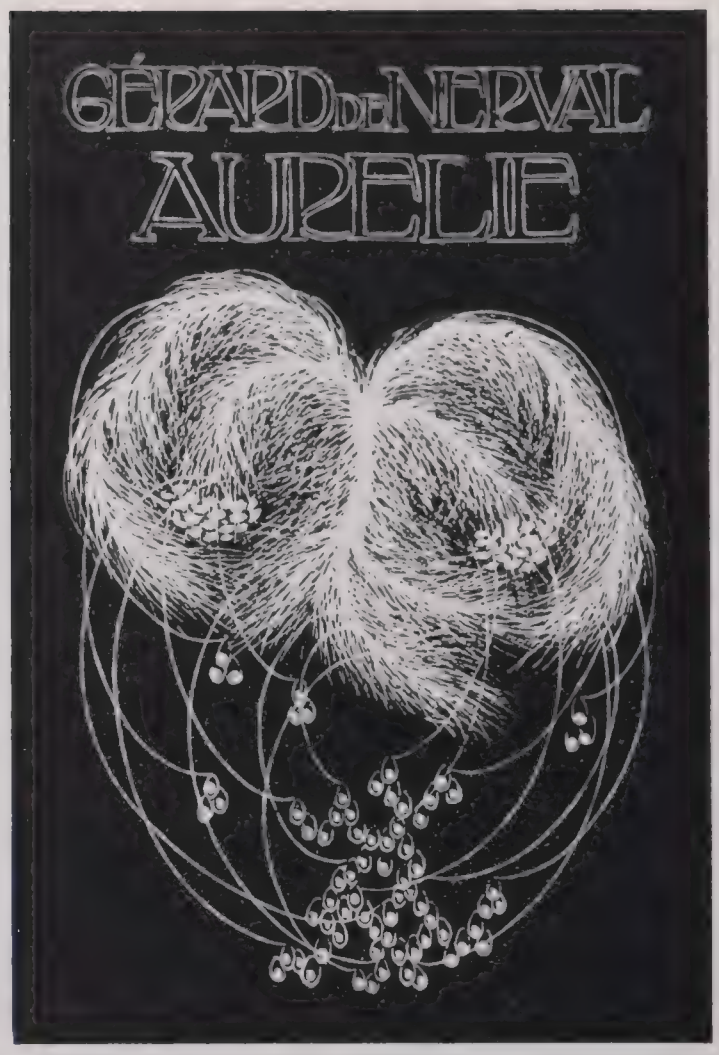
O ČTYŘECH DĚJSTVÍCH

Přeložil

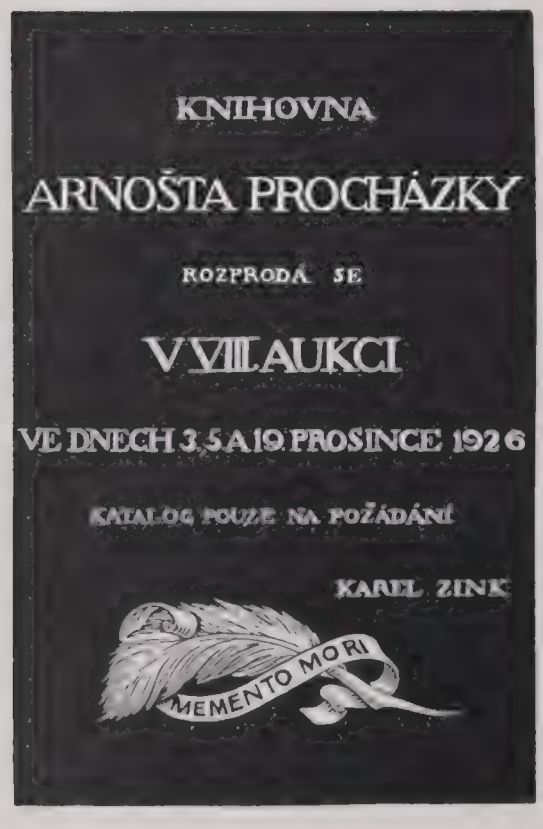
STANISLAV HANUŠ

1925

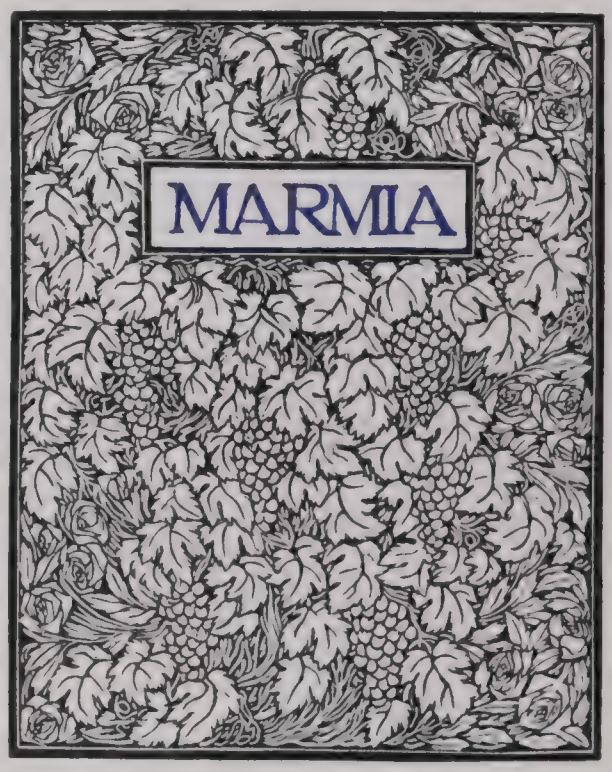
Title-page of *Helena Spartska*, by Émile Verhaeren. Designed by F. Kysela. Published by Kvasnička a Hampl. Printed by Průmyslová Tiskárna.



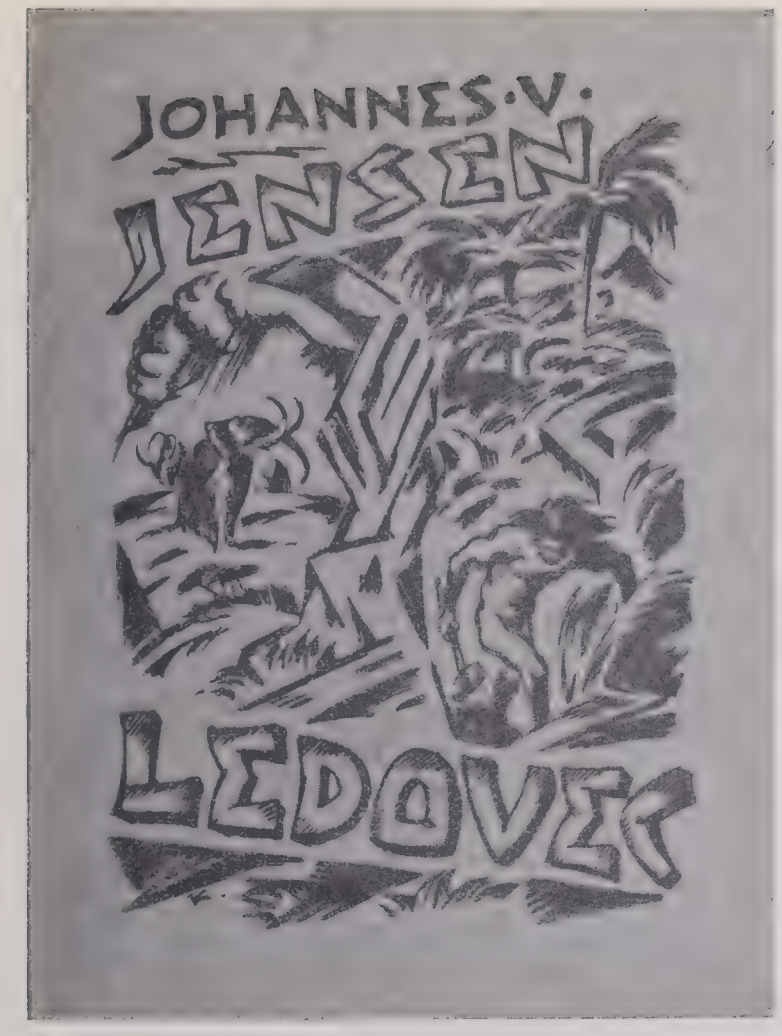
Cover for *Aurelie*, by Gérard de Nerval. Designed by F. Kobliha. Published by Kamilla Neumannová. Printed by A. Malíř.



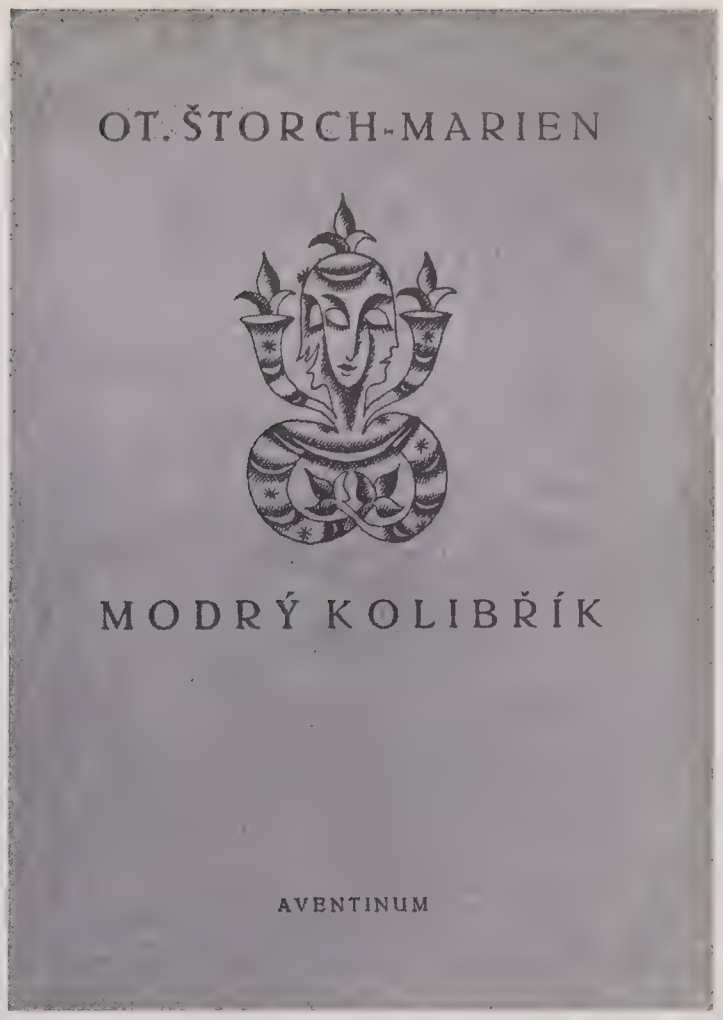
Invitation to a sale of a private library. Designed by F. Kobliha. Published and printed by K. Zink.



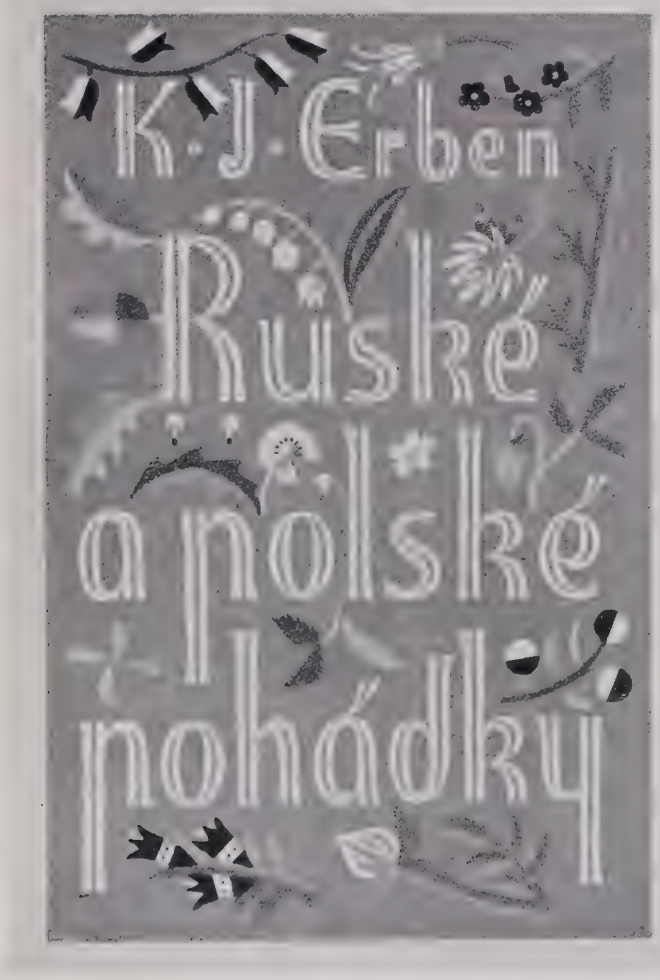
Chapter title for *Zwischenblatt*. Designed by F. Kobliha. Published by M. Svoboda. Printed by 'Grafia'.



Cover for *Ledovec*, by Johannes V. Jensen. Designed by Jan Konupek. Published by L. Bradáč. Printed by Stiebling-Havelka.



Cover for *Modrý Kolibřík*, by Ot. Štorch-Marien. Designed by J. Zrzavý. Published by Štorch-Marien (Aventinum). Printed by Kryl & Scotti.



Cover for *Ruské a Polsk Pohádky*, by K. J. Erben. Designed by C. Bouda. Published by Ladislav Kuncíř. Printed by Průmyslová Tiskárna.

Cover for *Výpravy K Já*, by O. Theer. Designed by V. H. Brunner. Published by Society of Czech Bibliophiles. Printed by 'Grafia'.

mara, seskočí, natrha jich a připojí je ke kopretinám a narcisům svého letního klobouku, ozdobeného bílými stuhami s žlutavými nitkami.

Usedne u stromu a splétajíc květiny, myslí smutně na konec prázdnin, na návrat do školy, na velký dvůr pro přestávky v říjnové náladě, kdy tuhé listy platanů jsou zmítány ostrým a studeným větrem.

Nikdy pensionátu zcela neuvykla. A nejhorší je to v ty dny, kdy matka ji navštěvuje v hovorně. Ve chvílích rozloučení bývá její lítost tak hořká, že by jí bylo milejší, aby jí paní d'Ellébeuse raději nepopřávala těch příliš krátkých radostí, otrávených vždycky očekáváním odchodu. Když udeří zvon a je nutno po půl hodině se rozloučit, odnáší se srdcem plným úzkosti, k svému pultu, před malou, kovovou Pannu Marii postavenou na oltáři z knih, cukrovinky, které jí posílá paní d'Etanges. Ani večer nikdy jich nemůže okusit a ještě nazejtří má po nich v ústech příchuť slz, zasmušilou vůni, kterou v duchu definovala: *vůně odloučení.*

- Ale jsem to hloupá, praví sama k sobě, že myslím už napřed na to všecko...

Pages from *Klára d'Ellébeuse*, by Francis Jammes. Illustrated by Jan Zrzavý. Published by Štorch-Marien (Aventinum). Printed by Kryl & Scotti.

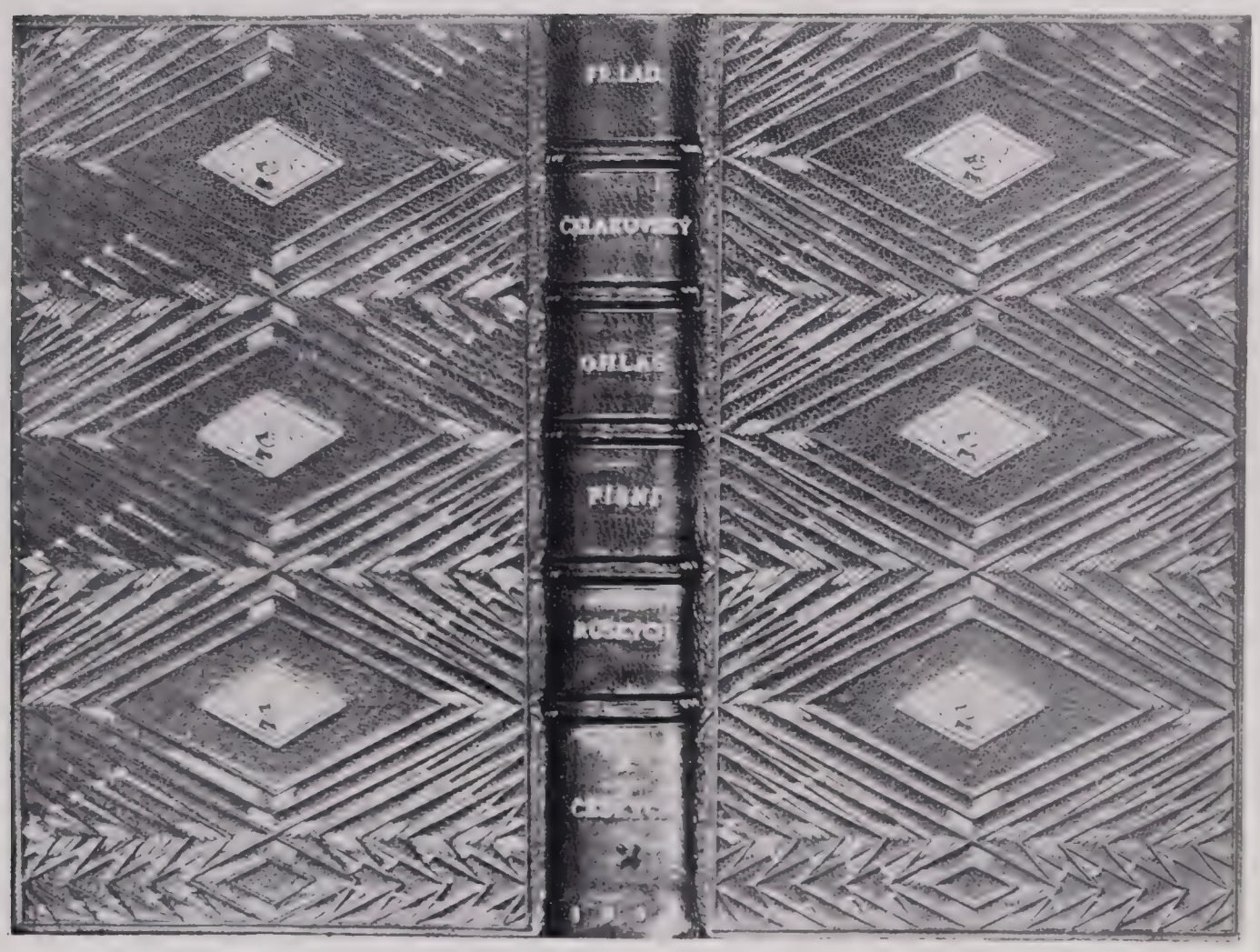
A byla bych nejšťastnější
Já i moje dítě tady!"

A co mysl, a co stojí,
Ohrožence jde se stane,
Svatým křížem se ozbrojí,
A jde, kdo to běle plane!
Jde, a stříbrná kosa k zdvihne,
A však zase tam položí,
Zdvihne zas a je prohlíží,
Jeho blesk a jeho tíži -
A zdali je zas položí?
Ne, již v klíně ji se mihne
A zdařením tím smělejší:
„Jistě toto prst je boží,
Pokład ukázal mi v skrejši,
Chce, bych byla obdařena
I zbředlú bych musela,
Bych jím pobrdnouti měla!"

Takto svobodná milenec žena,
Chlapce na zem s ruky složí,

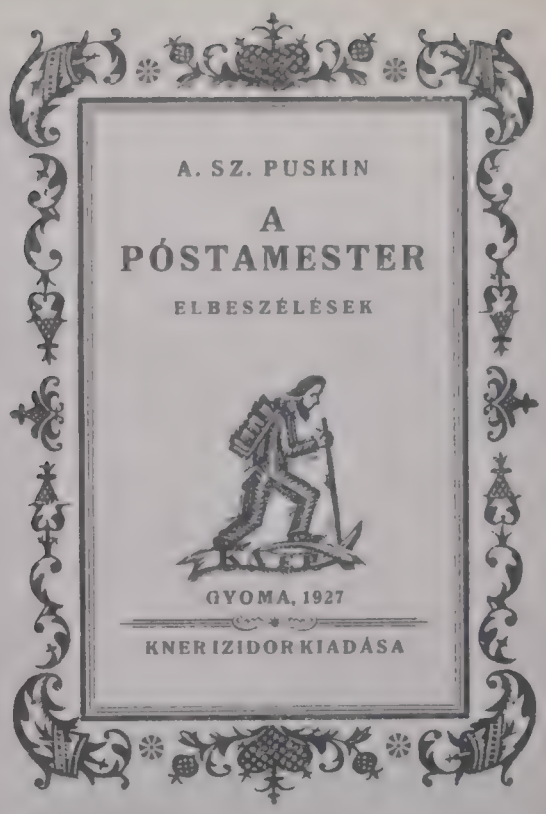
Pages from *Kytice*, by K. J. Erben. Illustrated by Jan Zrzavý. Published by Štorch-Marien (Aventinum). Printed by Kryl & Scotti.

Covers designed by Karel Čapek for *Italské Listy* and *Anglické Listy*. Published by Storch-Marien (Aventinum). Printed by F. Obzina.

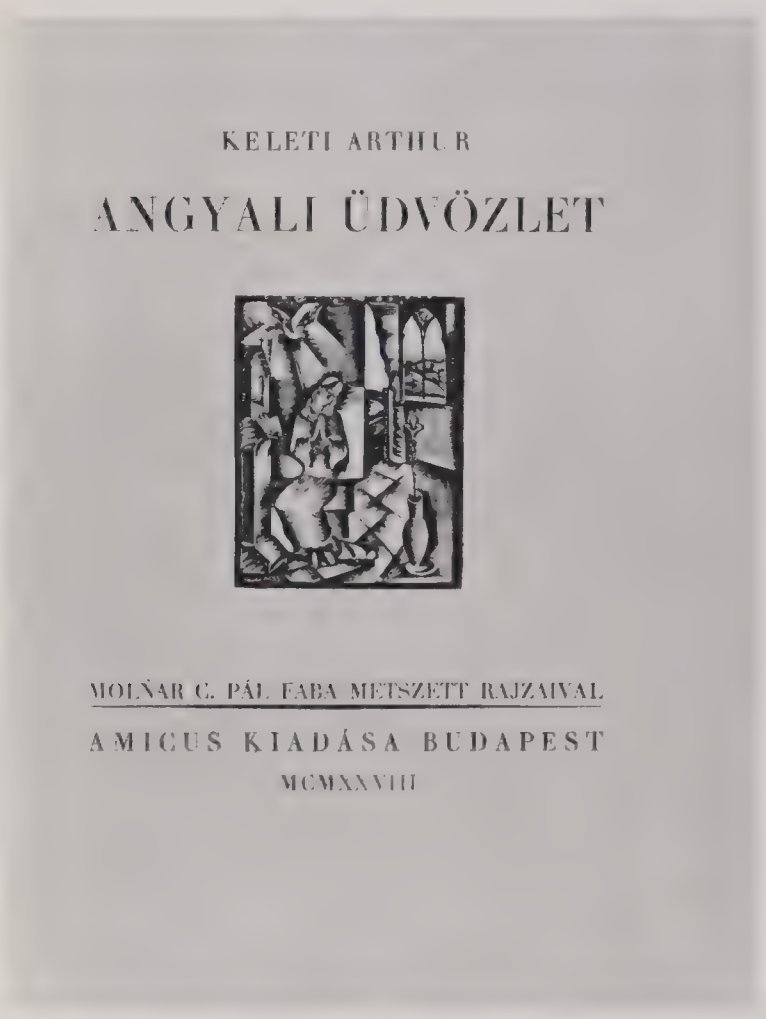


Bookbinding designed by F. Kysela. Executed by L. Bradáč.

Cover designed by Joseph Gróf for *Jack Fun: Császárságа*, by Ujhelyi Nándor. Illustrations by Grog. Published by Hajnal.



Cover designed by Ludovic Kozma for *A Póstamester: Short Stories*, by A. Sz. Puskin. Published by Izidor Kner.



Page from *Angyali Üdvözlet*, by Arthur Keleti. Illustrations by C. P. Molnár. Published by 'Amicus'. Printed by 'Globus'.

Bookbinding designed and executed by Elizabeth Kner.

KODÁLY ZOLTÁN

MAGYAR DALESTJE

1927 MÁRCIUS 17-ÉN, CSÜTÖRTÖKÖN ESTE FÉL 9-KOR
A ZENEMÜVÉSZETI FÖISKOLA NAGYTERMÉBEN

KÖZREMÜKÖDNEK:

MEDGYASZAY VILMA
DR. SZÉKELYHIDY FERENC
KENTNER LAJOS
A WESSELÉNYI UCCAI
POLGÁRI ISKOLA ÉNEKKARA
BORUS ENDRE
TANÁR
VEZETÉSE ALATT

Front page of Concert Programme designed by Ludovic Kozma, *Kodály Zoltán Magyar Dalestje* ('*Hungarian Evening of Song*'). Published and printed by Izidor Kner.

BEVEZETŐ ELBESZÉLÉS

Visnu-sarman a világnak minden könyvét összeszedte
S belölük ezt az öt részü szép tankönyvet szerkesztette.

Hogy mint történt a dolog, így beszélik:

AN a Délvidéken egy Mahilá-ropja nevü város. Volt ott egy Amarasakti nevü király, aki valóságos csodafája volt a segélyre szorulók seregének, akinek lábai a legkiválóbb fejedelmek koronáiban lévő drágakövek fényárjában úsztak s aki minden müvészet túlsó partjára jutott. Volt neki három rendkívül nehéz fölfogásu fia, név szerint: Vaszu-sakti, Ugra-sakti és Anéka-sakti. Mikor a király látta, hogy fiai hallani sem akarnak a könyvről, összehivatta tanácsosait s így szólt: „Tudtok róla, uraim, hogy fiaim hallani sem akarnak a könyvről s hijával vannak az értelemnek. Azért ha rájuk nézek, nagy birodalmamban sincs örömem. Mert jól mondják:

Mi hasznod van a tehénből, ha nincs borja sem jó teje?
Mi hasznod van a fiúból, ha nincs szive, sem jó feje?

Gondoljatok ki tehát valamit, hogy miképen lehetne elméjüket megvilágitani! Ötszázan eszik itt tudósok kenyeremet. Legyenek most rajta, hogy óhajtásom teljesüljön!"

Az egyik tanácsos így szólt: „Fölség! Tizenkét évig nyelvtant kell tanülni. Aztán következnek Manu és mások törvénykönyvei, Csánakja és mások életbölcseségkönyvei, Vátszjájana és mások szerelem-könyvei. Ha a törvény, életbölcseség és szerelem e könyveit megtanúlja az ember, beáll az elme megvilágosodása."

5

Text-page from *Pancatanra*. Decorations by Ludovic Kozma. Published and printed by Izidor Kner.

URNAK NEVÉBE

KEZDETIK

AZ SZENT BARLÁMNAK ÉLETE

KÉRÖM AZÉRT ÉN, KI EZT IRTAM,
MINDAZOKAT, KIK EZ KÖNYVECSKÉT OLVASANDÓK,
HOGY SZERETETTEL OLVASSÁK,
MERT IGÖN SZÉP

AZ Szent Barlám, kinek életét az tisztölletös Damascénus János doktor szeretettelöszve szedögette és megirta, az Szent Jozafát királt, isteni malaszt ô benne cseleködvén, az pogánságnak állapatjáról az körösztyén hitre térité imelletténképpen: Mikoron közönségös India körösztyénbarátokkalteljes vóna, feltámada egy néminemö hatalmas király, kinek neve vala Avennir, ki az körösztyénöket, jelösben az barátokat, igön háborgatja vala. Történék kegyiglen, hogy az királnak egy néminemö barátja, ki az udvarába első vala, isteni malasztból az királi palotát elhagyá és baráttá lön. Melyet mikoron az király meghallott vóna, az nagy haragnak miatta dihösködni kezde és ötet az pusztának belsöibe szorgalmatossággal megkeresteté. Mikoron megtalálták vóna nehezen, elében viteté. Látván kegyiglen alávaló ruhával felöltöztét, ki annakelötte szokott vala drága ruhákba járnia, és az sok böjtöknek miatta meghervadtnak lenni, ki annakelötte sok kéncsökkel és drága étkekkel szokott vala élnie, mondá neki: Ó balgatag és elveszött elméjö! Mi okaiért változtattad az tisztösségöt szidalmasságra, és te magad gyermököknek játékul szörzötted? Kinek az mondá: Ha ennek okát kévánod én tölem megértenöd, az te ellenségidet távol töled eltávoztassad. Az király kegyég megkérdvén, hogy kik vónának az ô ellenségi, mondá amaz: Az harag és az kévánság; mert ezök bántják meg, hogy az bizonság meg ne esmértethessék. Jelön legyenek kegyék az mondásoknak hallására az böcsesség és az igazság. ¶ Kinek mondá az király: Legyön úgy, amint mondád. Tehát az mondá: Az balgatagok azokat, melyek vannak, megútálják, olymint nem vónának; azokat kegyiglen, melyek nincsenek, igyeköznek hozzájok ölelnie. Valaki azért meg nem kóstolandja azoknak édösségit, melyek vannak, nem tanúlhatja meg azoknak bizonságit, melyek nincsenek. ¶ Ennekutána sokat szóla a királnak elötte Urunknak embörré létéről és az hitről. Tehát mondá neki az király: Ha te néköd elesztébb fel nem fogadtam vóna, hogy az hara-

A 2 got

Text-page of *Legenda*. Illustrations by Ludovic Kozma. Published and printed by Izidor Kner.

ŐSZI HARMAT UTÁN

ISTENES, VITÉZI ÉS VIRÁGÉNEKEK
MELLYEKET

BALASSI BÁLINT

ÉS EGYÉB NEVES S NÉVTELEN
POÉTÁK MUNKÁIBÓL A XVI., XVII.
ÉS XVIII. SZÁZADOKBÓL
ÖSSZEGYÜJTÖTT

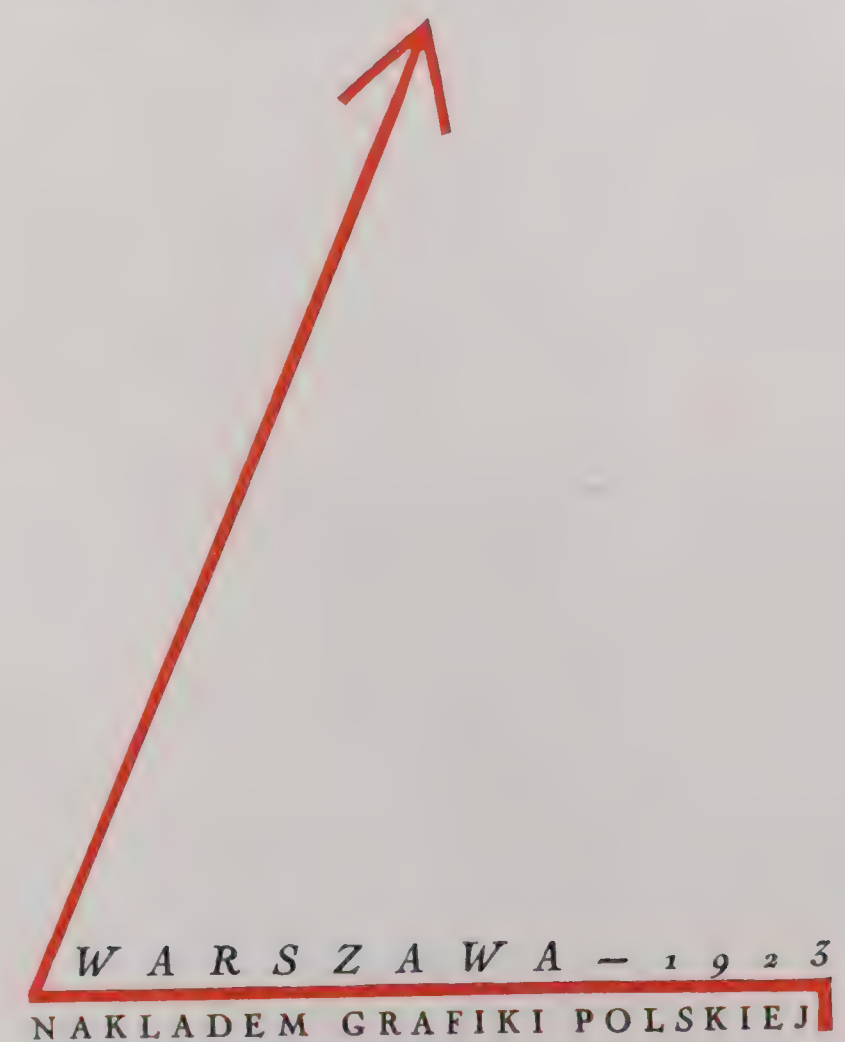
KIRÁLY GYÖRGY

KIBOCSÁTOTTA ÉS NYOMTATTA
KNER IZIDOR
AZ 1921. ESZTENDŐBEN
GYOMÁN

Title-page of *Virágénekek*, by B. Balassi. Illustrations by Ludovic Kozma. Published and printed by Izidor Kner.

ROMAN MATHIA

PODRĘCZNIK
DLA
SKŁADACZY RĘCZNYCH



WARSZAWA — 1923
NAKŁADEM GRAFIKI POLSKIEJ

roman mathia

podręcznik
dla składa
czy ręcz
nych

1923

warszawa

nakładem
grafiki polskiej

[178]

POLAND

Designs by Waclaw Czarski for paper covers of *Podręcznik dla Składaczy*, by Roman Mathia. Published in 'Grafika Polska'. Printed by Burian, Warsaw.

BUŁANEK KRZYSIA

(BALLADA)

W stajence z bułankiem zegna się Krzyś,
bo do szkół, bo do szkół odjeżdża dziś.
Łeb konia objęła chłopięca dłoń,
do szyi płonącą przytulił skroń.

Po grzywie się toczą gorące łzy,
a koń patrzy smutnie i cicho rży.
— Bułanku mój złoty! Bóg tylko wie,
jak w mieście mi będzie bez ciebie źle!

— Że mnie nie zapomnisz, daj nóżką znak —
kopytkiem wystukaj trzykrotnie „tak".
Zrozumiał koniczek, co mówią doń,
położył kopytko na Krzysia dłoń.

A potem na wiecznej miłości znak
wystukał kopytkiem trzykrotne „tak".
Krzyś otarł łezkami zalaną twarz:
—Wiem, że mnie bułanku w swem sercu masz.

Raz jeszcze konika uściskiem splótł,
a koń patrzył za nim do stajni wrót.
Tak raz się żegnało przyjaciół dwóch:
Krzyś z złotym bułankiem, jak z druhem druh.

Page from *Piosenki Dziecińce* (a Book of Children's Songs), by Zofia Rogoszówna. Border designed by E. Bartłomiejczyk. Published by Gebethner & Wolff. Printed by Łazarski, Warsaw.

Woodcut illustration by Wł. Skoczylas for *Teka Sbójnicka*, published by the author. Printed by Hurkiewicz, Warsaw.

C. F. RAMUZ

RAISON D'ÊTRE

Avec un portrait dessiné par
RENÉ AUBERJONOIS

LAUSANNE - 1926
AUX ÉDITIONS DU VERSEAU

C.-F. RAMUZ

VENDANGES

BOIS DE HENRY BISCHOFF

1927

Editions du Verseau
Lausanne

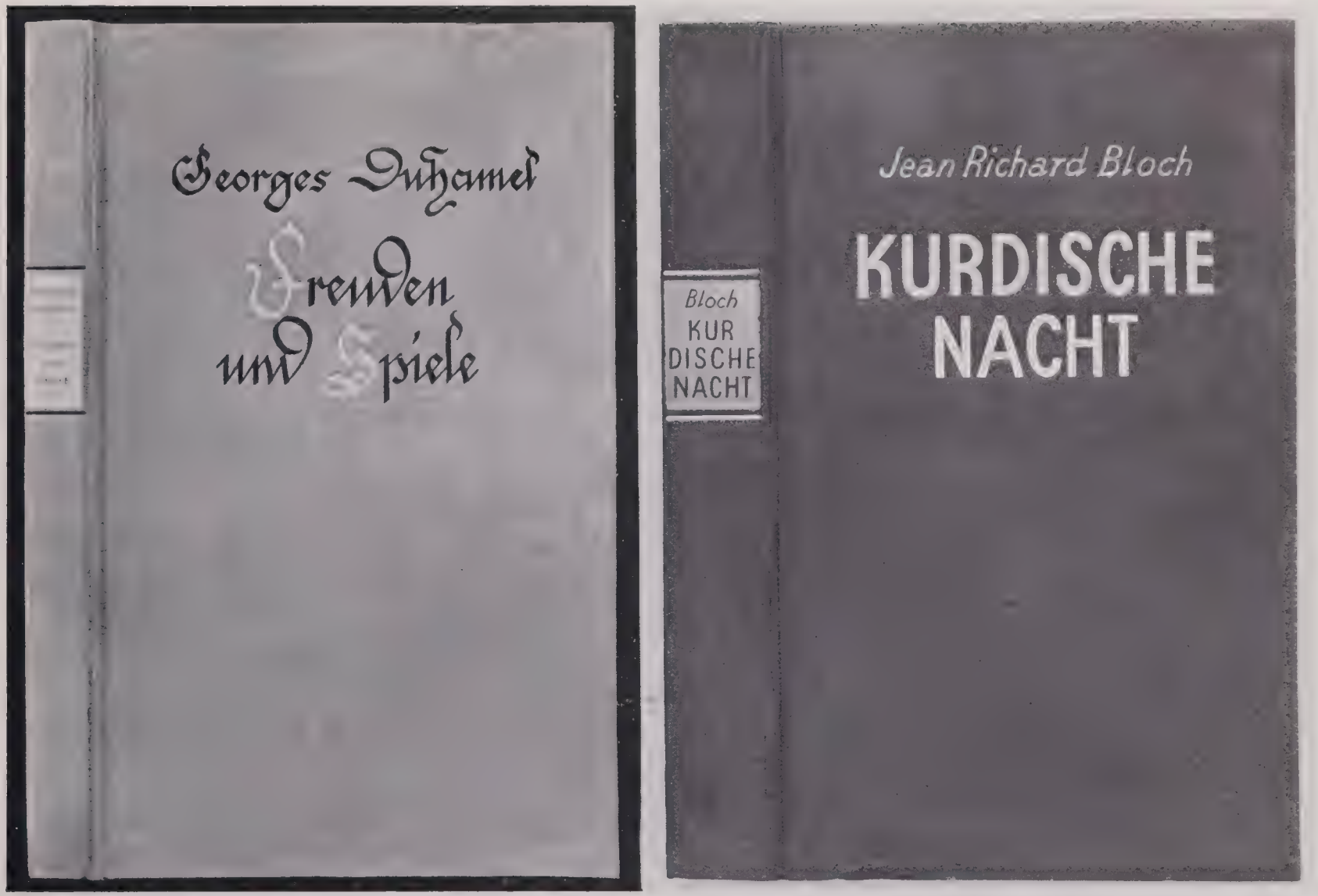
Title-pages for works by C. F. Ramuz: *Raison d'Être*, letters and decorations by Alfred Schmidt, and *Vendanges*, woodcuts by Henry Bischoff. Published and printed by Editions du Verseau.

PAR la raison (mère de l'art) nous pouvons, dans la relativité de l'espace pénétré et du temps mesuré, abstraire du mouvement (vibration naturelle), des nombres de cadence (science humaine), et recréer, dans des images, à proportion du pouvoir de notre savoir, et par reflet, des ensembles rythmiques humains, partielles, circonstancielles toujours, et encore infiniment diverses représentations du rythme naturel divin.

Text-page from *Alchimie Verbale*, by Edmond Gilliard. Woodcuts by Henry Bischoff. Published and printed by Editions du Verseau.

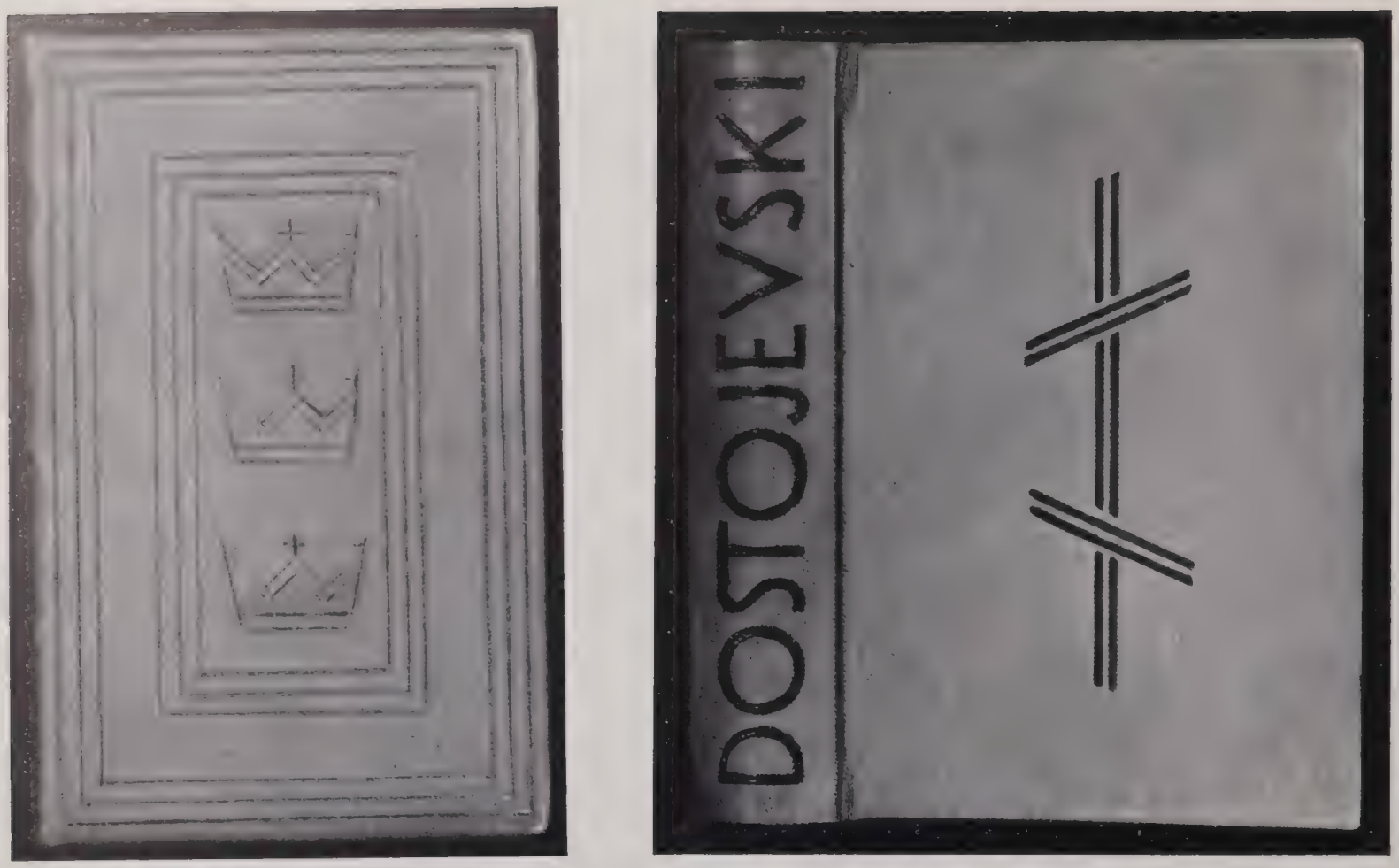
QU'il fasse beau, qu'il fasse laid, c'est mon habitude d'aller sur les cinq heures du soir me promener au Palais-Royal. C'est moi qu'on voit, toujours seul, rêvant sur le banc d'Argenson. Je m'entretiens avec moi-même de politique, d'amour, de goût ou de philosophie; j'abandonne mon esprit à tout son libertinage; je le laisse maître de suivre la première idée sage ou folle qui se présente, comme on voit, dans l'allée de Foi, nos jeunes dissolus marcher sur les pas d'une courtisane à l'air éventé, au visage riant, à l'œil vif, au nez retroussé, quitter celle-ci pour une autre, les attaquant toutes et ne s'attachant à aucune. Mes pensées ce sont mes catins.
Si le temps est trop froid ou trop pluvieux, je me réfugie au café de *la Régence*. Là, je m'amuse à voir jouer aux échecs. Paris est l'endroit du monde, et le café de *la Régence* est l'endroit de Paris où l'on joue le mieux à ce jeu; c'est chez Rey que font assaut Légal le profond, Philidor le subtil, le solide Mayot; qu'on voit les coups les plus surprenants et qu'on entend les plus mauvais propos; car

Text-page from *Le Neveu de Rameau*, by Diderot. Woodcuts by Henry Bischoff. Published and printed by Benno Schwabe.



Bindings for *Freuden und Spiele*, by Georges Duhamel, and *Kurdische Nacht*, by Jean Richard Bloch. Published by Rotapfel.

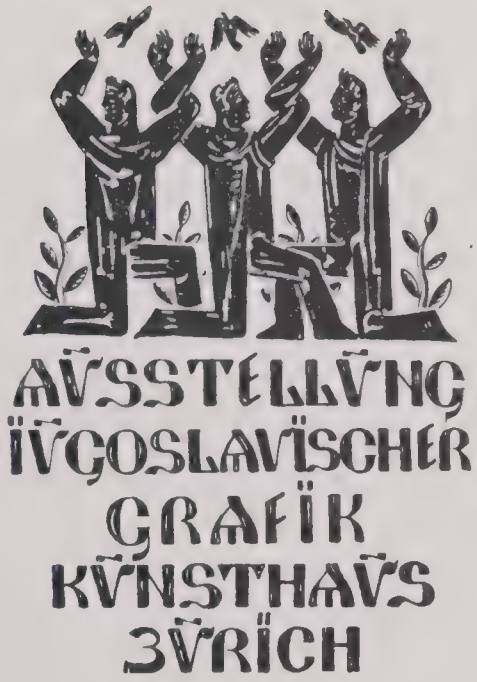
End-paper for *Ein Wintermärchen*, by Ernst Kreidorf. Published by Rotapfel.



Bookbindings by Anka Martinić (left) and Ljubo Babić (right).

Covers for text-books designed by L. Babić and O. Höcker. Published by Naklada Školskih Knjiga. Printed by 'Tipographia', Zagreb.

Cover for magazine designed by Tomislav Krizman. Published by Mašić. Printed by Hrvatski Štamparski, Zavod.



Cover for Exhibition Catalogue, designed by I. Tabaković. Published by Société Artistique, Zagreb. Printed by 'Tipographia'.

Silhouette by Tereza Paulić for *Poèmes*, by Domanjić. Published by Domanjić. Printed by Zemaljska Tiskara.

Page from Tolstoi's *Popular Tales*, designed by Ljubo Babić. Published by Matica Hrvatska. Printed by 'Tipographia', Zagreb.

HASSAN

BERÄTTELSEN OM HASSAN FRÅN
BAGDAD OCH HUR HAN KOM ATT
FÖRETAGA DEN GYLLENE
RESAN TILL SAMARKAND.
SKÅDESPEL AV

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

Översatt av

Wilhelm

P. A. Norstedt & Söners
Förlag / Stockholm

Cover for *Hassan*, by James Elroy Flecker, translated by Wilhelm. Lettering and Vignette by Akke Kumlien. Published and printed by P. A. Norstedt & Söners, Stockholm.

C. M. BELLMAN

FREDMANS
EPISTLAR

MED ÅTTA ORIGINALLITOGRAFIER
OCH TALRIKA VIGNETTER
AF

YNGVE BERG

STOCKHOLM
ALBERT BONNIERS FÖRLAG
M CM XVIII

Title-page for *Fredmans Epistlar*, by C. M. Bellman. Vignette by Yngve Berg. Published and printed by Albert Bonniers Förlag, Stockholm.

Karl Asplund

DAPHNE

Stockholm P. A. Norstedt &
Söners Förlag

Cover for *Daphne*, by Karl Asplund. Lettering by Akke Kumlien. Vignette by Yngve Berg. Published and printed by P. A. Norstedt & Söners, Stockholm.

Harriet Bosse

En skiss
af
Olof Molander

P. A. Norstedt & Söners
Förlag

Cover for *Harriet Bosse*, by Olaf Molander. Lettering and Vignette by Akke Kumlien. Published and printed by P. A. Norstedt & Söners, Stockholm.

1903-1927

MØENS Spare- og Laanebank gaar nu ind i sit fjerde Kvartseculum. Havde den i de tre foregaaende oplevet snart lyse, snart mørke Tider, snart Tider, hvori det gik fremad, snart Tider, hvori det gik tilbage, saa skulde den nu opleve en Tid, hvori baade de økonomiske og de politiske Omvæltninger antog saa gigantiske Former, at man vel skal helt tilbage til Folkevandringens Tid for at finde deres Lige. Det skulde blive en Tid, hvori den saakaldte civiliserede Verden vred sig i Smerte, væltede sig i Blod, vaklede helt ned i sin dybeste Grundvold. Det skulde blive en Tid, hvori hele den vældige Kapitalopsamling, som det nittende Aarhundredes store Opfindelser og dets utæmmelige Energi havde muliggjort, sattes paa Spil og for en væsentlig Del gik tabt - en Tid, der skabte Fattigdom, økonomisk Tilbagegang og almindelig Forretningsløshed i langt større Stil, end vi tidligere har set - for slet ikke at tale om, at den medførte en uhyggelig Nedgang i alle moralske Forhold rundt om i den civiliserede Verden.

Fredeligt nok begyndte Perioden imidlertid, for Sparekassernes Vedkommende næsten altfor fredeligt, for saa vidt som det for dem blev om ikke just en Marche paa Stedet, saa dog en meget ringe Fremgang - som Helhed kun med deres egne Renter, undertiden ikke engang med saa meget. Naar Forholdet

Pages from *Möens Spare-og Laanekasse*. Printed by Det Berlinske Bogtrykkeri (Denmark).

Gabriel Scott

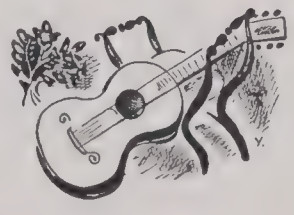
DIGTE

Et Utvalg

Forlagt av H. Aschehoug & Co.
(W. Nygaard)

Cover for *Digte*, by Gabriel Scott. Published by H. Aschehoug & Co., Oslo (Norway). Printed by Det Mallingske Bogtrykkeri.

VORE OLDEFÆDRES VISER



KRISTIANIA

NORSK FORENING FOR BOKKUNST
MCMXXIV

Title-page of *Vore Oldefædres Viser*. Designed by Yngve Anderson. Published by Norsk Forening for Bokkunst. Printed by Gröndahl & Sön (Norway).

OSVALD SIRÉN

TOSKANSKA MÅLARE PÅ 1200-TALET/ LUCCA/PISA FLORENS

P. A. NORSTEDT & SÖNERS FÖRLAG

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Cover for *Toskanska Målare på 1200-Talet*, by Osvald Sirén. Lettering and Vignette by Akke Kumlien. Published and printed by P. A. Norstedt & Söners, Stockholm.

FÖRSTA SAMUELSBOKEN.

1 Kapitlet

SAMUELS FÖDELSE.

1 RAMATAIM-SOFIM, I EFRAIMS BERGSBYGD, LEVDE EN MAN SOM HETTE ELKANA, SON TILL JEROHAM, SON TILL ELIHU, SON TILL TOHU, SON TILL SUF, EN EFRAIMIT. HAN HADE TVÅ HUSTRUR; DEN 2 ENA HETTE HANNA, DEN ANDRA PENINNA. OCH PENINNA HADE BARN, MEN HANNA VAR BARNLÖS.

3 Den mannen begav sig år efter år upp från sin stad för att tillbedja och offra åt HERREN Sebaot i Silo, där Elis båda söner, Hofni och Pinehas, 4 då voro HERRENS präster. En dag offrade nu Elkana. Och han plägade giva sin hustru Peninna och alla hennes söner och döttrar var 5 sin andel av offret; men åt Hanna gav han då en dubbelt så stor andel, ty han hade Hanna kär, fastän HERREN hade gjort henne ofruktsam. 6 Men hennes medtävlerska plägade, för att väcka hennes vrede, mycket retas med henne, därför 7 att HERREN hade gjort henne ofruktsam. För vart år, så ofta hon hade kommit upp till HERRENS hus, gjorde han på samma sätt, och den andra retades då med henne på samma sätt. 8 Och nu grät hon och åt intet.[1] Då sade hennes man Elkana till henne. »Hanna, varför gråter du? Varför äter du icke? Varför är du så sorgsen? Är jag icke mer för dig än tio söner?»

9 En gång när de hade ätit och druckit i Silo hände sig, medan prästen Eli satt på sin stol vid dörren till HERRENS tempel, att Hanna 10 stod upp och i sin djupa bedrövelse begynte bedja till HERREN under bitter gråt. Och hon 11 gjorde ett löfte och sade: »HERRE Sebaot, om du vill se till din tjänarinnas lidande och tänka på mig och icke förgäta din tjänarinna, utan giva din tjänarinna en manlig avkomling, så vill jag giva denne åt HERREN för hela hans liv, och ingen rakkniv skall komma på hans huvud.» 12 När hon nu länge så bad inför HERREN och Eli 13 därvid gav akt på hennes mun - Hanna talade nämligen i sitt hjärta; allenast hennes läppar rörde sig, men hennes röst hördes icke - då trodde Eli att hon var drucken. Därför sade 14 Eli till henne: »Huru länge skall du bete dig såsom en drucken? Laga så, att ruset går av 15 dig.» Men Hanna svarade och sade: »Nej, min herre, jag är en hårt prövad kvinna; vin och starka drycker har jag icke druckit, men jag 16 utgöt nu min själ för HERREN. Anse icke din tjänarinna för en ond kvinna, ty det är mitt myckna bekymmer och min mycknа sorg som har drivit mig att tala ända till denna stund.»' 17 Då svarade Eli och sade: »Gå i frid. Israels Gud skall giva dig vad du har utbett dig av honom.» 18 Hon sade: »Låt din tjänarinna finna nåd för dina ögon.» Så gick kvinnan sin väg och fick sig mat, och hon såg sedan icke mer så sorgsen ut.

19 Bittida följande morgon, sedan de hade tillbett inför HERREN, vände de tillbaka och kommo hem igen till Rama. Och Elkana kände sin hustru Hanna, och HERREN tänkte på henne. 20 Och Hanna blev havande och födde en son, när tiden hade gått om; denne gav hon namnet Samuel, »ty», sade hon, »av HERREN har jag utbett mig honom.»'

21 När sedan mannen Elkana med hela sitt hus

[1] Namnet Samuel är sammansatt av två hebreiska ord som betyda *hörd* och *Gud*.

Page from *Gustav V's Bible*, illustrated by Olle Hjortzberg. Published by Nordisk Familjeboks Bibelförlag, Stockholm. Printed by Victor Pettersons Bokindustri-A.B.

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